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THE Athenian SPY:

Discovering the
Secret Letters

Which were sent to the

ATHENIAN SOCIETY

By The Most Ingenious
LADIES of the *Three Kingdoms.*

Relating to the

Management of their Affections.

Being a Curious SYSTEM of

LOVE CASES, Platonic and Natural.

I. The Principles of LOVE, according to Plato's *Iles*, in an intire Series of Platonic Courtship between several Philosophic Gentlemen and Ladies. With the Form of Platonic Matrimony.

II. The Way of a Man with a Maid: Or, The Whole Art of AMOUR: With all its Intrigues and Amulements, till its Consummation in Enjoyment.

Intermix'd vvith great Variety of POEMS.

Being an intire Collection of Love-Secrets Communicated from time to time to the Athenian Society.

London, Printed for W. Hatley at the Bible in the Poultry, at the corner of the Old Jewry. 1704.

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JOURNAL OF ATHENIAN SOCIETY

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MORNING-LIGHT

TO THE
PIN D A R I C K
LADY.

MADAM,

THE Athenians thought they cou'd
not make a more pleasing and
agreeable Present to Apollo
then by sending to his Temple at *Dalpos*
their *First Hair* (which they consecrated
to him as the first Production of their
Brain) this makes us hope that your
Ladiship will not refuse to Patronize
these Letters which pass between the *A-*
thenian Society, and the *most Ingenuous*
Ladies in the Three Kingdoms.

A. Madam

The DEDICATION.

— Madam we call them, The most Ingenious, &c. as the Ladies we corresponded with, were.

Madam Lureat, a Lady known and Admired by the chief Wits of both Universities.

The Lady Cary, that matchless Woman for Love and Poetry.

Madam Wood, who borrowed the name of the Nightingale, and her Numbers are as sweet as the voice of that is Musical.

The Lady Shute, that mighty Woman for Intreague, and secret Amour.

Madam Godfrey, who undertook to defend the present Fashions of the Female Sex, and was the SHE Champion in the Amorous Quarrels.

The Ingenious Sault, who at the Age of Twenty was arrived to the Knowledge of a Bearded Philosopher.

The Lady Price, that extraordinary Woman, for the Graces, and Polite Discourse.

The



The DEDICATION.

The Learned *Anonyma*, famous for her Metaphysical Learning, and Skill in the Languages.

The Divine *Irene*, who (if there ever was such a thing on Earth) I may venture to call a Perfect Woman.

The (Unknown) *Almira*, that Master-piece of Wit and Beauty.

We also Corresponded with *Climene*, *Sapho*, *Orinda*, and other Ingenious Persons (of both Sexes) who conceal themselves under Borrowed Names.

Madam,
— A Secret Correspondence between the Athenian Society and these Celebrated Wits has been continued ever since the First Publication of the *Athenian Mercury*, (which is twelve Years since) and contains great variety of nice and uncommon Subjects, but we are too sensible of our own Imperfections to venture it amongst the Criticks without prefixing your H^EL^TUSTRIOUS Name to its Dedication. And we hope (Madam,) you will be contented for once to sit at the upper end

The DEDICATION.

of the Table, and Grace the Feast. tho you did not honour us so far as to be one of our Clubb.

We have provided you the best company we could, [*The most Ingenious Ladies in the Three Kingdoms*] and at their expence too, the best Treat: For, to render these Pacquets as entertaining as possible, several Gentlemen and Ladies sent us many Curious and witty Letters of which we have given a particular account in the Preface to this Work.

The whole Correspondence contains several Volumes, in which your *Ladiship* will find the Athenian Society writing boldly, and with great Freedom to their Correspondents, whether it be about—
Florrick Courtship, Sinners or Confessors,
Philosophick Melancholy, Court-Secrets,
or any other, Nice (or uncommon) Subjects; and the Ladies seem to be act'd by a brave Spirit, and to be much above dis-
gust and fear. In some of these Pacquets (especially in the Letters of Madam *Irene &c.*) there is a matchless tenderness in them that they cannot fail of affecting the most insensible Hearts with pleasing Agitations. So that it Novelty
(or

The DEDICATION.

(or Variety either) has Charm enough to divert your Ladyship, we hope these Athenian Pacquets will obtain the honour to travel the World under your *GLORIOUS* Protection.

We need not tell your Ladyship how universally the Writings of the *Athenian Society* have obtain'd in the World; for the three Volumes we have lately published of the *Athenian Oracle* sufficiently evince it. But tho' Athentantism was entirely Mr. Dunton's thought; (I mean both the *Athenian Mercury*, the *Athenian Oracle*, and even the *Athenian Society* it self) yet this Age affording more Poets than Patrons (for nine Muses may travel long ere they can find one *Mecenae*:) We had not presump'd to inscribe this *Athenian Pacquet* to your honourable Name, had not the most Ingenious Ladies in the three Kingdoms had a considerable hand in the composing of it; and unanimously voted your Ladyship the *ONLY PATRONESSE* able to protect and defend it. Madam, the Pindarick Lady (as if Poetry were your Birth-right) did formerly oblige our Society with the best Questions and poems.

The DEDICATION.

that ever came to our hands, and the Poems we have lately seen of your Ladyships writing, would convince the severest Criticks that *PHILOMELA* not only *OUT-SHINES* the rest of her Sex in Wit and Sense (which has rais'd you so high in the Lady Weymouths Friendship) but has fathom'd the vast Body of Learning, and in every several part of it are Mistress: Nor does your Poems alone relish of your Wit and Piety, for you read not of a Virtue which you forthwith put not into act, and add to it a greater Beauty than it had in the example. 'Tis in your Ladyship (as in your Worthy Ancestors) that Piety still, and Ingenuity join Qualities that sympathize so much with the pious Name of *SINGER*.

Your Charity is extensive tho' 'tis managed with the greatest secrecy: bad old

Your Heart is sincerely obedient to your Pious and Aged Father.

Your Humour is full of Kindness and good Nature: You are affable and easy of access, and converse with Persons of all Conditions without lessening your Character.

When Persons of Figure are thus Religious, their Example is expos'd to

The DEDICATION.

view and Imitation, their Character spreads, and recommends the practice of Christianity with wonderful advantage: When those who are possess'd of this World, are in quest of Another, and pursue their Interests in Eternity, it argues strongly that this can't be the state of Happiness and Rest. We've a pregnant Instance of this nature, in your Ladyship, whose Mind is serious and always urg'd on with a Generous Thirst after Virtue; and 'tis remarkable your Understanding does not improve too fast for your Practice; you are well skill'd in the *Doctrines* of the Christian Faith, and can discourse consistently upon the most difficult Articles, in Religion. The Holy Scriptures are the Subject of your Thoughts, they form your Life and Manners, and refine your Practice; and your whole Conduct may besafely follow'd as the perfect Standard of Piety and Virtue; your attendance at Church is Devout and Constant, you are not Religious only by Start and Sally, your Principles are better fix'd, and your dispositions have more of Grace in 'em than to suffer any intermissions in matters of such importance.

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Your ~~great~~ has nothing of Frenzy and Passion, which is too common with the fair Sex; you manage with Prudence and Decency in the midst of Religious Worship, and always keep within the bounds of Revelation and Reason.

Your Ladyship is sensible that publick Devotions warm your Heart, strengthen your Resolution, and confirm your Peace. You neither neglect the Pleasures of Life, nor pursue 'em too close: You do not over-love the Creature, your greatest hopes are anchor'd in Eternity, and thence your satisfactions are deriv'd. But we need not enlarge, for 'tis well known your Ladyship takes that delight in doing good, as if you had no other Errand in the World.

The consideration, Madam, of these your Excellencies, confirm'd us in a belief that Letters of Platonic Courtship, &c. wou'd prove a Present most acceptable to your Ladyship, to whose Innocency you make as near an approach as any thing mortal can do.

Shou'd we say you are without Sin, we shou'd impiously contradict the Scriptures; shou'd we say you have any, we shou'd

The DEDICATION.

shou'd unjustly go against our own Knowledge; for none of the Athenian Society (tho' one of us had the honour to correspond with you) cou'd ever discover in you the least Imperfection. Sure we are if you have InfirmitieS, they are Integ-
ate, unless you place your own Conscien-
ce for a Witness, which it will not bet-
ter become to judge it self, than it will
do our Charity to clear it.

This Testimony Truth, and our Female Correspondents commanded us to give you, and to commend to Posterity,

Neither do we flatter your Ladyship in all this, for we freely confess that if within the large Circuit of our Conversation or Reading, we cou'd have found a Feminine Example fairer than your own, to her perusal (if living) we had dedicat-ed these Paquets; If Dead, had bequeath'd 'em to her Memory.

But the following Letters being the ingenious Productions of the SHE-WITS, &c. to whom cou'd we so fitly present 'em as to Madam Singer; who to the advan-tage of a most noble Education, has conjoin'd in her own Person whatever is particularly excellent in all the Ladies.

in

The DEDICATION.

in the three Kingdoms. We shan't presume to trouble your Ladyship with any further account of the *Athenian Pacquers*, saving in the General they are *Platonick* and *Vertuous*; but as in Romances and Plays, the chief Art and Vertue is to conceal the Plot, so in hopes to betray your Ladyship to a full perusal, we shall suffer the Scene to open and the *Actors* to enter; and therefore, in an humoursome desire of diverting you, will leave you to the Entertainment our *Ingenious Correspondents* have provided for you.

And (Madam) we do it with an Assurance that your Goodness will pardon what you can't approve; but seeing some of the Letters which we here dedicate to your Ladyship (viz.—the Letter directing the Bachelor in his whole Amour, &c.—and that shewing the Virgin how she shou'd behave her self during the time of Courtship &c.) were written by Persons in Love in those Hours which they devoted to the contemplation of their Sweet-Hearts: Your Ladyship (whom Art and Nature have done their utmost to render charming) must have been sensible of that Passion which makes

The DEDICATION.

makes us think not always so justly as we ought ; you will then pity the *Errors* you find here, if you can't excuse them.

Madam, Let us then in all humility implore your *Patronage* to these *Pacquets*; there's none will doubt the value of any thing which shall have the Happiness of *pleasing you*; neither would they need any Apology for their appearing in Publick, were it not for the *Blemishes* they may have receiv'd in passing thro' our Hands.

However, if they any ways contribute to your Ladyships *Conversion*, it will be the highest Satisfaction and Honour to,

MADAM,

Your Ladyships

most Humble

And

most obedient Servants.

New Athens.

THE PREDICATION

as will be of service to him who has the charge of the church or of the school.

William Pitt Pittman, A. M., teacher of the English language, and author of several works, has recently published a new edition of his "Lectures on the English Language," which is now in great demand throughout the country. It is a valuable addition to the library of every school and college.

The author of the "Lectures" is a man of great knowledge and experience, and his work is well worth reading. It is a valuable addition to the library of every school and college.



THE
PREDICATION
OF
THE
BIBLE
AND
THE
NEW
TESTAMENT
BY
WILLIAM
PITT
PITTMAN,
A. M.
TEACHER
OF
THE
ENGLISH
LANGUAGE.

THE PREFACE.

Courteous Reader,

WE hope you'll allow us the pretty Impertinence of a Preface to this Volume of Love, and truly we shan't say much either for it, or against it, but suffer it to stand or fall by the Merits of its own Cause. But what! is Athens grown Amorous? Yes, —really Sir, we have been dabbling in such matters as well as other People, but you'll find the Letters are as inoffensive as you wou'd wish, and the very Vestals might read them, and preserve their Innocence: We had rather lay by the Quill, than Write, at the expence of Virtue and Religion. Here's neither Swearing nor Cursing, nothing but the Pure Transports of

The Preface.

of Love; all of 'em as harmless, and as innocent as the Doves of Venus.

Unless we Love, Life's but an empty name,
Not worth the while, and slowly on it moves;
Twas Love that joyn'd the Universal Frame,
And every Creature, every Insect Loves.

However, this is the last time, the World shall ever hear from us upon this Subject, tho' suppose they should, Quere, what harm is there in the pretty soft thing? Sure we are our old Female Querists will never be weary of a little Harmless Love,—or so; —for even Angels Love, but (like Platonick Friends) they love virtuously and reasonably, and never err in the Object nor the Manner; and if all our SHE-WITS had done the same, we wonder what our Sex could have found out to have objected against Women. However here they are silenc'd, and we dare be bold to say, That whoever does not come extreamly prejudiced to this Volume, will find in it that Chastity of Thought, that Purity of Language, and that Softness in the LOVE PART (more especially in Platonick Matrimony,—the Amorous Quarrels,—the ACT to provide Maids with Husbands, —

The Preface.

and in the Method for Unmarrying those
that are Unhappily yok'd)—as he will
hardly find in any other Book.

We own, Reader, the common Haters will
be ready to say this Love Pacquet is light,
Vain, Ailly; Here's Time missent and Paine
taken on Subjects below the Gravity of a
Man, at least of a Christian, to employ him-
self about.

But some time is na doubt allowable for
miser Recreation; this is certainly harmless.
This Pacquet is all Love, and perfectly im-
mortal; and we don't see why any Mortal (that
came of a Woman) should be angry at it.

However, 'Tis some excuse, that the Re-
verend Dons have set us a President in this
kind; Æneas Sylvius (a Grave Divine)
wrote a Wanton Love Story of Lucretia and
Eurialus, and so have Zenophon, Plato,
Socrates, Plutarch and other Philosophers
Written on the same Subject. And (even)
the Athenian Society it self (with all its
Gravity) has bin LOVE-SICK.

Our Reverend Chaplain (God forgive
him) Stole a Wife from a Conventicle.

Our Mathematitian WHIN'D (like a
Dog in a Halter) for Mrs. Sault.

Philaret (till he considered the matter)
was Hanging himself for the Pindarick La-
dy.

And

The Preface.

And not a Member of Athens but
LOVES an Angel in Petticoats.

But we hope Reader there's no Amorous Treason in all this, for we are all for Love in the Dult Conjugal-way (we call it so as most Husbands kis a Chery as Amorously as their own Wives) and hope to grow so SPIRITUAL in time, as to love nothing of a Woman but her Soul.

Reader Achens is thus refin'd, and nothing will be found in our Platonick or Sensual Courtships that will make us blush to own, or another to Read.

'Tis true our Platonick Amours are SPORTS that rather improve a Man, by keeping him from worse, whereby bringing in my considerable PROFIT, for they are a sort of SPIRITUAL COPULATION and he that enjoys the AIR, (the Cowley con'd FEAST on a kind Word) will find it but a lean Mistress, however those Hyper-physical Enjoyments were our Recreation for the time we Corresponded with the SHE WITS, and we hope the Reader will grant Platonick Courtship, (were it no' or so render'd) a little more excusable than fooling away Three or Four Years, and it may be as many Reams of Paper in doleful Distress of Philanda

The Preface.

lander, and Phillis; which use to be the practice of those that (ONLY) court the Body of a Woman, and have bin (till now), without a Directory for the making Love to her Soul.

But whatever Treatment this Volume meets with, 'tis some excuse (for the publishing of it) as it aims at the REFORMING the extravagant Passions of both Sexes, the prevailing of which has so much lessen'd that mutual happiness LOVERS met with in the Golden Age: We wou'd, if possible, persuade the Ladies to be a little more judicious in their choice, and let not Fools bear off those Favours which are only due to men of Sense, who best know how to value 'em, and return a Gratitude more proportion'd to their Excellence, in Fidelity, Secrecy, and Love. The passions of a Fool as they are violent, so they are inconstant, and vain; they esteem not the Honour so much as the GLORY of boasting of it, and that to Sots of no more sense than themselves; whereas the man of sense is ever silent in this case, unless it be to convey the Name of his MISTRESS to Posterity, and make it as charming as her Eyes.

So that the Design of this First Volume
is

The Preface.

is to make the Lover (whether Platonick or Sensual) as meer an Angel as he thinks his Mistress. All we shall further say of our Love-Pacquet is, That our own Experience in Love Affairs, has furnisht out the Materials for this Volume; in which there be several things that were never handled, (nor perhaps never thought of) before, so that the whole System of Love is here refin'd and enlarged, and thrown into an easie Method for the use of Lovers.

We are forming a Second Volume of Letters for the Press, which shall bring all the first-Rate Sinners of the Age upon their Knees at Confession, where the secret Errors and Debaucheries of their Lives will be expos'd in their own penitential Letters to our Society; and the Answers to 'em are adapt'd to the Nature and the Quality of the Sinners, where we have abridg'd the satisfactions and the pleasures of the Gentleman no more than Reason and Religion did oblige us. This Volume will deserve the Title of Christianity refin'd, or Religion without Dulness and Severity.

A Third Volume of Letters we design shall come abroad under the Title of Philosophick Melancholy, upon those Rich Topics

The Preface.

Topicks of Happiness and Knowledge.

The Fourth Volume is, a Pacquet of Secrets in Church and State, which will very much surprize the World.

In these Letters our Correspondents speak with open Heart, and discover their true sentiments of Persons and Things, supposing ('tis very probable) that the Secrets they communicated wou'd have been conceal'd. But the Death of our Court-friends has now given us a fair opportunity to publish 'em.

And as there are several Secrets in this Volume which are not to be found else where, so they will be publish'd with such Good Authorities as will render the Discoveries unquestionable.

And wou'd the World but smile upon us, we have a Fifth Volume ready for the Pres' as any of the former; which represents the various Religions that have ever obtain'd among Mankind, with all the Arguments [pro and con] upon which they are built, and by which they are overthrown.

The other Athenian Letters that past between us and some Persons of Quality, will (as we judge by the number of them) make a 6th 7th and 8th Volume of the Pacquet from Athens: But the Subject of these Letters are so

The Preface.

so very Nice and Uncommon) we think is
not proper to give an Account of 'em now, but
will rather surprize the World with their
Novelty; when they are ready for Pub-
lication.

So that the Variety the Reader will find
in these Eight Volumes, bids as fair as can
be expected for a General Satisfaction, there
being here Letters proportion'd to all Capac-
ties and Tastes.

'Tis true, We have been a long time si-
lent, but having recover'd a little Breath,
and reinforc'd our selves with some new
Members that are brisk and vigorous, we
shall put new Life into the Ashes of Old
Athens, and make publick our Athenian Bed-
time, or the New Athenian Oracle; so
that the World may expect every Week
Sheet; and we shan't meddle with a single
Syllable of the Old Mercuries. For Truth
is as Infinite and Inexhaustable as the Eter-
nal Unity.

New Athens



A
Pacquet from ATHENS:
OR THE
SECRET LETTERS

OFF
Platonick Courtship, &c.

LETTER I.

To Madam Laureat, proving the Athenian Society in Platonick Love with the Ingenious Ladies of the Three Kingdoms.

Madam;

THE Athenian Society are fallen in Love with the Ingenious Ladies in the Three Kingdoms, and resolve to enter on a Platonick Courtship.

And

A Pacquet from Athens.

And since so great a Judge, as the late Sir William Temple, was pleased not only to approve of the Athenian Project, but to Honour our Society with frequent Letters and curious Questions (and to express his satisfaction in our Answers) we hope your Ladiship will admit it as a good Apology for our Presumption in Writing to Ladies that (like the Athenian Oracle) are refin'd from every thing that is mean and trifling.

The Athenian Project does now Phænix-like Flourish in its own Ashes, and we can't but think A Pacquet from Athens (as it discovers the Platonick and Love Secrets of our whole Society) will oblige the Ingenious; (but more especially the Bachelors and Virgins) as we intend to direct them in their whole Amour.

Madam, We first Address our selves to your Ladiship, for tis the opinion of our Society that there is no Lady in the Three Kingdoms a better Judge of Innocent Love and Poetry, than Madam Laureat, and therefore (without any more Ceremony) we're in Platonick Love with you.

Not Dull and Smoky Love, but Fire Divine,
That Burns not to Consume, but to Refine :
We touch you as our Beads, with Devout care,
And come unto our Courtship as our Prayer ;
'Tis thus we Love, nor Burn with common Fire,
Ours is the meer Perfection of Desire ;

Methinks (Madam) we exactly know you, tho' we never saw your Face ; and are ready to leave our Bodies behind to search you out, to have purer Communication with your Spirit, and to mingle together our Souls — — —

A Pacquet from Athens. 3

We'll wear no Flesh, but one another greet
As Blessed Souls in separation meet.

This is that *Platonick Courtship* that you and other Ladies must expect from us: A tender Friendship between Persons of a different Sex, is not only innocent, but commendable; and as advantageous, as delightful: *A strict union of Souls* (as our Society has lately asserted) is the essence of Friendship, *Souls have no Hopes, nor While those only are concern'd, can any thing that's criminal intrude?* 'Tis a Conversation truly *angelical*; and has so many charms in't, that the Friendships between man and man, deserve not to be compared with it. The very Souls of the Fair Sex, as well as their Bodies, seem to have a *softer Turn* than those of men; while we reckon our selves Possessors of a more *solid Judgment*, and *stronger Reason*; or rather may, with more Justice, pretend to greater Experience, and more advantages to improve our minds; nor can any thing on Earth give a greater, or *purer pleasure* than communicating such Knowledge to a capable Person, *who is of another Sex*, by the charms of her Conversation Inexpressibly sweetens the pleasant Labours, and by the advantage of a *Fine Mind* and good Genius, often starts such Notions as the Instructor himself wou'd otherwise never have thought of: All the fear is, lest the Friendship should in time degenerate, and the Body come in for a share with the Soul, as it did among *Boccalins Poetesses* and *Virtuosos*; which if it once does, Farewell Friendship, and most of the happiness arising from it: But here is no danger, for (Madam) as forward as we are to oblige

4 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

lige the Ladies, *Athens* was never yet so fond of its own ruine as to like it the better for being drest in Petticoats. Who'd place his happiness where the dull Plowman, or the Carriers Horse, can find it out? Shall Souls refin'd not know how to preserve a noble Flame, but let it burn out to appetite? —————

*Beasts love like Men, if Men in Lust delight,
And call that Love which is but Appetite.*

We confess Beauty is a delectable Philtre, especially where the Glances of the Eyes are amorous: But Madam, (*if Athens may be believ'd*) 'tis your Soul, and not your Body, we are charmed with; 'tis true, *Alexander* thought all cost too little to make a Casket to keep *Homers Poems* in, and your Body is as curiously wrought as if Nature thought the same by your Soul. But as to your Person (were it ne'er so young and charming) we value it not, but as 'tis the Case of the finest Soul in the World. Then immortal must our Flame be, since the immortal part of us is only interested in it. The cause of Inconstancy in Common Love is the Body, which being of so changeable a Nature, 'tis impossible it should retain any thing long which has the least dependance upon it: But the SOUL that is still the same, must still persevere in the Affection it has once made choice of. Wonder not at the expression (Madam) for our Loves are the Effects of choice, not Fancy; Virtue and Wit engage us, but Beauty and Vice them; both frail and fading as the Joys they bring.

But ours, Madam, is the love of Angels; sa-
cred

A Pacquet from Athens.

cred Sympathy unites our Souls, and mutual
Virtues cement our holy Vows ; not only till
Death, but even to the next Life of Glory, for
it being a *Native of Heaven*, it cannot lose its
being by returning thither, but rather im-
prove it to a greater degree than it cou'd attain
here, oppos'd by the *Cloggs* of gross material Bo-
dies.

*Love thus is pure, which is refin'd
To court the Beauty of the Mind :
No pimping Dress, no fancy'd Air
No Sex can bribe our Judgment there ;
But like the happy Spirits above
We're blest in Raptures of Seraphick Love.*

2

Such chaste Amours, may justly claim
Friendship, the noble manly Name :
For without LUST we gaze on Thee,
And only wonder 'tis a She.
Only our Minds are Courtiers grown,
Such Love endures when Youth and Beauty's
(grown.

3

Who on your Looks has fix'd his Eye,
Adores the Cage where Jewels lie.
We've heard some foolish Lovers say
To you they gave their Hearts away.
I willingly now part with mine,
To Learn pure Love, and be refin'd by thine

Thus you see (dear Madam) that uninterrupted Joy is the Product of our Passion (if it merit so gross a Name) without any mixture of pain, 'tis like the *vestal Fire*, burning without material Fuel; whereas Corporal Love dies and is soon extinguish'd if deprived of its Fuel, Beauty; and the auxiliary Bellows of strifes and petty squabbles, *Satiety attends their Success*. Quarrels serve for exercise to gain them a fresh appetite. But 'twou'd be endless to run through all the advantages the *Platonick* has above the *sensual Lover*. Then (Dear Angel) accept our *Platonick Courisship*, and (if a marriage of souls is possible) we'll presently strip into naked Spirits (and if they please, our Female Querists may bear us company) to celebrate our *Platonick Wedding* in the *Ideal World*.

In the mean time believe us to be

Your *Platonick Servants*

And

Humble Admirers

Athenis

L E T

LETTER II.

Madam Laureat's Answer to the Athenian Society, Being a Satyr against Platonick Love, and Friendship in different Sexes.

HOLD (Good Platonicks) not a Lips breadth further, till you (or some of your Society) have answered these Questions.

1. Because all agree there are no Sexes in Souls ;
d'ye think there are none in Bodies ?
2. Or are you Marble ?
3. Or is your Body of the same substance,
of Kin to St. Francis's Wife of Snow ? If not,
hands off, unless En Passant, as you may embrace
or salute a Sister, or a Neighbour ; yet hold again,
methinks your Letter of Platonick Courtesie gives
me so fair an Idea of that Romanick Fancy, that I
could almost wish there were such a thing : For
if there were, I wou'd try (at least) if I cou'd
have so refin'd a Passion for you as these that pre-
tend to it. But alas ! (Gentlemen) you know
who says,

You talk of Fires that shide, but never Burn ;
In this cold World they'll hardly serve our turn.

8 A Pacquet from Athens.

And wou'd you for once be *ingenuous*, you must own your selves of the same mind. As all your Sex is one great *Hypocrite*, so this is one glaring Instance of their *Prevarication*: You may as well talk of *Love without Loving*, as without desiring, and when you can show the *Love-Letters* between a pair of Souls, or the History of the Angelical Amours of *Nakar* and *Damilkar*, or can tell me the taste of those *Immaterial kisses* which your *Famous Duchess* talks of, then I shall begin to believe that you believe your selves, when you talk of these matters, and that you are full as Spiritual as you tell me; tho' sure you wou'd not have me *take you at your Word*.

Not but that I verily believe your Love may still be enough *Platonical*, and full as pure, as was that of the Philosopher, who gave it the Name, who if he were not very much wrong'd, never lov'd Virtue so refinedly, as to like or Court her so *Passionately* in a foul, or homely Habitation, as he did in those that were more *Beautiful and Lovely*.

One of these two things then you can hardly deny; either that 'tis only an empty Name, or else a sort of a Wizard to something more homely: He that denys what he really is, makes us sometimes violently suspect him what he is not, and as often find out what he takes such over-care to conceal.

'Tis the Mind that makes a Fault,
Else such things wou'd not be naught.
He that can (and is no Liar)
Sport and talk without a Fire,
Can be courteous, can be kind,
And not kindle in his Mind : Ans'

A Pacquet from Athens.

And can touch a Womans Skin
As his own, nor stir within ;
Doth salute without delight,
And more wou'd not if he might ;
Nor scarce that, whom thus to kill
Manners teacheth, not his will ;
Nor with hand, nor Lip, nor Eye
Doth commit Adultery ;
But see and salute each other
Woman, as he doth his Mother :
As the Nurses harmless kiss
To her Child is, such is his
Without Pleasure, without Taste ;
With a Mind, a Thought as chaste
As Turtle ; till thy Mind be such,
Do not look, nor sport, nor touch ;
Or at least till thus thou can
Sport and talk, and play with Man,
Nor with Woman, for if fair
Thou wilt find, or make a Snare ;
Nay, albo' thy mind be such,
Do not joy, nor sport, nor touch :
For, albo' thy Thoughts be Good,
Yet thoughts are not understood
But by Actions, so therein
May be Scandal, if not Sin.
Who exactness will fulfil
Must forbear things seeming ill.
Not that are, but might have been,
Or that may be constru'd Sin.
Men judge thee Ill, or Innocent
By what's seen, not what is meant.
Then, Athens, till all Minds be such,
Think a Look, a Smile too much.

10 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

Who that's wise wou'd attempt to drink out of a Vial, which he knows has either nothing at all in it, or if any thing, the surest and most subtle Poyson in the World? If you say, there's a Mean, and virtuous Love may be thus disguis'd; we'd fain know what need on't? Neither Love, nor Truth, nor Virtue, need seek Corners, not so much as the former, if he comes in company with the latter. He ought therefore to be uncased, as *Apbrodisius* in *Phyche*, and tho' as finely dress'd as he, of whom that Divine Poet,

*Upon his Head smil'd a soft Grove of Gold:
Two small-half-Heav'ns were bent in either
Brow, &c.*

Yet you ought to be sure, that you embrace not a Serpent, instead of a God, or that he hides not a Satyr deform'd and shaggy Figure, under the Wings of an Angel. The Shipwreck of so many before you, one wou'd be apt to think, shou'd make you afraid of the dangerous Voyage to Mrs. Behn's Island: The Bones that you see, and the Skulls so near the Cave of this Sleeping-Lyon, shou'd keep you from venturing within his Paws, tho' he sheathes 'em never so Artificially. Platonick Love has ruin'd half your Sex, and you can't but know as much, and therefore seem to admit the pretences of it, only with a desire to be undone more plausibly, and to retain the shadow of Innocence, when the substance is vanish'd. You Guild your Poyson, and then fancy 'tis good Food, or Physick; you are told so before, you are parties against your selves, who can save you?

A Pacquet from Athens. II

If you were but willing to escape Destruction, and to come back from the Brink of the precipice, it may be, it might not yet be impossible. Discover the Viper before he has play'd himself into your *Bosoms*, and then there's at least a perhaps left that you may avoid him.

Pray do but perwade any of these refin'd Women to admire you at a distance, not to come near you, or if they do, at least tantalize 'em so as never to let 'em steal a Grasp or a Touch, and try if they can live on such *Airy Diet*. The purer any Flame is, the less aliment it needs to support it. Let 'em by this make a Tryal of theirs : Let 'em live a year, on nor so much as a sigh of pity : Let 'em converse with your Souls only, and make Love to them, for which alone they pretend so great a passion ; but let 'em not so much as throw a Look on your Body ; nor their Eyes fasten one Glance on yours. For what has the *Imuition* and *Embraces* of Souls to do with these dull *Material Organs* ?

But if neither they nor you can be content with such *mortifying Diet*, if you feel a sort of a pain, and displeasure, and uneasiness under such a practice, and find this a force upon your Inclinations, and you begin to sigh, and wish, and think your selves unhappy. Then beware stings, for there's certainly no better nor worse than mere *Flesh and Blood* at the Bottom. For these passions seem not so properly seated in the Mind, as the Body, or only in the *invisibl Soul*, which is hardly different from it.

The Mind it self is pure and Spiritual, Reason is a calm and a Noble Principle, it admits of no

12 A Pacquet from Athens.

Emotions, or Perturbations; and thus the Angels love Mankind and one another: Whereas, if we believe Mr. Milton (who might know as much of that matter as any Heywood of 'em all) a fallen Angel may be discover'd through all his Disguises, by the violent motions and visible changes which will appear in him, through the most Glorious Forms imaginable, and thus may you, if you please, make a certain Judgment of yourselves and others.

And much the same may be said of Friendship between Persons of different Sexes, another Cant you have very near akin to Platonick Love; Which at the beginning may in some Instances be innocent, at least on one side, if not in both.

But Love's an insinuating Devil, and if he gets but the tip of his Wing into your Heart, all the rest quickly follows.

His Aguish Train of Pains and Joys, and Inquietudes, his huge Bow and Quiver, and a thousand Poyson'd Arrows; and if you once talk of driving him out again, tho' he lurks there only under the Pretence and Mask of Friendship, how will the little Villain storm and rave, how big will he look, and try to be terribly angry, and then by turns will flatter and fawn again, and hang about you so very importunately, that you can hardly your self be yet so blind, but you'll take notice on't. Since, No Friendship e'er languish'd or lookt half so kind. And then, or never, if it be'n't yet too late, work for your self, struggle for Life, assist the Crisis, for if this moment is gone, never expect another.

You strive for a noble Empire, no less than
that

that of your own Mind and Body too, at the long run, as it almost always happens. Despair has made Cowards brave, and what wou'd one not do for *Liberty*? And what have not *Women* done on less occasions? Nor are you without *Auxiliaries*, and those very strong and powerful, as well as your *Enemies*, *Virtue*, and *Honour*, and *Reason*, and the *Good wishes*, and good words of all *Good Men*, which are lost, for ever lost, as well as you with 'em, when ever you abandon your selves to the fatal *Deceiver*.

Then to be in sober Earnest, one Minute before we part, and then farewell. *Love God, Love Virtue, have a care of Loving any thing else, at least, not violently.*

And pray remember this one short Observation more,

That *Honour* and *Virtue* must needs be things in themselves, very desirable and amiable, when *Vice* and *Lewdness* are so fond of sheltering themselves under their *Names* and *Colours*, tho' at the same time they do it, they thereby become the most formidable *Enemies*.

Gentlemen,

Pray forgive your *Dictator*, because 'tis well meant from

Your Anti-Platonick,

Climene.

L E T

LETTER III.

The Athenians Continuation of their
Platonick Courtship to Madam Laureat, being an Answer to
what she writ against Platonick-
Love.

Madam,

YOU charge our Sex with a variable and un-constant Temper, as fickle we must all be as the Wind, or as Fortune. 'Tis Woman you'd have us think, that's the only firm and stable part of the Creation, unmov'd as the Rocks, and fix'd on the solid Basis of her own Resolution and Reason. Fix'd indeed you may be in Evil, as well as in a very strong conceit of your own Goodness and Wisdom; but whether as changeable, when you happen to be in the right, as that Sex, which is the object of your Scorn, as inconsistent with your selves, and as false to your own Assertions, if we had not abundant experience to satisfy us, you your self would be a sufficient Instance. Sometimes 'tis true, you put on a sort of Magisterial Air, and Dictate Morality and Virtue, more as it should seem, that you might appear Superior to

A Pacquet from Athens. 15

to our Sex, then for any real esteem for that or us. But you soon forget your self, are all infect-ed with the *Fashionable Notions* of the Town and Theatre, and discourse just at their Rate, who pretend there's no such thing as Virtue in our Sex, because they would be glad never to find it.

And to convince any one that we don't scanda-lize you, we need but remit 'em to the begin-ning of your last Letter, which we shan't Repeat, but leave it to any who are better pleasd with such discourses.

But pray why are you so furiously angry with *Pla-tonick Love*, which you are forc'd your self to own the same thing, or at least not very different from a *Virtuous Friendship*? Can any thing that's *Virtuous* be either so Criminal, or so dangerous as you represent it?

True *Friendship*, as we think we've read in some of the Philosophers, can only be between *Virtuous Persons*; and are all our Sex either Unworthy or uncapable of it? Or are you grown Ingenuous, shall we call it, or Malicious, in attempting to perswade us the same of your own Sex, that you seem to believe of ours, that there's not one spark of *Virtue* and true *Generosity* left amongst them?

Your *Grave Lessons*, what extraordinary care we should take of ye, might be admitted: They seem to have some Face of Kindness, and to come from a Friend, tho a lowre one. Had you therefore only advis'd us to take an extraordinary care with whom we contracted *Friendships*, to be first very well acquainted with them, to Act with Caution at least with them, if not too with some Reserve, to be careful these *Friendships* did not cross any other Obligations; nay, after all, to be still

16 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

still upon our Guard against you, considering how Generous you are, and how Vertuous, and to take care of our Reputations, as well as Innocence; all this, we say, we might have thankt you for, tho, *no more than what our Sex too often Learns from yours*, in a more dangerous manner, since 'tis no such great Wonder to find among you a Perjur'd and Faithless Friend; we have reason to wish it were not much more difficult to discover the contrary.

But what we think we have reason to be angry at, is, that you would totally exclude us from what is the Happiness, as well as Perfection of our Natures, and one of the greatest Blessings of Life.

And yet we fondly flatter our selves, we shall either find you *all Vertuous and capable of Friendship*, or prevail with you to be so, or else why do we ever Marry you?

None would be a Slave to one they believed False and Perfidious, none in their Wits would give their All to one they thought not so much as capable of Honesty, or Honour, or a lasting Amity. Why d'you take so much pains before you have us fast, to perswade us you have those Qualifications which may make you worthy our Friendship, Courage, Bountyness, Fidelity, and the like? And where is it more lkely, where would one expect to find a perfect Unity of Sentiments, or Condescension, where there's any inconsiderable difference, which I look upon as much of the Essence of Friendship? Where's that true and unbias'd tenderness and kindness, which is the inseparable effect of that Noble Virtue, as well as that entire Confidence which is rarely or never divi-

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A Pacquet from Athens. 17

ded from it, but where Interest, and God, and Nature, and the Policies of States, and the Laws of Nations have before made the strictest Union?

And if you are seldom capable of it, if you soon learn to despise us, if you have *little or no tenderness for us*, or confidence, or esteem, or so much as inclination, and if we rarely see in a Marry'd State, lasting instances of Friendship, we would ask you whether it be either just, or modest, to upbraid us with your *own Faults*, and our great Unhappinels?

But tho' you're at Liberty, it must be confess, to make your selves as bad as you please, we won't make you worse; and as ill as you are, as meanly as you think of us, and we wish there were no reason to say of Vertue too, yet we're satisfy'd you are not so Universally Corrupted, but there is some Faith and Friendship left amongst you. There are some instances of Love after Marriage, which we reckon only a higher Name for Friendship, and that shows it not *impossible*: Some Happy Pairs, who know no Contentions, but who shall Love best, and Oblige most: Whose Flame is still Refining, and still Encreasing, some Phenix-Women who scorn to take a Man into their Arms, whom they can't admit into their Hearts too, and let them reign there without a Rival.

And is not this betwixt different Sexes, and call you not this *Friendship*?

And tho' we grant, considering what your Sex generally are, ours can hardly be too much afraid of you, since too many of you are like some Venemous Creatures, Blasting all you Breathe on, and tho' further *Friendships* of an extraordinary intimacy after Marriage between different Sexes, not re-

18 A Pacquet from Athens.

related, be to speak no worse, very *suspitions* and ill sounding, and we agree with you, and *fatal experience* has put it beyoud contradiction, that there's no more specious way to ruine, then under such pretences; tho' we say all this may be granted, yet we can't see how it follows, that after *Marriage* we are to live like *Turkish Slaves*, to be mew'd up and Imprison'd all our Lives, and to *Dye* if we but see any Person besides our *Wives*. Nor do we see any better reason, why we shou'd shut our Eyes to their Merits, any more then their Persons, why we mayn't put a *modest value* on those who deserve it, on a brave and good Woman, more then on one that's *Villanous* and *Wicked*, and this may at last amount to the Name of a *General Friendship*.

Nay, yet further, our own *Affairs* may often make it necessary to place a greater *Confidence* in one Woman than another, and to entertain a more particular *Correspondence* with her, and yet all this far enough within the strictest bounds of *Modesty* and *Virtue*. We know not what you think of your selves, or how you feed on your own *Vanity*, but for our parts, we don't find you such terrible charming dangerous Creatures, that there's no casting our Eyes on you, without stark falling in Love with you. We are not Conscious of any such thoughts; if you are so *Wicked*, you had best keep from us, and make the *Experiment* whether we'll trouble you with our *Invitations*. Let us but alone, and we'll be bound not to *Ravish* you.

But suppose a young Lady no ways engag'd, shou'd be pleas'd with Honourable *Addresses* and *Proffers of Service*, from a Person not unsuitable to her *Birth* and *Fortune*: Suppose she contract-ed

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A Paquet from Athens. 19

ed a *real Esteem*, a particular Tenderness for him, and were touched with his Sufferings and Merits, and shou'd be willing to make him all the returns that a Man of Honour cou'd expect, or *Virtue* let her give. Where's the Crime of all this, we'd fain know, or where the shame of it? Or what is there *Unnatural* or *Immoral*, or so much as *Undecent* in it? Or who, that is not *Brutish*, wou'd Condemn it, or not wish 'em Happy?

And if you find or think any thing worse, if you have any thing that's ill in your own Breast, when you come near us, once more pray keep the Guilt, and share the shame amongst your selves, and don't involve the *Innocent*.

In the mean-time, we believe *Honour* and *Virtue* really as aimable as you can represent 'em, and *Friendship* not much behind 'em: Nor can all your Sexes abuse of those excellent Names, and making 'em a cover for the worst designs, make us out of Love with them, tho' we shall endeavour to follow your Advise, and to have a care of you.

Athens.

L E T:

LETTER IV.

Madam Laureat banter her **Plato**,
nick Lovers, and tells 'em, she'll
drop the Correspondence.

REALLY Gentlemen, after all you've said in Defence of your *Platonick Courtship*, I can't get over it, but there's *Flesh and Blood* at the bottom of it; for were there not some kind design in't you'd never begin a *Courtship* with my Soul, but that you know 'tis tagg'd to something else. And why so much Passion, which you can't possibly abstract from a certain *Fevertish disposition* of the Animal Spirits? *Platonick Lovers* are all over nothing but *Calmness* and *Serenity*, and han't that warmth and heat with them which you express. Perhaps you Gentlemen of the *Athenian Society* are some *Antiquated Bachelors*, and your *Sins of Youth* have given you a *Disgust*, or rather disabled you for the known *Offices* of *Matrimony*; and upon that account you prudently conceal your impotence under the Mask of *Platonick Love*. You pretend indeed to be all *Spirit*, and tell me — So Angels love —

A Pacquet from Athens. 21

So Angels Love——so let them Love for me;

As Mortal, I must like a Mortal be,
My Love's as Pure as their's, more unconfin'd;

I Love the Body, they but love the Mind.

Without Enjoyment can desire be ill,

For that which wou'd a man with Pleasure fill?
This more Intense and Attive sure must be,

Since I both Soul and Body give to thee.

3.

This Flame as much of Heaven as that contains;

And more, for unto that but half pertains;

Friendship one Soul to the other doth Unite,

But Love joins all, and therefore is more bright.

4.

Neither doth — Humane Love—Religion barm,

But rather us against our Vices arm;

Shall I not for a Charming Lover Dye,

When Heaven commands Increase and Multiply?

Gentle-

22 A Pacquet from Athens.

Gentlemen, if you differ from me in these Sentiments, I must suppose you some Superannuated Misers that have been neglected by your very Cook-maids.

You may pretend your Affections are as fine as you please; however, I can't believe you forget the Materials of a Woman, when you make Love to her Soul, unless her Skin be turn'd into pure Buckram; nay, you'd e'en dispense with that, and a Thousand worse Qualities, were there but a Fortune to smooth and supple her, and to make satisfaction for her Deformity and her Years. The Athenians must certainly be troubled with Poverty as well as Age, or they'd never take up with bare Words that are only the empty Alms of Passion.

'Tis plain you can turn Necessity into Virtue, and fly to the Spirit, when you're too impotent for the Flesh. *Platonick Love*; if the words of Plato may determine the matter, is not altogether refin'd from sensual Regards; I'm sure he seems to relish the Kiss of Agatho with all the Fire of the most amorous Debauchee. I'm afraid your Pretence to *Platonism* is only a demure Baw'd to Secret Whoring, for tis a matter of common observation, That those have as gross Inclinations as other People in a Corner, who seem to care less nothing but the Sun in Publick.

In a Word, *Platonick Love* is a Diet too thin for Flesh and Blood, then (Gentlemen) enjoy the Shadow if you please, I the Substance will pursue; *Platonick* live but on airy Food, and *Clerks* are for Solid Diet.

The

A Pacquet from Athens. 23

These, Gentlemen, are my very Thoughts of your Platonick Courtship, and therefore don't persecute me any more with your Spiritual Passions, for this is the last Letter you're to expect from

Your Anti-Platonick,

Climene.

LETTER V.

The Athenians Answer to Madam Laureat, upon her Rejection of their Platonick Courtship.

Madam,

WE have received your Last, where, 'tis true, there's Freedom enough, but as little Charity as one wou'd wish. You know, Fair Climene, the Sun and Moon have Courted and pursued each other these Six Thousand years, and yet are as Chaste and Innocent as you'd desire; and so may the different Sexes do with all the strength, and the Innocence of Affection, that the

24 A Pacquet from Athens.

the very Angels wou'd not be ashame'd to enter.
tain the like Fires.

We own indeed that every Virtue shines in Ma-
dam Laureat, that's lovely in Womankind, which how-
ever does but qualify you more for Platonick Love,
and why then so inexorable?

But here lies the mischief, There's Flesh and Blood
in't: Tis true, Climene, we are not quite undress'd
into naked Spirits, and where's the harm on't?
Your Sex don't love Apparitions; besides, we are
very positive, there's not a grain of Flesh and Blood
about us, but what's so Vertuous and so Sublim'd,
that an Angel might adopt it into Personal Union. As
so our Designs, they had no more of kindness in
'em, than might easily be allowed, tho' perhaps
you'd say that our Old Inclinations may return up-
on us,

But to secure our Hearts from all Surprise,
We fix a Guard of Vertues o'er our Eyes,
And whilst dear Virtue guards our chaste Desires,
We'll Flame and Burn in such Seraphick Fires.

After all, Madam, why so much out of Humour
with your own Dear Senses? that upon the bare
suspicion of any design that way, without either
Certainty or Truth, you must fly us, and vanish in-
to Air.

To such a subtile Purity you're wrought,
You've pray'd and fasted to a Walking Thought.

However, tis certainly so, we freely own
we are no better than we shou'd be; but then
one single Smile from the Fair Climene wou'd
have

A Pacquet from Athens. 25

We perfectly transform'd us into true Platonicks.
—The thoughts of Resentment are below us :
We'll start a New Game, and thus take our
Leave.

I.

now Woman, since thou'rt grown so Proud,
'Twas Athens gave thee thy Renown;
boud'st else in the forgotten Crowd
Of common Beauties liv'd unknown ;
had not our Verse exhal'd thy Name,
and impt it with the Plumes of Fame.

2.

hat killing Power is none of thine
We gave it to thy Voice, thy Eyes ;
by Sweets, thy Graces all are ours ;
Thou art our Star, shin'st in our Skies
ben dart not from thy Borrow'd Sphere
ighning on them that plac'd thee there.

3.

Treat us then with Disdain no more ;
Lest what we made, we uncreate
Let Fools thy Mystic Forms adore
We know thee in thy Mortal State.
Wise Poets that wrapt Truth in Tales,
Knew her themselves through all her Vails.

We have only to Subscribe our selves,

Innocent Athens,

LET.

This Platonick Courtship to Madam Laureat not meeting with Success, in the last Session of our Society at Smith's, 'twas carried by the Majority of Voices that R. S. the Mathematitian should make Love to the Ingenious Irene, according to the Platform of Plato's Idea.

The Correspondence follows.

LETTER VI.

R—S—'s Letter to Irene, wherein he makes Love to her according to the Platform of Plato's Idea, Admires her into pure Identity with himself, and declares he's the first Inventer of Platonick Matrimony.

Dearest Irene,

IN the last Session of our Society at Smith's 'twas carried by the Majority of Voices that R.—S.— Mathematitian, should make Love

A Pacquet from Athens. 27

Love to the ingenious Irene, according to the Platform of *Plato's Idea*; and that from time to time, I should report to the House what Improvements we have made upon that Head, in regard, your Ladiship is the best Qualified of your Sex for the Spiritual Amours of *Plato*, where Flesh and Blood, with the whole Catalogue of sensual Satisfactions, are altogether unconcern'd.

Now, Dear Irene, I must certainly be in Love with you, as one may say, by Act of Parliament; but not quite so much of necessity in it neither, for Force and Inclination were never so well reconcil'd before; However, to Convince you, Madam, that Necessity and the freedom of Choice have Consistency enough in their own Natures: You may remember how the very Angels by *Heavenly Establishment* are fix'd in Seraphick Love, and yet with all the freedom imaginable.

You need not, my Dear Lovely Irene, give your self the Trouble to entertain the least suspicion of my design, there's nothing but Ingenious Innocence, and yet a World of intellectual Happiness in the whole.

Celestial Flames are scarce more bright
Than those your Worsh inspires:
So Angels Love —— and so they Burn
In just such Holy Fires.

Tho' now I consider, your incomparable Letters that I have by me, make it needless to open t'ye the Nature and Design of Platonick Amours; you have said all, and infinitely better than I can do, that's necessary to be known in Generals of this Matter, but yet there's certainly something in particular to be advanc'd that hitherto was never

28 A Pacquet from Athens.

thought of. The nature, you know, of *Platonick Love* lies wholly in the dis interested Union of two Minds, which is made up of inclination that's purely Spiritual. Now, why main't this Union be hedg'd in, and secur'd by mutual Matrimonial Engagements? There's nothing impracticable in the notion or the nature of the thing? And why mayn't we, my Dear Killing Irene, have the satisfactions of this State, as well as the Honour to be the first Inventors of it.

I cou'd now protest for an Hour together, upon the reality of my Love, if that wou'd Convince. I won't say, MADAM, that I am *Passionately*, but *Platonically* Yours; for the Old Philosophers tell us, that when *Passion* is working there's also an emotion of the Blood and of the Animal Spirits, and neither of these must have any concern in our Affairs.

Dear Irene I could love thee, now that I am pretty warm upon't, into pure Identity with my self, till our Understandings shou'd mingle, and till an Union should run thro' every Faculty about us.

You'll Pardon the Mystery of these expressions, for the heat of Imagination carries me quite beyond my self; but at the same time 'tis a good Argument of my sincerity, for there's a certain kind of mystick Enthusiasm that *Platonick Love* is always attended with.

I am, Lovely Irene, under a great deal of Platonical impatience till your Compliance shall make me the only Happy Mortal upon Earth. I confess, were it to be a Matrimony in the Flesh, you might ask time to consider o't, and that every little Trivial Appendage shou'd

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shou'd be well adjusted before hand ; but this being the marriage of our Minds, twou'd not be agreeable to the Nature of the Thing, shou'd you defer the Satisfaction which is so much in your Power to bestow. Spirits, You know, move swiftly, and are acquainted at first sight by Intuition. I am, Fairest Irene, according to Plato's Idea,

YOUR most Impatient,

Devoted, Humble

— Husband,

that wou'd be,

R—S—alias Philaret.

LETTER VII.

Irene's Answer to Philaret, wherein she admits his Platonick Courtship, but wishes she could hold out for one Seven Years Siege at least. Asks who must be the Parson that shall marry 'em — and says, they must have a Convocation of the Upper and Lower House, to Draw up and Authorize a Form for solemnizing their Platonick Matrimony.

S I R,

I'M very much oblig'd for the Honourable Provision your Society have made for me

C 2

but

30 A Pacquet from Athens.

but were I to be married in a Literal Sense, a *Mathematitian* among all the Men in the World wou'd make nothing for my purpose. I suppose you're the same Spark that Answers Questions in the *Vihentian Oracle*, that look so Wicked-

ly, much after this Fashion $\frac{345}{692 \frac{1}{2}} = 2$ or thus X

$\frac{234}{121 \frac{1}{2}}$ Notwithstanding every Man to his Cal-

king. However to be Serious, *Your Proposal* is Ingenious enough, and tho' you're less Ceremonious then might be expected, yet that don't much offend me. You seem only to be Over-hasty in a Bigness of so great Concernment, and but that you argue from the Nature of the thing, I shou'd certainly have held out one Seven Years Siege at least. But I'll dispute no more about this matter, my Future Carriage shall Convince you of what I wou'd, but can't perfectly here describe. I have been a Thousand times in the mind, to put your Platonick Love to the utmost Trial, and personally to challenge you to shew a Love like Mine ; nay, did not I fear you'd draw back, I'd meet you before the Altar, and urge the Truth of what I say with as much Devotion, as ever *Vespa* did her Prayers. And was it not for some Fears that hover about my Soul, nothing that the Holy Man shou'd say, or you demand (for a Platonick Lover will ask no sensual thing) but shou'd be consented to, with the greatest Transportation and Joy — Now Heavens forbid Fruition!

Fruition!

I.

Fruition ! *Ab* will quench the Flame
Of my Transported Soul ;
Indifference abroad Proclaim,
Platonick Love turn to a Name,
And all its Charms Controul.

2.

I've heard 'tis Loves Antipodes
And what made mighty Jove
Forsake his Queen and Heavenly Rays.
Pursue our Humane vilest ways,
To Re-instate his Love.

3.

Then Dearest (Strephon) don't complain,
I can't what's Ask'd for, Give :
A Nearer Union breaks the Chain,
Dissolves the Sweet Transporting Pain
Is't then worth while to Live ?

4.

Ye Gods that Taught me how to Love,
Whom Swain, and Nymph adore,
Grant me but Power enough to move
In this Transparent * Sphere of Love; [*Platonick
Grant this, I'll ask no more.

I cou'd almost dye now with very Shame,
that I have driven the Nail so far home at one
Blow: But what signifies it ? Minds cannot blush
you know.

32 A Pacquet from Athens.

But, good Mr. Algebra, there are several Problems that lie yet in our way, as, Who must be *the Parson that shall Marry us?* We must send him I'm afraid, one Quarter of a Year at least to turn over the Bodleian Library, before he'll understand our Business with him. Again we must have a Convocation of the Upper and Lower House to draw up and Authorize a Form of Solemnization for the Purpose. When you can resolve such Objections as these, you'll Write perhaps, to

Your Platonical
IRENE.

LETTER VIII.

Philaret— is pleas'd to find his Platonic Suit is receiv'd, and makes further Protestations of his Love to Irene.

Madam,

YOur Question, Who shall Marry us? is easily Answer'd, but I'm so Transported that Irene has receiv'd my Courtship, that all I can do at present is to make further Protestations of my Spiritual Love; for that's all I shall ever pretend, being already married in the Flesh. Well

A Pacquet from Athens. 33

Well (Madam,) I Love You Dearly—
Nay, don't be so Incredulous, I protest I do—
The longer I Live, the more I Love you, and
shou'd you cease to return it (which I hope you
will not) but if you do, my Flame is now grown
Self-sufficient, and wou'd unwasted as the bright
Planets of the Day, maintain it self to Eternity;
'tis so constant that, it would follow you to the
Abyss of Wretchedness; and so vertuous, that when
my Soul shall be unbodyed (and refin'd from
all the Drags of Sense) she'll still retain these
Friendly Sentiments for you, and without a Blush
entertain some Wondering Angel with such
detected Notions, so that (you see) Irene,
my Friendship is as Deathless as yours,

Keep your Love True, I dare engage that mine
Shall like my Soul Immortal prove;
In Friendships Orb how brightly shall we shine,
Where all shall envy, none divide our Love?

Madam part us, and you kill us; for when
Soul and Body part, 'tis Death. But when, Irene,
shall we eye the Platonical Knot? However our
Souls meet when we Sleep, and Enjoy each other;
and when we Wake, methinks, we should al-
ways employ our Thoughts about each other,
when we are not Contemplating Virtue.

I own the morose Climene Condemns Pla-
tonicks Love in a Woman, but I that have the
Happiness to Love Irene, find her Ill Natur'd Error
in fixing the Crime of a few on the whole Sex,
and let this Critick shew me Two of the Philo-
phers innocent as you, in their Affections and
Lives, except the Divine Plat. C. 4. Ah

34 A Pacquet from Athens.

Ah Madam, How happy are we, in so Pure
and Undeſcrib'd a Love, by which Souls mingle every
minute in the highest exacy of Union, without the
impeding help (if I may ſeem that ſeeming contra-
diction) of our Bodies. Nor need I (my Dear
Irene) caution you how to preserve the Empire
you have obtain'd over the Flesh, ſince you know
the Body is a true Coward; where it has the
Mastery being a Tyrant, but where 'tis over pow-
er'd easily kepr in Servile Awe. I might go on, but
here's enough to Cure your Carnal Appetite,
and to make you tell me what Spiritual Paffi-
on you have for

Your Platonick Admirer,

PHILARET.

LETTER X.

Irene thinks Philaret a little too
warm for a Platonick Lover,
and tells him her Flesh grows a
little malicious after Marriage.

THE Platonick-Knot? With all my
Heart (Dear Philaret) on condition your
Love be as Abstracted and Vertuous as mine,
which is a Flame as pure and unmixt as that an
Angel bears to his own bright Mind.—
Nor can I but Love the dear Owner of Thoughts so
Generous

A Pacquet from Athens. 35

Generous and Correspondent to my own, tho' I must needs say, you are somewhat warm for a *Platonick Lover* (Pardon the Caution) for shou'd Poison shroud it self within the gilded Superficies, how sadly shall I resent the unwellcome disappointment? And Heaven knows I wou'd not Inspire or indulge a *Criminal Thought* in your Breast for the World—

Would'n ye so, —— silly Innocence? Why, then e'en leave fooling with Edge Tools.

Well then, we are well met Sir, but who d'ye think's the greatest *Stray*? Why, I'm in my own road, passing thro' all the *Innocent Gallantries of Love*: 'Tis you (*Sir Algebra*) are out of the way; I wonder what People have to do with Love when they are *Married*; you must jog on in the narrow Path of *Conjugal Affection*, and not so much as look over the Hedge, nor mention Love (especially by Daylight) tho' there were not another word in the whole Dialect to express your Thoughts by —

But you are settled you'll say — I believe you are, with a Vengeance! A rare Priviledge of Matrimony — and so you wou'd if the Constable shou'd set you by the heels — Well, much good may your Settlement do you, fit as easie as you can; whilst I'm better satisfied in the pleasing pursuit of an imaginary happiness, whose Falacy I wou'd not willingly discover, nor wou'd I banter the pretty soft Raptures that play about our *Platonick Amour* (nor the Je ne sais quoi that tickles thro' my Veins) for all your Dull Fruition — I'm not so mightily oblig'd to you neither for wishing me a Cure, your *Casuistical Brethren* nickt the Business better in Vol. 15. Numb. 25 when they told me —

36 A Pacquet from Athens.

You'd not be Cur'd, a Lover asks not ease.

Neither (Dear Algebra) shall I take your Advice,
To try another Love.

Did you but see the Charming Strepion, you'd yield your Counsel lost. I tell ye, Sir, there's nothing on Earth so Excellent to Rival him, nor Delicate enough besides to Please me — No, Hapless as I am, rather than Change —

I'll still Love on, and Dye.

But Prethee (Dear Platonick) for the sake of all the pretty tender things in the World, advise me whether to Take or Refuse him: But who e'er I Marry (as my Flesh is a little Mortalious that way) I'll continue to be Your Platonick Mistress, and before I bid You Farewell, I do assure ye of my Eternal Friendship, unless You by passing its regular Wounds cease to deserve it from

Your Platonick,

Irene.

L E T.

LETTER X.

Philaret fears a Rival, and advises Irene
against all Love but what's Platonick ;
and concludes with a pleasant Trip to
Tunbridge-Wells.

Take or Refuse Strepion ! Prithee, Irene,
what do you mean ? I thought Philaret
had ingross'd your Soul, but your flesh (it
seems) is Malicious after Sweet-Meats ; sure
this en't Irene ! Or at least she forgets that
Beasts and Plants move to propagate their like,
our Love must step higher, and contend to make
our selves Immortal : Talk no more of Delicate
Faces, for ours is (or shou'd be) *A Love abstracted*
from all Corporeal gross Impressions, and sensual
Appetites, and consists in Contemplation, and Ideas
of the Mind ; not in any Carnal Fruition.

*When Essence meets with Essence, and Souls join
In mutual Knots, that's the true Nuptial Twine.*

There may be Armony between Sex, and Sex, pure
and ardent as the Flames which enlighten Stars. I
profess Irene my Soul beholds thee with the chaste
Eyes of a Dove : Then think no more of Charming
Strepion ; for if once the Malicious flesh puts in
for a share, Farewel Platonick Love, and the innocent
Pleasures that do attend it. But Two Spirits
rightly refin'd look upon one another as the Che-
rubim.

rubims of the Ark, having continually the Proprietary of God in the midst of them.

Not but Beauty pleaseth me wheresoever I meet it, yet because 'tis a dangerous thing in Womens Faces, I like better to behold it in the Feathers of Birds and in the enamelling of Flowers; Pleasures so chaste are compatible with Lent, and offend not God.

Then say what you please of the Malicious Flesh) I'll still believe your Vertue is as clear as the Fire that sparkles in your Eyes, and your Management (*Strephon* excepted) as much without Blemish as your Beauty.

You see Irene, by my freedom in Writing, I believe you're in Platonick Love with me; perhaps I may delude my self; but if it be so, you must be a notable Deceiver, you Write and tell it me in such an Air as is enough to periwade the most Incredulous.

Madam, If you are really overcome by the esteem that I have for you, I'd have you think 'tis such a Love as merits to infuse another equal to it, for 'tis now become nearer than an Alliance; and I do assert, that the Knot which Plato hath made, *Vertue bath ty'd*; then think no more of the Fop Fopish *Strephon*, but tell me you're CURED of Sensual Love.

I need not desire you to Write nothing but the Truth, for I know you approve of no Lie, but those of the Muses; and that Fictions in Poetry you can bear withal, but banish them from your Conversation —

But *Woe is me!* How little Philaret is satisfied with himself when he really Loves, and when his Sentiments and Ideas are above his Actions! There is not a word I speak to you contents me ————— However,

However (*Irené*) to divert you and my self a little, I'll here send you my *Pleasant Trip to Tunbridge-Wells.*

I have a bad faculty at giving Descriptions, and this Task woud better become a *Virtuoso's Pen*, than an Head so weak as mine, whose Philosophy reaches little further than to observe that the Water I drink each Morning makes me Drousie, and before 12, as Hungry as a very Horse: To Discourse Pertinently on such an Abstruse Subject, requires a large stock of Knowledge in Minerals, those Secrets which our Mother Earth seems to envy her Children, till they (like Unnatural *Nero's*) digging up her Bowels, force her to discover them. But Madam, I will make no excuses, and shall therefore talk something of Tunbridg, tho' at the same time it discovers my Ignorance.

These *Tunbridge-Wells* (which we may fitly stile our *English Spa*) bubble up in a Valley furrounded with Stony Hills, that are rendred Remarkable by divers Rocks, which standing above Ground carry some Resemblance with the Wonderfull *Stonehenge*. The Common they are Situate on, is naturally so Barren, as if 'twas designed for the Habitation of Famine; but this Sterility provident Nature hath sufficently compensated by those *Medicinal Waters* which Yearly attracting a vast Concourse of People, affords great advantage to the Neighbouring Inhabitants. The Water of these Springs is somewhat Bitter, or rather relishing of the rust of those *Iron Mines* through which (as in a *Limbick*) it hath been distilled in its *Subterrenean Passage*; which renders it a little ungrateful to the *Coy Tasse* of such as come

40 A Pacquet from Athens.

come out of a meer Wantonness to tipple there ;
but when it hath been familiarized by use awhile,
it soon becomes less Nauseous ; and 'tis certain,
one can never be able to drink half so much of a
ny other Liquour (tho' never so pleasant) as one
may of this. I Drink Three Quarts every
Morning.

*'Tis Ale of Grandam Nature's Brewing,
And seldom sets her Gueſſ a Spewning,
To which, I'm kindly Welcome still ;
Good Entertainment, tho' the Beer were ill.*

Its Operations are chiefly Diuretick and is
therefore excellent against all Diseases caused by
Obſtructions, Agues, Scurvy, Green-Sickneſſ, &c.
Strengthens the Nerves and their Original the
Brain ; besides, they tell me it hath ſome good
influence on the *Alamode Disease* ; and that ſome
London Sparks who have receiv'd ſignal Testi-
monies of their Miftref's Kindneſſ, are come
higher to wash them off, particularly Monsieur
B— and a Dutch Captain — In ſhort, it is an
universal Remedy : But I'll not dwell at the
Well, but ramble for a view of the Country round it ;
where the firſt thing that ſalutes my eye is
Crombrongh-Beacon ; here I found an unlimited
Proſpect — At this very moment I ſee ſuch
pleaſant Hills and fruitful Plains that the *Elysium*
Fields cou'd never be more charming. But alas !
I do not ſee you there ; and then what pleaſures
can all these Varieties afford me ? Rather they
call back my wandring Senses, while the pro-
ſpect of ſo many places ſo proper for ſuch tender
converſations as ours, makes me more ſenſible of

A Pacquet from Athens. 4.I

the hard fate that parts us : Methinks, that in this lovely residence every thing talks of Friendship, and that a warm passion (such as ours) becomes it ; mine makes me seek out Lonely walks, and gloomy Retirements——My Afternoon walk is to muse on your Letters in a Shady Bower, near my Lodging ; here 'tis that I shou'd run to meet you: You are one of those whose least favours are obligations ; here 'tis I remember with delight your very words — Nay, your very reproaches themselves are dear to me, I look upon 'em as the effect of a Platonick Friendship——From hence I go to a Neighbouring Village, where I search for you every morning, but can find you nowhere but in my Heart : Nevertheless, in that same Heart you are so innocently lodged, that there is nothing I can desire from you, unless it be a mutual return of Friendship——As I return to my Lodging at Night I wander thro' a Lonely Grove, where cou'd *Irene* be present, it wou'd not a little delight us to see the pretty Birds incessantly dancing on the Branches, making Love, upbraiding duller man with his defect, or want of Fire : Man the Lord of all, he to be stinted in the most valuable joys of Life, is it not pitty ! Here are no troublefom honours amongst the pretty Inhabitants of the Woods and Groves, fondly to give Laws to Nature ; but uncontroul'd, they play, and sing, and love— No Parent chiding their dear delights, no slavish matrimonial Tyes to restrain their nobler Flame ; no Spies to interrupt their best appointments, but every little Nest is free and open to receive the young fledged Lover ; every Bough is conscious of their passion, nor do the generous pair (like *Philarus* and *Irene*) languish in the tedious ceremony

ceremony; but meeting look, and like, and love; embrace with their wingy Arms, and salute with their little opening Bills—This I daily find their Courtship, and thus 'tis with the Flocks and Herds; while scanted Man, through a Thousand Hardships finds a Platonick Mistress; and then too perhaps his words are unregarded, and all his Sighs and Tears are vain—And now I am at Home; and so good Night.

Philaret.

LETTER XI.

Irene resigns to Philaret all the Pure and Intellectual part of her Affections, but dares not trust him with her Body.

Dear Soul,

I Know Men boast, they Souls to Souls convey How-e'er they meet the Body in the way.

Yet (at your Request) I've this Minute discarded Strephon, and I will Love nothing but Philaret —— Philaret, I know not what Magick runs through your Lines, but something there is so Charming and resistless in your Mind, that begins to be as dear to me as part of my own some-
thing

A Pacquet from Athens. 43

thing to which I have resign'd all the Pure and Intellectual part of my Affections, that I hardly love my own Happiness more intensely; and were you one of my own Sex, I'd say a great deal more; but I dare not give you too much Scope; for I protest I'm a little affraid of thee Philly, nor can you blame me whilst you seem to suspect your own Moderation, besides this Spiritual Love is an Aether too thin for you to breathe in long. I knew the time when all Kisses but Strephons were nonsense to me; but you see, Philaret, in what Circumstance my Heart is now, and that I'm wholly Yours, and will so Continue as I am

Irene.

LETTER XII.

Our Modern Gallants look on the Platonick-way as a Heresy in Love; but Philaret declares that he loves nothing of Irene but her Soul.

Dear Irene,

I SHO U'D be extreamly concern'd that I cannot tell with, what joy and respect I receiv'd your last (which was sent me to Tunbridge, where I am drinking the waters) did I not believe a Mind so extraordinary as yours, cou'd guefs

gues at my thoughts. You tell me (Madam) I'm become so dear to you that you have resigned up all the pure and intellectual part of your Affection, and that you hardly love your own Happiness more intensely than little Philly — Why thus 'tis with me, I stretch all Objects to infinite, when I think of you, and make all my comparisons beyond proportion. The Sun and the Stars are common things with me, and I can find nothing in Nature Goodly enough to serve for a Similitude of that Friendship I bear you — I feel a joy at the only sight of your Name; and the honour you do me, in saying you are mine in the greatest Sincerity, is so ingaging, That tho' perhaps it be Fortune that does it, I cannot but love you for it: Were those words of yours as feign'd as they are true, yet you write 'em with so good a Spirit, that it woud be a happiness to be so deceived: I am never weary with reading your Lines; they give me so many pleasures. Be assured, in what corner of the Earth soever the malice of my Fortune shall throw me, I will still on my Part inviolably preserve our Sacred Amity: Then in vain doth Sickness strive to divide us, by hurrying our Bodies to such remote distances, since in spight of all, I continually converse with you, and at such times as I know not where you are, my better part visits you, and the tenderness I found in your Last makes me yet more sensible of your remoteness from me. I confess, Irene, that possessing you but in Spirit, it requires a very strong imagination and vertue to desire nothing else. But tho' our modern Gallants look on this Platonick way as a Heresy to be esteemed, I d^r and do you'd br^r s Deaf break t^r ose my you say why so Object even P^r seek no I owe the nat^r faced, effects but I c^r guish p^r are se great a more I am must sa or stran^r been p^r bear d^r live in there your la that I what y^r can asf^r my sin^r

A Pacquet from Athens. 45

Jersey in love, and carry too much Flesh about 'em
to be enamour'd meerly with intellectual Beauty,
ver I do protest I am charmed with nothing else,
and do believe that Spiritual Love is an Error I
cou'd breathe in for ever, tho' here (so tempting
is Dear Irene,) I might honestly enough
break the Laws of my Philosophy, and might
lose my Gravity without any lightnes — But
you say you dare not give me too much Scope, and
why so Irene? Seeing base Actions, as well as
Objects, not only offend my imagination, but
even provoke my choler. 'Tis true, Madam, I
seek no colours of Art to paint out that sincerity
I owe to your Service; this were to corrupt
the natural purity — Truth is simple and shame-
faced, and when she cannot shew her self by real
effects she will scorn to do it by words; but
I cou'd wish there were some mark to distin-
guish protestations that are true, from those that
are feigned: For if there were, I shou'd have
great advantage over others, more officious and
more hot in protesting their sincerity than I
am — But if still you are suspitious of me, I
must say that in all this there is nothing either new
or strange; I am not the first Innocent that have
been persecuted in the World; and if I cou'd not
bear detraction and slander, I were not fit to
live in it. But, Madam, you may believe me,
there was one gracious word which I found in
your last, that hath won me to you in such sort
that I have no longer any power of my self, but
what you leave me; and in all your Empire I
can assure you, you possess nothing more than
my sincerity — But I can't almost chide you for
saying

46 A Pacquet from Athens.

saying, that were I one of your own Sex, you'd discover to me more of your Friendship. *Your own Sex, Madam!* Why the more hazards you run in trusting *Philaret*, the more innocent is your Friendship — Then write without reserve; for the Dead, the Innocent, the Absent, and She that trusts me, I will never deceive. I shall only add, your speedy answer to this Letter will much oblige

Your Innocent Admirer

Philaret.

LETTER XIII.

Irene believes Philaret a true Platonick, and desires to meet him in some Pleasant Walk.

Book 4 **A**T last (Sir) for you little think what time, and how variously I have been agitated, yet (at last) I am fix'd, and will believe you a true Platonick. *Oh the mighty power of Sincerity and Truth!* It removes all Rivals, dissolves the most obdurate Heart into generous Love and Pity, and turns Jests and Merriment into unfeigned Love and Passion. But oh *Philaret* forgive me, if I here so far relapse as to fear still, you are not mine by that *indissoluble Chain*; that must (if any thing) unite us together.

A Pacquet from Athens. 47

I know 'tis Love
That does above
Seraph to Seraph tie.
One sacred Fire
Do's them inspire,
But how can't you and I
Our Clod of Earth
And Humane Birth
Will our vast hopes betray,
We ne'er shall be
All Harmony
Till we're as pure as they.
The Soul (the brave)
Is but a Slave;
Sense Governs all below.
'Tis never here
In its own Sphere,
Nor can its power show.
Think then in vain,
That Love will Reign
Triumphant in our Breast.
Since 'tis a Ray
of that Bright Day
That's with dark Clouds opprest.
But — oh I feel
The pointed Steel
And so this Thought must smother
Mortal I am
Pain proves the same;
Yet an Immortal Lover.
As then 'tis Love
That do's above
Seraph to Seraph tye, beval'd
(If yours but Shine like mine, and make
As clear as mine).
So may it you and I. How-

48 A Pacquet from Athens.

However tho you shou'd be mine now ; I have yet great reason to fear that you'll not be always so : Love 'tis evident (from your deserting *Climene*) is *dissoluble*, as well as mortality it self, and fluctuates (like other Passions) according to the carriage and behaviour of those Objects by which it is mov'd : If you once ador'd *Climene* and now left her, why may not you use *Irene* so ? If my wondrous plainness and undaunted perleverance has ty'd the mystick Knot, why may not another dissolve it. Her Artillery may be more Numerous, and her Attacks irresistable ; her outward Charmes and Beauty may come into her Aid ; and then (considering you have no Counter Charm that way) you may easily be wrought upon to cast off me, as you have done the former ; some few (perhaps undesign'd) Flouts has drove you from her Armes into mine, and rais'd your esteem of me above the reach of Words. And why not then. — But I'll urge it no farther. I can't bear the Thoughts of the consequence.

*In Love-Affairs so selfish we are grown,
That the lov'd Object must be all our own ;
Or else we wish may be Enjoy'd by none.*

I'll rather conclude, you never Lov'd *Climene* to the degree you do me. And so, tho she could not keep you, I may ; especially if 'tis true that *Love beguiles and engages Love*. If this (I say) be true, I desir'd the most Alluring Power on Earth, or Charming *Sbe*, to make the least Impression on you. The Needle shall not tend more directly towards its Beloved Pole, then you shall to me. *In spite of Rivalry then you must and shall be mine*, and if I could suspect your Power, I can't my own ; and on this Consideration I can't so much as doubt your Constancy or fear a Relapse.

A P acquet from Athens. 49

Then you'll be ready to meet me (will you
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desert-
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ot ?) For all my Rhyming Powers in some of
it pleasant Walks, when I have power, or
an get leave of my self to give you notice of it;
the mean time why may not I turn your own
artillery upon you, and say all those pretty
lings about your Platonick Countship, as you have
one about mine ? I have been from Town, or
else I shou'd have Answer'd yours long before.
But sooner to your Next. Adieu, I once wrote
to thee. Remember your forgotten
I R E N E

LETTER XIV.

Philaret refuses to meet Irene, tel-
ling her Platonick Lovers must
not trouble themselves with such
material gross things as Bodies,
and sends the rest of his Passion
in Verse.

Received Yours this Morning, before my Eyes were
open too. — and find you have not received
my Letter Dated September 9. I am afraid it lost
the way no farther from hence than London, and when
I'm undone — pray enquire at your own Post
House, and if you can have no News of it, send
me word by this Post, there was a Letter to you
inclosed in it with Poems. — Irene, Dear
Irene,

50 A Pacquet from Athens.

Irene why were you so unkind and suspicious to Subscribe, Your Forgotte, &c. Forget you! No by Heaven, I shall sooner in Death forget my self and all: Forget you! Cruel Thought! Witness for me, ye soft Powers that Irene is not a Moneur out of my Thoughts: Ah, do not think me Guilty of so much Injustice and Ingratitude, when I've as much Friendship for you as I can or must Harbour. I love you to Impatience, and shou'd wish to see you (in some of your pleasant Walks) but that I consider Platonic Lovers must not trouble themselves with such material gross things as Bodies are: We have Souls to be sure, and whilst they can meet and Careless, we need not repine at this distance. — The rest of my Passion I've sent you in Verse:

1.
So Angels Love, and all the rest is Dross,
Contracted, selfish, sensitive and gross;
Unlike to this, all free and unconfin'd
Is that bright Flame, I bear thy brighter Mind,

2.
No straggling Wish or Sympton of Desire
Comes near the limits of this holy Fire;
Tet tis intense and active tho' so fine
For all my pure Immortal Part is thine.

3.
Why should I then the Heavenly Spark controul
Since there's no brighter Ray in all my Soul:
Why should I blush to indulge the Noble Flame
For which even Friendship's a degrading name.

4.
Nor is the greatness of my Love to bee
A Sacriledg unto the Deity;

A Pacquet from Athens. 51

Can I the inviting Stream almost adore
And not prefer its lovely Fountain more?

I have Ten times more to say to you.
but there's a LADY waits for me,
and I can't Civilly try Her Patience any
longer, — and so you must e'en guess
at the rest, and assure Your Self I am
Your

Inviolable Friend,

PHILARET.

LETTER XV.

Irene talks of deserting Philaret, bids
him recant all his Friendly Vows,
and endeavours to Tear him from
her Soul.

PART! — and that so coldly too! — how
can you revolve the thought so pati-
ently? But part we must, I'm more
than half assur'd — Ah Cruel
Laws, more Tyrannous than Death, to what will
you compel me — Forgo all Correspondence with
Philaret? Why have I Breath so feel how much 'tis
worse than Death? — But tell me, dear Poffet-
for of my Heart, how shall I tear thee thence? Tell
me how I shall extort thee from my Soul? —
Prishee oblige me no more, recant all thy Friendly Vows,

D

and

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and disengage my kinder Resolutions ! Yes, let me, and give me leave no longer to indulge a gentle thought for thee — You'll not consent I see — but I must bid you Farewel in my next ; yet assure your self twill be with Reluctance equal to that sincerity which you have hitherto met from the

Innocent but Unhappy

PHILARET IRENE.

LETTER XVI.

Philaret tells his Platonick Mistress that his Love has no parting

Dear Madam,

YOURS I receiv'd, and after I had kill'd it a Thousand times ("tis a tendernes I pay every Letter you send me) I fell to reading it with Eager Eyes ; and finding you to reveal your Love with such Noble Heat, I have no way left to express my self so generous too, but to mix Flame with Flame, and to tell you my LOVE has no Parting in't. — Part No Irene, I'd follow you to the Abyss of Wretchedness, and there dwell with you like your shadow under the keenest Miseries ; nor shou'd I think my self your Friend, unles with the same equal Mind

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Mind. I could go half in Perils as in Friendship with you.

All the Arguments I use to sweeten our Parting are as so many daggers thrust into my Heart, and I can't bear the thoughts on's! — Part! — Blest me, how it sounds! Tis impossible it shou'd be so; *it does not hang together*: What part after so many Vows of never parting here, or scarce a Minute in the other World; methinks I feel already the Torments to which a Heart is exposed that loses what it Loves; *never did Man love as I have Lov'd*; my Sentiments have a certain delicacy unknown to any but my self, and my Heart loves Irene more in one Hour, than others do in all their Lives! *Say, dear Possessor of my Heart, can this consist with parting?* — Part! — No, It can never be.

Since Love hath kindled in our Eyes

A Chaste and Holy Fire, I would on ev'ry I
It were a Sin if thou or I
Should let this Flame Expire.

What though our Bodies never meet? *What though*
Love's Fovel's more Divine:
The fixt Stars by their twinkling greet,
And yet they never join.

False Meteors who still change their Place,
Tho' they seem Fair and Bright,
Yet when they covet to Embrace,
Fall down and lose their Light.

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4.

If thou perceive thy Flame decay,
Come light thy Eyes at mine;
And when I feel mine fade away,
I'll take Fresh Fires at thine.

5.

Thus when we shall preserve from Chaste
The Flames of our Desires,
No Vestals shall maintain more Chaste
Nor more Immortal Fires.

Irene, Can you doubt my Constancy (or
talk of Parting) when, if I am any thing, 'tis
yours; and so Innocently yours, that I'd Seal
these Protestations with a Dying Gasp.

The Poles shall move, to Teach me, ere I start;
And when I change my Friend, I'll change my Heart.

I have no less lov'd you than my self, and
have equally shar'd my Hours between Love to
Virtue, and Dear Irene —

Then how can I think of Parting! — No
Irene, I'll still Love on with all the Liberty Plan
allows, neither distance of Place, nor Interval
of Time, can quench this Innocent Flame —

In a Word, Irene, your discarding Strepion has
refin'd you to a meer Angel, and I'm certainly
in Platonick Love with you. But pray send me
Strepion's name, and how far you consented to his
sensual Amour.

Thus you see, Irene, (but methinks I should kill
you here, as loth to leave so perfect a Sentence with-
out a Comma) that my Flame is innocent as we-

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as yours, and that 'twill last as long —

'Tis true (my Dear) you are wholly made of Charms; there is a Quiver in your Looks, a Thousand Graces playing on your Lips, and so many Beauties darting from your Eyes, will be hard to a Mind which knows no holier use of such a Heavenly Form, but first to covet, and then to enjoy: But Philaret looks upon you with other Eyes; as you're to me a Venus, and strike a warm Flame in me, so you are a Diana too, and do infuse a chaste Religious coldness: You do not only stand before me safe as in a Circle made by your own Charms, but do incircle me with the same Virtuous Spells.

Then talk no more of parting; for you see, Irene, there is nothing that belongs to us both, that can be divided; in Platonick Love, Two so become One, as they both become Two; our Wills United make but one Mind, which ruling all our Actions that it seems we are in like manner but one Body.— Part, why, tis impossible; for Irene and Philaret are become at length, the perfect Abstract of all Sympathy, and partake of one anothers Good and Evil with so Lively a Perfection, that there needs but One Blow to make Two Wounds. And now things are as they shou'd be; for when there's True Friendship, 'tween Two of a Different Sex,

— They so Unite,
That Two distinct, make One Hermaphrodite.

This isn't the Thousandth part of what (with a great deal of Truth) I cou'd add to this Subject; but here's enough to shew, that though your Love is the most Tender thing I possess, yet that I bear the Laurel in Friendship still

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still, and Dut-Love You, as far as you out-Love others.

And this (Dear Platonick) is all the Parting you must expect from, Yours

(Innocently, and) Eternally,

PHILARET.

LETTER XVII.

Irene Contends with Philaret for the Wreath in Friendship, she tells him her Inclinations are chain'd to his, and follow them so naturally, that she can scarce distinguish the motions of his Thoughts from her own —

Dear Phil.

I Can't say I'm upon the square with you, a Thousand times is a pretty considerable number; but kiss your Letter I did o'er and o'er, me-thought I cou'dn't help it neither, it had an unaccountable tendency to my Lips, as if that had bin the nearest way to my Soul! — but I'll not yield you the Wreath in Friendship, for the Conquest is mine, Love as much as you can: My Flame has already commenac'd, immortality my Humour carries every thing to the excess, and I love not only beyond the practice, but even the Conceptions of others; you Reign Unquestioned Monarch in the Nobler part of my Soul.

'Tis

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'Tis true, my Flame for Strephon is more active
and impatient, but withal Fickle and Irregular;
whereas to you 'tis a Pleasant and Establish'd Heat,
prompted neither by interest or design: My Inci-
nations are chain'd to yours, and follow them so
naturally that I can scarce distinguish the motion's of
your Thoughts from my own, for which reason I
could not be perswaded that your Fidelity or Con-
stancy will fall short of mine, and that's so firm
that

*The Sun shall cease to shine
The Moon shan't lose her light;
Before these constant thoughts of mine,
Chuse any new Delight.*

And Death it self will be no period to my Friend-
ship; for shou'd that snatch me from you —

*With Care on your last Hour I will attend;
And lest Like Souls shou'd me deceive,
I closely will embrace my New-Born Friend,
And never after my Dear Pithias leave.*

But should Fate be so unkind, to take you
from hence before — Ah me — in what
a Melancholly shade has this sad thought involv'd me? —
Heaven's! what a desart the World is, while
I but fancy, my lov'd Philarer gone — but
shou'd the destinies be so cruel, I'd breathe out my
Life in a Song and follow you — but I must
divert my self from these black Reflexions —
and so enter Strephon, whose name, I tell ye once more,
you are not like to know; but thus much of the Cir-
cumstances of the intreague I'll inform you, I love,
and am belov'd again; at least Strephon tells me so,

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but he tells me a great many pretty things that I'm not one quarter Fool enough to believe. He's inconstant and false, yet I have one undissembled proof of his Affection for my Comfort —
But alas all my Art can't fix him, I could tear the
Roses from my Cheeks, and put out the flatter'd
Lustre of my Eyes, for Strepion breaks my Fetters like
a Spiders Web, he Counter-Charms me, and
baffles every Art I have.

*In vain are all the Charms I can devise ;
He has an Art to break them with his Eyes.*

And yet he'll not resign my Heart, but still endulges and blows up the Pernicious Sparks ; his Charming Tongue infuses a Poison, 'gainst which there's no Antidote but —

*Beware Britannian Ladies, Ad beware,
How you receive my Fatiest's Wanderer !*

Thus I complain of Strepion, and the while Strepion complains to every Stream and Grove of me.

Well, this little blind Deity makes some stir, especially among People that have nothing else to do in the World — but I'm in such a Labyrinth now, that I've a good mind to forswear Intrigue, and with one W齋le Resolve to set my self free, and be happy in spite of them all — what a Harmless and Peaceful thing is Platonick Love to these rude Passions into which it's impossible my Flame for you shou'd ever degenerate ; while as an Antidote against Corporal Love, I meet your Effigies at every Barbers Window ; or which is Ten times worse, in the Methodical Phiz of every little Dapper Pedant of about 3 Foot high,

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high, that I meet—— which things I say, carry this Air, You are as safe in your Circle, as I am in mine. I wou'dn't move one step beyond the limits of *Spiritual Love* for ever so much—— but because you shan't hang your self for cramming this Fantastick Idea into my Brains, when you might have let it alone and Welcome—— I'll tell you, I know you much better than you do me, you are *Proper and Black*, and *Careless* in your Air and Feature, all which wou'd please me extreamly, if I had any thing to say to your Body; —— but *Sirephon* from my Flame to you has abstracted all the grosser particles—— and left it too pure to deserve my Mothers Jealousy or censure; but in spight of that difficulty, I shall still be (having banisht *Srephon* for ever)

Your Constant Friend,

IRENE.

LETTER XVIII.

Philaret fell in love with Irene in his pre-existent State, and endeavours to out-rival Her in Love and Tenderness.

Plainly, when there's a Battle—— You say the Conquest is yours, love as much as I can; but I'll have t'other Tug for't yet before I yield the Victory: You only love beyond the practice
D: 5

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Practice and conception of others; but I out-love this. Doctor Q——— (that studies you more than his Notes) must not pretend to love like me, and for all the other Admirers of your Body they are but of Yesterday (a sort of Novices in Love) if compar'd with me, all which is prov'd at once by telling you, I fell in love with you in my pre-existent State (which is 5000 years ago) tho' you have forgot it (which you cou'd not ha' done had you lov'd like me) and that my Love is still more pure than 'twas the first minute I embrac'd you in the World of Spirits; but supposing your Love to my Soul had commenc'd Immortality as many Ages as mine did to you; yet still you own you have nothing to say to my Body, whilst I admire you both in Body and Soul: So that except you can prove that Soul and Body are the same thing, or that the half is as much as the whole, 'twill be still evident I love most. 'Tis true, you affirm That you are so much the same with me, that you can scarce distinguish the motions of your own thoughts from mine; but this is your highest flight, and I out-strip you here too, for you can breathe into me no other thoughts but mine; and every thought I have is so far from being scarcely distinguishable from yours, that I am positive 'tis moulded in your very Breast; and cou'd you be as willing as I that we might grow together, our courteous Hearts woud not be nearer nor yet more entire; than sure I Love most; for I love Irene without reserve, or Rule. My Heart is not large enough for such a Guest as dear Irene—— In a word, no description can reach the height of the friendship I bear you, since it admitteth of any Parallel, but derives its value only

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only from its excels—Shou'd you still deny that I love most, (bless me! what an overwhelming joy wou'd that be!) I shou'd fancy it a happiness too great to last; Envy or Fate must lessen such an Endearment.

But be charitable now! For tho' I run on at this warm rate, I'm certainly one of the most Platonick Lovers this day living: For I can so innocently view and admire a Lady, her pretty pinking eyes, her Ivory Neck and Breasts; and can gaze so long without one irregular thought, that you'd e'en wonder to see so much Ice in Flesh and Blood.

You'd stand amaz'd, and greatly wou'd admire
How so much water sprang from so much fire.

My Visits are so civil too, that were you a meer Precisan you need never counsel me, nor check me with a Frown—My Flame can never degenerate into Rudeness, or move one step awry.

Madam, Methinks our souls are Wedded already, so that now (if we cou'd) we need not marry Bodies too, that were a needless charge—Lie with Irene! How vilt and horridly that sounds! No, if men must be made, lest the World should cease, we both desire that Nature wou'd expect such course and homely drudgeries from Porters and Carmen, and not from us. Such Honey wou'd quickly cloy; but whilst our Souls are only wedded, we shall be ever Beauteous, Fresh and Young, at least, in our own belief. For who can lessen or defile the opinion which our mutual Thoughts shall frequently exchange? Besides if we wed no further, we may lawfully beget Reflections in each others Eyes, and thole Impar-

teries

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terial Creatures cannot sin or inherit any thing ; and I cou'd shew you how (as through a Perspective,) when we first meet, we shall unite and thrid our Beams until they make a mutual string on which our Souls will dance into each others Brain, and so begin short Journeys to the Heart, and thence descend, &c. This life the Angels lead ; for they no Sexes know, but ever love (like us) in Meditation, not in Act. Surely our first Addresses will be a Dialogue of interjections and short Periods, the most pathetick Language of Surprize, and bigh-wrought Joy.

I might go on (for this is what Vesta is might discourse) but I suppose by this you are convinc'd of the innocence of Platonick Courtship, and how much you're out-lov'd by

Your constant Admirer
Philaret.

LETTER XIX.

Irene declares 'twon'd destroy her very Woman-hood to give the Man the allowance of the last word; and therefore makes their whole controversy of Platonick-Love turn upon this hinge ; that whether of 'em at their first interview shall look most like a Fool, shou'd bear away the Palm of loving best.

NAY, Philaret, 'tis against my Womanhood to let you have the last word, and to convince you,

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I have reason for't too, you shall see how little
my Friendship for you falls short of my passion
for Strephon :

Joy salutes me when I set
My blest Eyes on Philaret.

But with wonder I am struck,
When I on bright Strephon look.

If ever Philaret complains,
I have sense of all his pains.

But for lovely Strephon I
Do not only grieve, but die.

All that of my self is mine
Dearest Philaret, is thine.

But we'll let alone this Arguing 'till I see
you, and then conclude which looks most like a
Fool loves best. I hope there will be no ceremony
betwixt us after this long acquaintance;
nor shall my Love to Strephon e'er divide or
part us. 'Tis true, he's a person of Truth and
Honour, scorns an ungrateful action; but his
policy is unfathomable, yet I dare trust him
for all that, nor have I much reason to be
incredulous, having never been cheated in all the
dealing I have had with the Sex from 13 till now.
'Tis true Strephon deceiv'd me as to his Ver-
tue, but in nothing else; he's so true yet, that
were I as constant, we should plunge our selves
in certain ruin, both our Parents being such
Enemies, tho' very near related, that a death-
bed

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bed wou'd scarce reconcile 'em ; but Philarét had you seen Strephon in his *Seventeenth Year*, which was the Age I loved him in, you'd scarce have blam'd the unhappy thing he deluded ; 'twou'd scarce obscure an Angel to assume such a form, and appear with such a Face as Strephon then had, you'd have thought him the God of Love in *Masquerade* ; and except the lovely Damon, 'twas the softest delicate thing that ever I beheld ; not but that I loath effeminacy in any thing but an unsledg'd Boy, and it became him as well as Gravity, or a Frown do's Philaret : He was vers'd in all the Gallanries of Love, and Humours of the Town : But he had failings too, for he was a great Jacobite, and something else ; yet nothing but a sight of him after two Years absence, cou'd have cur'd my dotage ; for then he return'd from the Wars such a Bearded masculine thing, that I found there was no such tender charming Being in Nature as I till then cherish'd the Idea of — — Tis true, he now seem'd a little nobler than the rest of the Sex, and might have charm'd another woman ; but I was so humorous, that nothing but a Species between Man and Angel, would serve my turn — I despised all the proposals made me, and scorning to be fetter'd by those dull methods that the rest of the Sex obey, I resolved (since nothing within my reach cou'd please me) to range till I found an Object excellent enough to move me : But I might have ransack'd the whole Mass of Mankind, and met nothing so powerful to conquer me if I had miss'd Strephon, whom his Habit spake mortal, but his Face some disguis'd Deity : The first

Beam

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Beam of his eyes pointed my destiny, and soon eas'd me of a Heart that lay upon my hands. I wou'd have lov'd him, tho' he had been the Sophy of Persia; my Fancy being too wild for the most formidable Obstacle to limit; yet I had never reason to repent my rashness, and now least of all; for Strephon, (I w^tnt say beyond my hopes, because I can reach the Queen of Love her self to manige her charms; but just as I expected) subscribes himself my Slave; and in requital, I own my Flame, and whisper out my passion to him agen, in as tender, but innocent expressions, as 'twas possible for Venus to inspire: Thus — I love, and am belov'd again, and care not who knows it.— But this love to Strephon is all dissolv'd in one thought of Philaret.

You already have of me
All that's not Idolatry.

But methinks (dear Platonick) your Courte, & t^tp has a little flattery in it, which I can scarce forgive; and yet coming from you, it's pleasing too.

As to the Parson he's an Ass to you, (saving his Reverence) and I wou'd prefer one moment of Philaret's Company to whole Ages of his; and those ether Admirers of my Body (if there is any) may go hang themselves; for I prize you more than my Life, and own you exceed me in every thing but loving most: Your very Enemies now are in love with you. There's Fido tells me you e'en kill him with kindness; he's so freighted with admiration of you

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you, that now you are his perpetual Theam to my Mother, who much approves our Platonick Amour.

So that now a Marriage of Souls is the talk of the Family ; and for my self, I do nothing but speak and dream of *Philaret*.

Yet I dare hardly hope for another Letter after you have read this, for you that improve every moment of your Life, if that is possible (being already I shou'd think at the height of perfection) cannot throw away your pretious time in reading nothing ; for such is all I write or say : However, be Generous, and forgive this and all Troubles from

Your most oblig'd Platonick
D'votione IRENE.

LETTER XX.

Philaret flourishes upon the Ideal advantages of the Platonick State of Matrimony, proposes Mr. Norris for the Parson, and sends her the Forms both of Publication and Marriage ; of which he desires her thoughts.

Dearly Beloved Soul,

I Find by your last that we are both arriv'd to such a height in *Platonism*, that who loves most, need no longer disturb us;

so

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so that we are now pretty ripe both in *Notion* and *Affection*, for that intellectual State of Matrimony, where *Flesh* and *Blood* (those dear Relatives however) have nothing at all to do. You have digested *Plato's* Idea of the matter very well; and I know no discouragement in the way that shou'd hinder the consummation of our Marriage: As for poverty and want, we need not fear 'em, so long as our Understandings can subsist and keep us from starving; 'tis true our Children, those pretty little tiny Ideal Subsistences, may increase upon our hands; however, we shall be able to maintain 'em at easy rates; for this same *Spiritual Posterity* of our own dear Brains, will be able to provide for 'emselves so soon as they're born; and besides, when we've got a pretty collection of 'em together, we shall be able to put 'em off to Book-sellers at 10 per Cent I'll warrant ye, and what encouragement d'ye think, will this be to follow the Business of Generation with all possible application?

You mention, I confess, a very nice difficulty in your first Letter, when you put the Question, *who shall marry us?* Why truly (my Platonick Transport being now over) I've been thinking these three hours, and can make nothing out: For all the men in Orders that I can recollect, have so much of *Flesh* and *Blood* and *Sense* and *Sinews* and *rank inclination* about 'em, that ther's no dealing with 'em in a Business so refin'd, so Spiritual so Intellectual, and to say no more, so Platonical, as this of ours. But—let me see—Now I have it, there's Mr. Norris you know, Rector of Bemerton near Salsbury, begotten betwixt the Brains of *Plato* and

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and *Malbranche*, by the same token that his Sermons and Discourses are better comments upon these two Gentlemen, than upon the new Testament, and the Scheme of Christianity. He's certainly the fittest Fellow in the Universe for the purpose ; besides, he has writ a Book entitled *the Ideal World* ; which shall be our Family-Book, and into this World we must endeavour to transport ourselves, and live as little as is possible in this sensual World, where the very Air would spoil all our *Platonism*. Having adjusted this matter to our wish, I'll take care in the mean time to acquaint Mr. *Norris* that he, by virtue of his Orders, is oblig'd to publish the *Banns* of our *Platonick-Matrimony* thro' all his Ideal World, on three several holy days, within the compass of some convenient time ; and to shew that we'll dissent as little as is possible from the present Establishment : (For Mr. *Norris* don't like the Dissenters :) The publication shall be made in the following words.

'I Publish the Banns of *Platonick-Marriage*
'between the Soul of *Philarer* and the Soul of
'*Irene* : If any of you know Cause or just Impedi-
'ment why these two Souls shou'd not be
'join'd together in Spiritual *Platonick-Matri-
monies*, ye are to declare it : This is the First,
'(Second, or *Tbi d*) time of asking.'

Dear Soul ! I'm now all over nothing but pure *Platonick Transport*, when I think of you ; and to what heights shall I then be rais'd, when our Understandings shall join in a lasting and a living Union, when our Wills shall mingle their Desires, and embrace each other without either weariness or end !

I'm
not

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not a little inclin'd to the Opinion of those who assert the Union of Souls in another World, and that the Minds of Men are turned all into one common Soul, when they enter upon the world of Spirits; Unity being one great Attribute of Perfection, and has in it a resemblance of the Deity it self; and if so, because of our union in this State, we shall then have the satisfaction to lie nearest to each other in that universal heap of Souls. We'll take therefore all imaginable care to make our union here as sacred and as strict as the Circumstances can admit.

And that the very words of solemnizing our Platonick Marriage, may be as binding, and so comprehensive as words can make it. I've inclos'd by this Post the very Form for this purpose, which was adjusted and agreed upon in a full Session of our Athenian Society. I desire you'd send me your Remarks upon it with the first opportunity, and tell me with all freedom and sincerity, whether you'll take me in this or some other form; for shou'd we leave this matter to Mr. Norris the Parson, he'd certainly marry us into the Omni-formity of the Divine Ideas, or by some such unintelligible Term. Prithee, my dear little Angel, write soon, and appoint a day when all our Happiness shall commence. I am very passionately yours, in all the purest Quintessence of Platonick Love.

The Form of solemnizing Platonick-Matrimony.

IT will be necessary to acquaint you for what very solemn and important reasons this intellectual and Platonick Matrimony is instituted

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stituted and ordain'd, before you enter upon the Ordinance it self: And negatively,

It is not appointed to satisfie the Wicked Inclinations of the Flesh, and to gratifie the ungovernable Appetites of Sense, &c. for you must not so much as suffer one single Thought to wander after any Physical enjoyment of each other, for that wou'd destroy the Essence of *Platonick* Matrimony, and all ; your civil Rites, and Liberties in the Ideal World, wou'd be taken from you, and return as a Forfeiture, into the hands of *Plato*, the great Monarch of that Ideal Kingdom:

But positively, it is ordain'd for the mutual enjoyment of your Souls, your Understandings are to make free communications of all you know, so that your Knowledge must be shar'd like a common Stock, and every little Idea you can either of you form, must not be kept as a reserve for private use, but be thrown with pleasure into the common Treasury; and this commerce must not only be maintain'd betwixt your Understandings, but your Wills, which are the seat of *Platonick* Love, must embrace each other with all the Intenseness of Spiritual Desire, and to keep some warmth in your Love, you are to look upon all the little Ideas your Understandings can create, as equivalent, and of the same nature with those charming Prettynesses which the fond Lover imagines in his Mistress. All your Happiness, and all your Sorrows, are to lie in common, and a mutual sympathy must make up as it were a third Soul of union betwixt you. If you understand

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stand and Content to all this, we shall proceed to the Solemnyt it self.

The Priest must say first to the Man,

'Philaret, Wilt thou have the Sonl of Irene
to be thy Platonical Wife, to live together
after the Rules of *Plato* the Philosopher in
the purely Intellectual State of Matrimony?
'Wilt thou have nothing at all to do with
her Body, either in Act or Desire, but be al-
ways Platonically satisfied to enjoy no more
of her than her Understanding and Will, and
such other Spiritual Faculties as thou shalt find
about her? Wilt thou Love her, and comfort
her, and forsaking both the Bodies and the
Souls of all other Women, kee thy Soul only
'to hers so long as you both shall Live?

The Man shall Answer, I will.

Then shall the Priest say to the Woman,

'Irene, Wilt thou have the Soul of *Philaret*
to be thy Platonical Husband; to Live toge-
ther after the Rules of *Plato* the Philosopher,
in the purely intellectual State of Matrimony?
'Wilt thou have nothing at all to do with his
Body either in Act or Desire, but be always
Platonically satisfied to enjoy no more of him
than his Understanding and Will, and such
other Faculties as thou shalt find about
him? Wilt thou submit thy Understanding
to his, and suffer his Will always to have
the Government of thine? Wilt thou Love
him and Comfort him, and forsaking both
the Bodies and the Souls of all other Men, keep

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' keep thy Soul only to his, so long as you
' both shall Live ?

The Woman shall Answer, I will.

This Platonick Marriage being something Hyperphysical in its own Nature, it can't be Rigorously Required, that any Third Person shou'd take the Soul of the Woman, and give it in Marriage to the Man's ; and therefore by a Superiority of Votes, in a full Session of our Athenian Society, it is Enacted, That this part of the Ceremony be legally omitted, as also that of the Ring ; which in this case, would be no better than a Round Absurdity, of which Plato himself don't left us the least Intimation.

Mr. Norris the Parson, shall then Re-
quire the Man to say after him,

' I Philaret take this same Soul of Irene to
' be my Platonical Wife, to have and to hold
' her, for Wise or for Foolish, for good Hu-
' mour'd, or bad, for better for worse ; to keep
' under all Sensual inclination, tho' it be never
' so strong ; to Love her and Cherish her in a
' Platonical way ; and this I promise to do with
' my Understanding and Will, and such other
' Faculties as may make us more happy, and
' thereto I plight thee my Troth.

Then shall the Woman say after the Parson,

' I Irene take this same Soul of Philaret,
' to be my Platonical Husband, to have and to
' hold him, for Wise or for Foolish, for good
' Humour'd or bad, for better for worse, to
' keep under all Sensual Inclination though it be
' never

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never so strong ; to Love him and Cherish him in a Platonical way ; and this I promise to do with my Understanding and Will, and such other Faculties as may make us more Happy, and thereto I plight thee my Troth.

Pray, Irene, send in your next how you approve of this Form of *Platonick Matrimony* to PHILARET.

LETTER XXI.

Irene's Remarks upon the Last Letter :
She Consents to the Substance of it, with some Peculiar Limitations and Restraints ; and proposes, a FORM to Dissolve the Platonick Marriage, suppose the Premises be Transgressed.

Dear SOUL,

IF Your Affection may be measur'd by the Care you have taken about our Platonick Wedding, I have no reason to Question it ; however, seeing you have given me the Liberty to make some Remarks upon the whole, take 'em as they follow.

As for your Choice of Mr. Norris, the Parson, I can freely agree to it ; he has certainly the greatest insight into our Busines of any Man Living ; as for calling up the Ghost of Divine Plato, 'tis something impracticable, and we might easily be imposed upon ; but as to that Expression, and such other Faculties as you shall find about me ; it looks so suspicious that I'm afraid

afraid there's some Wickedness in it, for I'm not Conscious to my self of anymore faculties that are purely Platonical, beside my Understanding and my Will ; tho' if you mean no more than this, that If there be any latent Faculties in our Minds, which we may afterwards discover when more accustom'd to our Platonical way of House-keeping ; I freely grant you the Enjoyment of them, as I expect the same Favour from you ; however for fear of any mischief from that, or any other sentence in the Form of Solmnization, I require your promise to be Unmarried in the following Words, tho I shan't exact it of you so long as you keep your self Sober, and at a due Platonical distance.

The FORM follows :

' I Philaret having not the gift of Conti-
 ' nence, according to the Rules of *Plato* the
 ' Philosopher, but being overcome by the
 ' Wicked inclinations of the Flesh, and so be-
 ' ing unsatisfied with no more than the pure
 ' Platonical Enjoyment of the Soul of *Irene*,
 ' have endeavour'd to Violate our Marriage
 ' Covenant, by some supernumerary Appetites
 ' that were not therein mentioned, I do de-
 ' clare that our Platonical Obligations are
 ' Void and of no Effect, and that I will
 ' have no more to do with *Irene*, either
 ' in a Physical or Platonical way : To which

I Subscribe,

PHILARET.

And as for my own part, I will have Liberty to dissolve our Platonical Marriage in Words that follow,

Whereas

Whereas, I Irene, being contracted to the Soul of Philarer, in a Solemn Covenant of Platonical Matrimony, and having found by too sad and sensible experience that he has not the Gift of Continence according to the Rules of Plato the Philosopher, but being overcome by the Wicked Inclinations of his Flesh, and so being unsatisfied with no more than the pure Platonical Enjoyment of my Understanding and my Will, has endeavoured to violate our Marriage Covenant, by some Supernumerary Appetites that were not therein mentioned; I do Declare, Henceforward, all our Platonical Obligations to be Void and of no Effect; and that I will have no more to do, either in a Phyfical or Platonical way with Philarer.

To which I Subscribe I R E N E.

Now my Dear Platonist, all this security can do no Harm, you know; and may Matters never come to this Extremity.

It looks very pleasant methinks to see how you have tyed me to Obedience, and to Resign both my Understanding and my Will to Yours, had you first given us a Demonstration that there's something like Sex, &c. in Souls, I shou'd have said nothing to it; however, this Nicety shan't part us, I hope your Platonical Government will be as Reasonable as it shou'd be Refin'd, and Spiritual; and so long, you may take my Word for it; I shall neyer Contend with you.

76 A Pacquet from Athens.

As for the Marriage Day, I cannot possibly appoint it; you must learn that of Mr. Norris, for we are not so well acquainted with their *Kalandar* in the *Ideal World*, and so can't tell how soon Three Holy Dates may fall, that the Publication may be Dispatched.

I am YOURS,

In all the Warmth and Sincerity
of Platonick Love,

IRENE.

Our Mathematitan Succeeding so well in his Platonick Courtship, at the next meeting of the Athenian-Society we Propos'd a Platonick Wife for our Reverend Chaplain, the Lady we Recommended to him was the Charming Orinda, (a Daughter of the Church) and a true Platonick from Head to Foot.

The Correspondence Follows:

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

Dr. Fido (*A Member of New Athens*) is advised to Court the Soul of Orinda — He gives her a true Idea of Platonick Love, and declares he loves nothing but her Spiritual Part.

Most Dear Orinda,

THE Platonick Wedding lately agreed on between Philarer (*a Member of Athens*) and the Ingenious Irene, gives me hopes that I shall be as successful in my Court to Orinda: 'Tis true Madam, I carry Flesh and Blood under my Gown, but 'tis so refin'd by Mortification, that I now intend (being recommended to you by New Athens) to make love to your Spiritual Pts. And why, (Dear Madam) shou'd I not have the preference to all your other Admirers, for they but Love the Body, but I your Soul, and nothing but your Soul; perhaps they'll tell you, they cou'd lose an Arm or Leg for a Nights Lodging; and was there no such thing as Virtue, I shou'd not blame them; for all that sees your Person, admires it; you are an Angel dress'd in Flesh and Blood.

Saint-like you look, an Angel if you sing,
Your Eyes are Stars, your Mind's every thing.

But still there's a But in this kind of Love; for Beasts and Plants (as well as these) move to propagate their like. Children are the poorest way of immortalizing as can be, and as natural to a Beggar as a Prince, and therefore away with this Dull Enjoyment.

Sense is enough, where Senses only Woo ;
But reasoning Lovers, must have Reason too ;
Bodies are Finite, and do quickly Clay ;
But Souls are Infinite, and like themselves enjoy.

Then In spight of all the Corporal Lovers that haunt your Body (not your Mind) commend me to Platonick Love ; I mean, Commend us to one another ; for I thought for that one Week I lay by you, not with you (as grosser Lovers wou'd) that we beheld one another with the Eyes of a Dove, and were mutually inflam'd with a chaste Affection, but Angels Visits are short and sweet ; and I was thus happy but Six Days, when Six Ages had bin too little ; but (Dear Angel) if ever we meet again (for there's such a thing as the Platonick Year, as well as the Platonick Lover) we'll Live o'er our Absent Years in that Minute I first see you, and so (if you'll consent to a Spiritual Marriage) live on to the end of our Lives —

Perhaps here (considering my Function) you'll expect I shou'd describe the Purity of that Love which such profess who distinguish themselves from the herd of Sensual Inamorato's by the Title of Platonicks ; that I may impartially do this

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this, it is Requisite, I enquire into the Original of Platonick Love.

Plato in his Dialogue, intituled Convivium, or the Banquet (the Argument whereof is Honourable Love) bringeth in Socrates, a Wise, Grave, and Chaste Philosopher, taking high delight in the Society of Alcibiades, a Beautiful Youth; and loving him passionately, though Virtuously, not for any sensual respect, but only to impregnate him with that Knowledge and those Vertues, with which his own Mind was pregnant.

This is the Point where Circling Pleasures move,
When Happy Lovers have returns of Love;
Such Sweets can scarcely be by Death Destroyed,
Where not the Body, but the Soul's, Enjoyed.

This (Dear Madam) is the Idea of Platonick Love; for the sum of Plato's Opinion concerning this kind of Love, is this. That a Man whose Mind is full of Wisdom and other Vertues, is naturally inclined to seek out, and Dearly affect some Beautiful Person, of Age and Capacity to conceive, in whom he may by frequent Instructions and Familiar ways of Insinuation, beget or produce the like Wisdom and Vertues: And that the Delight he receives therein, is very Great, as the Motive to it is very Honourable.

Thus (Madam) have I given you a true Idea of Platonick Love, and I hope by that have convinced you how Spiritually I Love Oinda; and as I only Court your Soul, your Obliging Answer will be expected by

Your Platonick Servant,

Fido.

LETTER XXIII.

Orinda tells the Athenian Parson, he carries Flesh and Blood under his Gown, and that his Platonick Courtship is but an Honourable Pretence to conceal a sensual Appetite.

Reverend Platonick,

I Cannot like your making Love to my Smt, for tho' Socrates might be Chaste; it follows not that therefore all were so, who afterward adhered to this opinion: Witness the Pedagogue in Petronius Arbiter, and many others, whose Stories Modesty will not suffer me to Relate. Once more; Were all Plato's Disciples in this particular, as innocent as their Masters Idea; yet it is not necessary their Love should be therefore pure, or void of all sensual respects, because (as the greatest Philosopher of our Age hath excellently obserued) The Continent have the Passion they contain, as much and more than they that satiate the Appetite.

We have the memorable Confession of Lais that she had more Philosophers, and those Stoicks, for her Humble Servants, than men of lower Professions. Divine Plato (as your Reverence knowes) Confesses himself so passionately in Love with his Archianeza, that forgetting his Doctrine of Ideas, he knew none but that of her Face; and the Grave

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A Pacquet from Athens. 81

Grave Stagyrite as well sacrificed to his Herpelis as to Ceres. But leaving *Plato's Opinion*, let us see how the Love which our *Modern Platonicks* pretend to be justifiable thereby, does agree therewith.

First, Our Platonicks are generally of Different Sexes; whereas *Socrates* and his Darling *Alcibiades*, where both Masculine.

Secondly, Ours are commonly both Young, and in the Capricular, or Scorching Years of Life: But *Socrates* was *Ancient*, and superannuated for the Incitements of Wanton Desires.

Thirdly, Ours are generally far short of that Wisdom and those Virtues, that are Requisite to form the like Excellencies in others.

Again, Ours pretend to Love, because they wou'd Learn, not Teach, and the Male Platonick (forsooth) is ever admiring and extolling the content he takes in Contemplating the Ideas of those rare Virtues, which he Discovers Daily in the Female while she (good Modest Soul) is as much Transported with those Perfections of Mind she Discerns in Him: When indeed, those Virtues and Excellencies are kept so close, that no Person else can perceive any such in either of them.

Lastly, Ours, (especially the Women) are for the most part Married to others, and so ought to propagate Virtue, (if they have so much as to spare) rather in their Husbands and Children, than in Strangers: But, Alas! Those Relations are despised in comparison of the Noble Lover, who alone deserves to be made Wiser and Better.

I could reckon up many other Differences more, but these are enough to let you see what

vast disparity is betwixt the *Platonick Love* of the *Ancientes*, and that of *Modern Puritan Lovers*; and how little reason they have to usurp either the Example of *Socrates*, or the Authority of *Plato*, for their Patronage. I hope, therefore, Reverend Fido, you will not be offended, if I take leave (without Prejudice to that Noble Amity, called Friendship) to suspect that your *Platonick Passion* is but an Honourable pretence to conceal a *ensual Appetite*, and is (in plain truth) *Cousin German* at least, to that *Love*, which made the *Ephesian Matron* so Gentle and Obliging to the *Souldier*.

Sir, — You know the end of *Fishing* is Catching, not Angling — of *LOVE*, Wedding, not Wooing — *The Eye is the Messenger of Love* not the *Master*; or suppose (Doctor) you had neither Ears to hear your Lady speak, nor Eyes to see her Beauty, shall you not therefore be subject to the *Impressions of Love* —

If you answer No, I can alledge divers born Deaf and Blind that have been Wounded: If you grant this, then Confess the Heart must have his *Hope*, which is neither Seeing nor Hearing — He that desreth to view a Lady without any further suit, is not far different from him that liketh to see a *Painted Rose*, better than to smell to a *Living Violet*, or to hear a *Bird Sing* in a Bush, rather than to have her at Home in his own Cage.

— To Plead for *Platonick Love*, and request nothing but Looks, is as one shou'd Plow his Ground and never Sow it, or Saddle his Horse, and never Ride.

Then (Reverend Sir.) pretend no more to *Platonicks Couriship*, for I do think the end of *Love* is the full Fruition of the Party be-
lov'd;

A Pacquet from Athens. 83

lov'd; for it cannot follow in Reason, that because the Sause is good which shou'd provoke mine Appetite, therefore I shou'd forsake the Meat for which it was made; Believe me (Doctor) the Qualities of the Mind, and the Beauty of the Body are the Sause to whet our Stomachs, not Meat to fill 'em; for they that Live by the View of Beauty, still look very Lean; and they that Feed only upon Virtue, will go with a Hungry Belly to Bed: But after all, you to your Fancy, and I to mine; for the Learned must Differ.

Then (if you'd not bring a Scandal on New Athens) talk no more of Platonick courtship: Did I ever give you any Encouragement? However, You don't know what TIME and PATIENCE may produce: 'Tis our Darling Custom to pretend a dislike to what we Wish for; and flee from him we wish wou'd overtake us. And If ORINDA (in this Affair) is not carried down the same Stream, I shall surpass all the rest of my SEX, But hands off, (till I've considered the matter)

I Remain,

YOURS Sincere Friend,
(within the Compass of Common Sense and Reason)

ORINDA.

LETTER XXIV.

Fido justifies his Platonick Courtship, —
tells Orinda shou'd he drop his Ma-
terials, he shou'd love her as Angels
do, out of pure necessity; — and then
concludes his Letter with threat-
ning to preach a Sermon on Her Virtues.

My Loveliest thing than Life — my all — Orinda!
Not love thee? 'Twere a perfect contradiction,
Twou'd argue me a downright Fool, or madman.
Thou art lovely, and I know thee so:
As trembling Virgins are the first blest Night,
As all a Poet loves, or Nature made,
That's Beautiful and charming: Thou'rt to me
Cool Streams, soft murmuring Brooks, and Christal
(Rills,

Thick Secret Groves, the Chambers of delight,
Arbors and Birds, and Sighs, and warbling winds,
A checker'd Shade of twisted Boughs and Light,
The Silver Moon-shine, or the Morning-Sun;
Nay, more — my Country, Virtue, and my Friend,
Honour and Fame, and only not my God.

*Come to my Arms my Charmer, and be more
In one kind Smile than all I've nam'd before.*

To speak truth, I need no other Death but the
Absence of Orinda — And yet (which shews
your Error in censuring Platonick-Courtship)

A Pacquet from Athens. 85

I never offend your Chastity so much as in thought.

Madam, I have read of many, and some I know, between whom there was as fervent Affection as might be; that never desired any thing but sweet talk, and continual company: As Irene and Philaret, whose constant innocence is such, that there was never Word or impure Thought between 'em. Pigmalion lov'd his Ivory Image, being enamour'd only by the Sizbe. Why shou'd not the chaste love of two Platonicks be builded rather in Heavenly Meditations than sensual Actions? Believe me Orinda, if thou knewest what it was to love, &c. thou must be of this opinion.

Madam, you so nearly resemble Irene, that Heaven seems to have made your Soul as a Copy of Hers; and when (as a Platonick-Lover) I court your Divine Perfections, I am as 'twere Spiritualiz'd before my Time; and thank Heaven, that it has contracted its greatest Perfections in a Woman, and (as Fate would have it) in a Woman that is my Friend—

Yes, my Orinda's true, and much above
The vulgar World, in Sense as well as Love.

And for this reason, where-e'er I go, still your Idea pursues me: 'Tis not Newport (or Laimos, where I now live) or any part of the Globe; that's a Sanctuary against your Vertuous Image, you eat, you drink, you sit down and walk with me, and I see you (and good Irene) every Night in my sleep— Then recant your thoughts of Platonick-Love, or I'll call

86 A Pacquet from Athens.

call you Woman, (very Woman) and sur
that's revenge enough. But perhaps you'll say —

I smot her, us'd to less ev'ry I grub'd
insist as aw amidw noward wood
the roun' and high as upland

Death will when once (as 'tis by Fate design'd)

Elysium you shall be remov'd,
Such sweet companions there no doubt you'll find
That you'll forget you're Orinda lov'd.

No—— banish all such fears, I thin will be
Your Friend, and guardian Angel too.
And though with more refin'd Society.

I'll leave Elysium to converse with you.)

In a word, *Orinda* is the meer Perfection of Pla-
tonick Friend-ship, I'e'en dote on her Spiritual part.

Dear Madam, I now live in a dismal sc-
litude, where I converse only with Groves
and Plow-men : But nothing can make me
sad, but the fear I have *Orinda* forgets me;
for tho' you are the only woman whose company
never cloyed me, yet I can't but suspect your
Love; as women are said to place their
Eyes and Friendship only on what they see
present, because what is pass'd is no longer
enjoy'd. But be as fickle as you please, our
Arbenian Brethren have prick'd you down
for a Platonick Wife. 'Tis true, you tell me
of: *TIME* and *PATIENCE*, an Airy
subsistence you know! I may wait out my
Life Time and be no better for't, and then you
know shou'd I drop my *Materials*, I shou'd
live you as Angels do, cut of pure necessity,

and

and there wou'd neither be *Virtue* nor Inclination in it, 'Twou'd be some satisfaction to engage while the Difficulties of Sense stand like Mountains in our way, and there's nothing too hard when a Body resolves upon't; but because some have the Art to praise a Womans Virtue till they get to bed to her; for this reason, the CHASTE Orinda is an Enemy to Platonick-Courtsip; but however you dis-
guise the matter, I resolve to take you for better, for worse.

No LOVER's, nor no Bridegroom's Mirth.

To mine compar'd can be;
They have but pieces of this Earth,
I've all the World in Thee.

Then let our Flames still mount and shine.

No Walking-Fears comront.
As innocent as our designs,
Immortal as our Soul.

To say no more, for this Patience is Intolerable, let me either have a Letter all full of consent, or I shall certainly PREACH upon't, it runs so unluckily in my head: I am however (to the Honour of New-Athens)

Your Platonick Admirer,

FIDO.

LETTER XXV.

Orinda is wond'rously chang'd to what she was, — her Eyes, Imagination, and all the rest of Cupid's Hand-maids give sentence against her: Her Reason too, wonders at the conquering plainness of her Platonick Admirer; and is now perswaded he is as sincere and innocent as he wou'd be thought.

THE Art of Courtship, (my Dear Platonick) abstractedly consider'd, is a very commendable Science; but Reality is much greater upon all accounts: And for this reason I am better pleased with you. —— Indeed I have read your last ostener than I shou'd, to perswade my self (if possible)

So rare it is the sacred Ark to find,
When one vast Flood o'er spreads all Humane-kind.

That your Excellency lies in the Former, rather than the Latter. But my Eyes, Imagination, and all the rest of Cupids Hand-maids give Sentence against me: My Reason too, wonders at your Conquering Plainness; and has almost perswaded me you are what you wou'd be thought to be. And what shall I do here — Oh — Intellectual Love! Whither wilt thou lead me?

A Pacquet from Athens. 89

I dare not yield, and yet I must,
Left to my Self I prove unjust;
And thus the wond'ring allive Mote
Around the burning Candle flies,
A Buzzing forth her harmles Note,
Till in the Flame she's catch'd, and dies.

I know not whether you shot at Rovers,
but you have deeply wounded a poor un-
suspecting Hart;

She now loathes the Society of her Com-
panions, and makes choice of the thickest
Fern, and most secret Groves to be conceal'd
in.

The pleasing Fawns in vain play about
Her; in vain invite Her out to their inno-
cent Pastimes.

Neither the most delicious Food in the well-
grown Vale; nor sweetest Morsels from the
springing Bushes can she be wrought upon to
taste or think of.

She only wishes the mighty Hunter wou'd again
pass by, and see the bleeding Trophies of
his Sport, and seize her All as a just Re-
ward.

If thus your Pen is Cupid's Dart
Your Letters Phiteres all; so shift I need
And both are level'd at my Heart, d I ; yet
How can I chuse but fall?

Oh (Sir) I am chang'd, wondrously chang'd too
what I was: An unusual coldness sometimes
disperses it self thro' every Vein; at others,
a raging Flame.

And what is yet a greater sign, I feel and
know

90 *A Pacquet from Athens.*

know I know n't what, and we'd be cur'd,
and yet fly the medicine that shou'd do it.

I am jealous too of your least Kindness to
other Maids, and fear you are not truly mine.

But hark ye Sir, what do you mean by
Preaching? D'ye design to excommunicate the
poor innocent Soul you Love? But now I think
on't; I believe we shall be turn'd a grazing
together; and what d'ye think of Bedlam for
such a sacred Frenzy? But hold, let me read
your Letter once again — Well! 'tis done, and
I find there's no hing but indifferency (attend-
ed with the force of wit) can lay —
Oh! Take heed Fido, that you don't carry
on the Jest too far, or sport too much, with
the sacred Power of Love.

The Gods and I do here proclaim,
Pare and transcendent is my Flame :
Or Shou'd yours be found a Painted Fire,
A Cheat, or but a gross Desire,
The Gods and I our force will join,
Our Humane Arts and Powers Divine ;
That you (false man) with horror just may see
None e'er can love, and yet revenge like me.

Ah me — I am spent — Alas! What
have I said? For Heaven-sake don't believe
me; I here retract it all, and am a politick
Orinda, — Decoy — a Woman — meer intreague-
ing Woman, — or any thing but what I have
told you, or rather —

Your Conquer'd
Orinda.

How last I engl. recd. a letter from
you —

LET.

LETTER XXVI.

The Doctor tells Orinda he will discover no more of his Sincerity till he puts off his Body into the State of Separation — He proves they are dearer to each other by the Tyes of Virtue, than ever any were yet by the Tyes of Blood. — He tells her He's a Traveller, and has Authority to be believ'd — Desires her to dispute no more against Platonick-Love — Proves the Heart of a man in love with a chaste Woman, does nothing but what is reasonable — He then owns his Passion is grown to the height of his command, and concludes with telling Orinda he e'en languishes for a Platonick-Wife.

Dear Madam,

How ! Believe me, as Platonick as I wou'd be thought, and yet fear to be catch'd in the Flames of sensual Love ! I find Orinda you still suspect my Sincerity, which I am concern'd for, and cou'd soon disabuse you, if it were lawful to withdraw the Curtain, and let you see where you are ; but this must not be (no, tho' our Souls were marry'd) 'till you put off your Body into the State of Separation, &c.

92 A Facquet from Athens.

I can't imagine what you mean by wounding a poor unsuspecting Hart: For as to your Body, I am not concerned whether you be single or double, young or old; Angels have neither Ages nor Sexes: Or suppose I design'd to tempt your chastity, I hope you are so good a Christian as to forgive; and your Virtue is never the worse for being try'd, but more Resfulgent.

But after all, I e'en challenge you to prove me a Corporal Lover, or to find one spot in my Coat: 'Tis true 'tis Black, but if you'll take my word for't, I'm innocent as Infancy, with respect to Carnal Desires, and it shall be your fault if we are not dearer to each others by the Eyes of Virtue than ever any were yet by the Eyes of Blood.

No stop nor stay my Valiant Heart shall quail,
Do you but smile, my purpose will prevail.

Nought shall my Hands or Lips controul,
Till kiss thee through, I'll kiss thy very soul:
There is no Labour here, no shame,
The solid Pleasure's still the same;
Never, oh never to be done,
Where Love is ever but begun.

When two Souls are thus touch'd with equal Passions and chaste Love, this Heaven designs and means by Friendship, and may ours be as Eternal as 'tis Virtuous and Obliging.

But alas! I fear 'tis your Pen, (not mine) is Cupids Dart, and that Fido is the wounded Hart.

You say indeed your Soul's inflam'd, and that you are chang'd, wondrously chang'd, from what you were; but can you love and fly me still?

full? Who ever lov'd and kept at such a distance? But the wond'ring active Mote is afraid of the burning Candle, when alas! your innocent Lover has no Trick nor Artifice, no wheedling Arts to wound a poor unsuspecting Hart. I call a Spade a Spade, and am that plain thing you wou'd have me to be: Wou'd such Innocence suit your temper, our Friendship wou'd be eternal, and I shou'd be all Transport when I hear from you.

The Saints, as well may those bright Forms express,
That in a Picture they conceive of Bliss,
As I can give such inward Charms their due,
Or dress in words my brighter thoughts of you.
Charming, and Gay your fair Idea seems,
As Gay as if compos'd of Love and Beams.
Such Heavenly Rays adorn your Lovely Eyes
That by Imagination they surprize,

}

And at your Feet poor Fido fishing lies:
But how fair Nymph will your approaches fire,
If distant Charms such gentle thoughts inspire.

But tho' I love you at this rate, I an't so blind yet as to think you Infallible; and tho' I lose your Friendship by't, will never think as you do, but when you think aright.

Then Dear Angel, dispute against Love no more, nor once suspect your Platonick Admirer. I have Travell'd thro' Six Kingdoms, and have good Authority to be believ'd.

Think not (MY DEAR) I am now exposing my weakness: To a Platonick Lover, looking of Babies and playing with Lips, is a merry, innocent, pretty sport.— The Truth is, the Heart of a man really in love with a chaste Woman, does nothing but what is reasonable, all it's soft and tenderest motions,

94 A Pacquet from Athens.

motions, its innocent Tremblings, harmless Fears, melting Sighs, *Lambent Fires*, are as highly rational as the gruff and churlish School-Man's most regular Demonstrations.—

Don't think (*Orinda*) I'm now jesting with the sacred Power of Love, for you see my Passion is grown to the height of my Command.

Methinks now 'tis a Felicity to love you, tho' neglected; then what Name must I call my Happiness, when your Eyes, *Imagination*, and all the rest of Cupids Hand-maids, shall declare for me.

*Then yield apace, for yield you must,
Or to your self you'll prove unjust.*

You tell me (*Orinda*) you feel and know you know not what, and wou'd be cured, and yet fly the Medicine.—*Strange Perverseness!* For to act the denying Virgin, to sigh and die for one who loves you, is intolerable.

But you'll say the God of Love is just tho' blind, and that Fetters put on in jest, may become so fix'd, that you can't shake 'em off: Well, What if you can't? I have heard of Platonicks that all their Lives have had a constant spring of Love, Joys upon Joys, their Passions so high, and Pleasures so chaste, each striving to raise the others Innocence above their own, — and this I expect from the Soul of *Orinda*: Then why do you fly me thus?

Orinda young, and Soft and Fair;

Ah were you too but kind!

Why

A Pacquet from Athens. 95

Why must your Shepherd then despair?
Why must his Vow dissolve to Air,
And scatter into Wind?

IVXX A E T T E D

See at your Feet lost Fido lies
Deaf, (as your Ears to Love :)
See how he wastes his Tears and Sighs,
How he attempts to warm your Ice,
Your stony Breast to move.

3.

Shall Fido then his Love conceal
In Wedlocks colder Name?
Must he by Signs and Tokens deal,
Must he from all his Thoughts conceal,
And stifle all his Flame.

Now (Dear Angel) who is most refin'd in
their Passions, you or me? 'Tis true, I was
ever slow in making of Love, but where I have
once pitch'd my Affections, I love innoc-
ently and Eternally—— But Til ha'done
(but oh stay a Minutz longer, take my Soul with
thee, that gentle Look — that —)
Send your anwer in a few days, for I'm
languish for a Platonick Wife — Send me no
more to the Groves and Streams to sigh and
complaints, but meet me to morrow at —
For that I am (or wou'd be)

Your Platonick Husband and
Eternal Admirer,

FIDO.

LETTER XXVII.

Orinda's Impatience to hear from her Lover, — she makes good use of their Separation — promises to meet him at the Mount of Spirits in the Ideal World, and there to Solemnize their Platonick Matrimony.

DISPUTE against Love! — no ; VENUS forbids ; whilst my Looks urge the contrary Principles, and my Soul's compos'd of the soft Ingredients — But Ah ! —

Like the Damn'd, from the Fire
I Gaze and Admire,
But never can hope to be Blest.

Which makes me Rail now and then for spight, yet 'tis some Pleasure to think I'll be Reveng'd on all the rest of the Sex that come in my way, as sure as I have Eyes mischievous enough, and they Hearts capable of their Influence — But I'll leave your Platonick Courisbip just as I found it, only you shan't lose by your Poetry.

I.

On the Pleasures of Possessing
You 'but little Value' ser,
When you must Esteem the Blessing
Not a Favour, but a Debt.

Amorous

2.

*Amorous Wishes now removing
You in Silvia's Arms may rest,
Too Contented, but less Living;
Curst the more for being Blest.*

Well, this is a lewd Digression, but take no
ice, I'll stray no more out of sheer Good Nuure
to keep you Company — I'm glad I know
you are a Traveller, if you were but a Poet
too, you'd be Licensed according to Order.

I know you'll take this Answer for a piece
of Madness, but I think you may well excuse it,
or tho' my Impatience to hear from you makes
me rave a little, yet you know in a Fit of Di-
traction a Man talks what he never thinks, ne-
ther does he know what he then speaks; then (for
the future) when I seem to suspect your Inno-
cence, conclude 'tis a Symptom of the Old Di-
sease, and that I had forgotten to whom I was
Writing.

Assure your self there's nothing can lessen my
Value for you. — Then Bless me as oft as you
can with Letters, for (tho' we Live at a great
distance) 'tis not properly Absence, when we
can Write to one another; we have Souls to be
sure, and whilst they can meet and Carels, we
may enjoy each other, were we the length of the
Map alunder —

*Thus we may double Bliss, Stolen Love enjoy
And all the spight of Place and Friends desie,*

For

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For Ever thus we might each other Bless
For none cou'd trace out this new Happiness ;
No A-gos here to spoil, or make it less.

I have sometimes made good use of my Separation from you, we better fill'd and further extended the possession of our Lite, in being parted: You Liv'd, Rejoyc'd, and saw for me, and I for you, as plainly as if you had your self been there; one part methinks remains idle (at least, I'll think so till the Welding is over) and we confound one another when we are together. —

To speak Truth, I am abam'd to be Lov'd so much, and deserve it so little. However, if you are contented with a Faithful Heart, I can offer something Equivalent for that pure and Platonick Courtship I found in your last Letter. — It pleas'd me so well that (cho' I can't say) [I kist your very SOULL,] yet I kist each Syllable of your Dear Letter, as so many Pictures of your innocent Flame ;

1.

I did not Live until this time
Crown'd my Felicity,
When I could say without a Crime,
I am not thine but Thee.

2.

This Carcass Breub'd, and Walkt and Slept,
So that the World Believ'd
There was a Soul the Motions kept,
But they were all deceiv'd.

3. For

3.

For as a Watch by Art is wound
To Motion, such was mine;
But never had Orinda found
A Soul, till she found thine.

4.

Which now Inspires, Cures and Supplies,
And GUIDES my Darkned Breast;
For thou art all that I can Prize,
My Joy, my Life, my REST.

But Adieu t'ye Sir, you are on the Wing; yet
my Sentiments compel me to believe you as
strictly innocent as you pretend, in Confidence of
which I'll venture to meet you to Morrow at —
or else in the IDEAL WORLD, where
without any more ado, I'll promise (if
Norris will Marry us) to be,

Your PLATONICK SPOUSE,

ORINDA.

F. LET.

LETTER XXVIII.

The Athenian Parson Repents of making Love to Orinda, — Shews the great Dangers of Platonick Courtships, — And Desires Her to return his Heart.

WELL (Orinda) I know you'll say that the Men are as Fickle as the Women; for you no sooner consented to an intellectual Marriage, but I Repented of my Addresses to you; and this comes to tell ye I have done Loving Orinda: Perhaps you'll think this Affront is to Revenge the Athenians Quarrel with Clitemene for her Rejecting their Platonick Courtship, but be the Reason what it will, my Retreat is honourable, for I now own, after a severe course of Mortification (for I told you at first I had Flesh and Blood under my Gown) I cou'd not refine my Body enough to venture on a Platonick Wedding.

I.

Tis true, Frail Beauty, I did once resign
To thy Imperious Charms this Heart of mine;
There didst thou undisturb'd thy Scepter sway;
And I, methought, was pleas'd t' Obey:
Thou seemst so Lovely, so Divine,
With just sweet Graces didst thou shine;

Thou

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Thou entertain'st my Amorous Sense
With such Harmonious Excellence,
That Credulous and Silly I,
With Vain with Impious Idolatry
Ador'd that STAR which was to lead me to the
(Plesey.)

But now, thou soft Enchantress of the Mind,
Farewell; a Change, a mighty Change I finds;
The Empire of my Heart thou must resign,
For I can be no longer thine;
A Nobler, a Diviner Guest,
Has took Possession of my Breast; who had I
He has and must Engross it all,
And yet the Room is still too small:
In vain you tempt my Heart to Rove;
A fairer Object now my Soul does move;
It must be all Devotion, what before was Love.

Thus, Madam have I given you my present
Thoughts of my former Courtship (and that too
in the very words of the Seraphick Norris, by
which you see, had we both kept in the same
Mind, he'd never have join'd us in Platonick
Matrimony).

Don't think, Orinda, that I cast you off for
some new Charmer, No! Madam, I'll fly the Sex
in General, there's Pitch and Bird-lime in their
Lips and Fingers, an Itch of Amorousness of
Skin all over; a Man may as soon hug a Flame
without Burning, as not be Fired if he Embra-
ces Petticoats: Democrats, ut his Eyes out to
avoid the sight of 'em.

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I now find (*Orinda*) that all our *Virtue and Caution* is little enough (when we converse with Women) to keep us from criminal Familiarities, and from the scandals of the World.

In a word, tis impossible to regulate our Friendship with Women, and to walk evenly on the Borders and very *Ridge of a Passion* whose next step is a Precipice of Flames.

And (which renders *Platonick Courtships* the more dangerous) I can now prove there's a *Sex in Souls*.

Then Pray *Orinda*, Take your Heart agen, and restore mine ; for I'll venture it no longer with you

I shall only add, I'm Corporally marry'd to Dear *Emilia*, and don't fear but her chaste Alimbeck will refine all my Love, and make it as Spiritual as it shou'd be.

However, That I may fully *Justifie* my learing of you, I'll send you a Letter to prove, There's a *Sex in Souls* ; and 'tis the last you'll receive from,

Your Anti-*Platonick*,

FIDO.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

Orinda banter her Lover for leaving
a Platonick Mistress for a Matrimo-
nial Convenience — He leaves her be-
cause there's a Sex in Souls — She
challenges him to prove it — She
offers to receive his Courtship agen,
if He'll ask her pardon — Charges
him with Perjury — says if he cou'd
but love her, he'd have no more
scruples — Tells him his Letters
were not lawfully begot — She won'd
despise him, but can't.

I Ndeed (Sir Crape) I ought to declare war a-
gainst you (for you are a false intreaguing-
perjur'd man) but if you'd appear a little na-
ked, and recant your deserting of me (as I
ha' done the Laughter it put me into) I'll
receive your Courtship agen as tenderly as a
Lover does the sparing expressions of his
half consenting-Mistress. Indeed (Mimick) I thought
once your Courtships were all sincere (for
they look'd as correct and pure as if distill'd
through an Angels Quill) but now I find you
chaffer'd for the Fair one with Coyn that was none
of your own, for had the LOVE (I mean
the Lines) you sent me, been lawfully begot,
and the pure Issue of your own Brain-

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Pan, you'd never have chang'd your mind at
this shameful rate, and left a Platonick Mistress
for a Marrimonial Convenience.

Indeed you have a fair opportunity to tri-
umph over me, but remember (Doctor) He
who first invented Gloves and Masks, was but
a Fugler that made Traffick of Shadows and Dis-
guises : But shou'd other men trifle with their
Mistresses as you ha' done with me, the Apart-
ments of our English Ladies woud be no less
difficult to come at than in Italy, where the
Houses are the Womens Prisons, and where the
men make love to the Doors and Windows —

In short, Fido, I'm half in the mind to despise
thee ; but I own 'tis with great reluctance ; for

I.

Of all the Torments in the Mind,
None causeth half the Grief I find.
As when a Friend becomes unkind.

2.

Loss of a Fortune or Estate,
Is Physick to't ; but causeless hate
From one I truly Love — Oh that !

But pray (Sir Fickle) what do you mean by
the Ring of a Passion, and flying the Female Sex ?
For my own share, my Love makes all things easie
to me ; and if you cou'd but love me, you'd have no
more scruples, but you're out of the humour of
Loving I see ; and therefore,

GO, GO, be squeamish still, and spare not,
Cloud your Eyes in high disdain ;
Flying away in Fet, I care not,

Or

A Pacquet from Athens. 105

Or unsent far come again ;
If you pleas'd, or angry be
Take my word, all's one to me.

2.

I grant your Eyes are much more bright
Than ever was unclouded Light ;
And that Love in your charming Voice
As much of Reason finds for choice ;
Yet if you fly when I pursue,
Don't fear, I'll ne'er intreague with you.

3.

A Voice wou'd move all but a Stone ;
Without come on, shall find me one ;
And Eyes the brightest ever shin'd,
On me have Pow'r but as they're kind.
You must, to throw down all Defence,
As much my Reason please, as Sense.

4.

Not but all Regard and Duty
I must pay to those bright Eyes,
Which do sparkle forth a Beauty ;
Wherein each perfection lies.
But since ——— abuse ——— you so pursue,
My pretty piece of scorn adieu.

But I recant : One Glimpse of you alone
Makes me forget what last I thought upon :
And as the Suns bright Ray revives a Fly,
Or Frozen Worm, that otherwise must die ;
So those far brighter Suns have shot new Flame
Into my Breast ——— I your new Creature am.
No more I'll be a Schismatick in Love,
Unless to please you, I a Quaker prove :
Only this thing I ask, (do what you will)
And so you do not blind me, rob me still.

F. 4.

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I shall only add, you tell me there's a Sex in Souls, and for that reason (as there's danger in Platonick Marriage) have sent for your Heart agen, but I tell you plainly I'll not restore it, till you justify your leaving of me, by proving there's a Sex in Souls, (nor then neither, if I can refute your Assertion) for that I am (tho much affronted by your last Letter.)

Yours sincere and eternal Platonick,

ORINDA.

LETTER XXX.

Fido forbids the Banns between Irene and Philaret, and (to justify his leaving Orinda) endeavours to prove there's a Sex in Souls, &c.

Madam,

I TOLD you in my Last, I had discover'd a Sex in Souls, and that my Heart (for that Reason) was unsafe in your keeping; but you (so) ITCH after Spiritual Copulation, that you'll not return my Affections till I prove my discovery; and I hope to do it, in such a manner as will forbid the Banns between Irene and

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and Philaret, Orinda and Fido, and all the Platonicks in the three Three Kingdoms — And I'm sure this is effectually done, by proving there's a Sex in Souls — And here seeing Novelties make an impression on the Mind, before I handle this Nice-point, I'll first premise, that 'tis Charity to lend a Crutch to a lame Conceit. However, if I am askt for my Authorities, I answer, what appears reasonable wants no other Recommendation than being so; and as to What appears over-strange, let Orinda consider that Philosophy had never been improved, had it not been for New-Opinions, which afterwards were rectified by abler Pens, and so the first Notions were lost and nameless, under new Superstructures; but such a Fate is too Agreeable for my Judgment to repine at, or my Vanity to hope for. But that there's a difference of Sex in Souls, and will be Male and Female in Heaven, (tho' the Notion's new) yet I now believe it, and hope to make it plain before we part.

Object. — But you'll say, when the Holy Spirit speaks of separated Souls that are gathered up into Heaven, he does not speak of Male or Female, but only of Souls, without distinguishing either Kind, or Sex — And further, that 'tis said there is no marrying in Heaven, *Mark 12. 25*. And that in Jesus Christ there is neither Male nor Female, *Gali. 3. 28*. which is directly contrary to the distinction of Sex in Souls — For if Sex be only for the sake of Marriage, where there is no Marriage, there is no need of Distinct Sex; then why that in Heaven which there's no need of? All that's of the Essence of a man will undoubtedly be there,

there, and that's a rational Soul united to an Organiz'd Body; but what Organs will be necessary then, we can't tell; however these cannot. Besides, this difference is only accidental, Man and Woman being in Essence the same. But in a State of Bliss and Perfection, all that's Imperfect or Accidental shall be removed, and accordingly one wou'd think Sexes should. I won't add for another reason, what, as I remember, one of the Fathers has said. — That were there any Woman in Heaven, the Angels cou'd not stand long, but wou'd certainly be seduced from their Innocency, and fall as Adam did. But one wou'd think that if Souls were to Marry, it ought to be in Heaven, which is the element of Spirits, after the Bodies had been united in Marriage upon Earth, the Seat of material things. — Perhaps you'll also object the Words of St. Austin, who says, — The Soul is not distinguished into Sexes. And that of St. Cyril, who liv'd before him, who also says, — the Souls of Men and Women are absolutely alike, nor is there any part of their Bodies, where there is any difference to be observ'd.

To this I answer, — That Souls may be distinguish'd into Male and Female, (notwithstanding these Objections) since 'tis a common saying, — The Soul of a Man, and the Soul of a Woman. — And Moreover, because it is generally believed, and no less sensibly acknowledged, that they have each their particular Character — the Soul (and consequently the Understanding) of the one is Resolute and Constant, that of the other slight, Wavering and changeable — The Soul of one takes a pride in being Grave, and

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and speaking little; the other talks much,
and cannot forbear inquiring upon every thing—
and which is yet more to the purpose, does
not Moses say, — That the Sons of God
(whom several of the Fathers of the Church
have Expounded to be Angels) fell in love
with the Daughters of Men? And if there be
a Sex mark'd out for Love in Angels, we
need not scruple to go a little farther, and
say that there is also a Sex in Souls. To this we
may likewise add certain Expressions of those
great Men, who are frequently cited by
Tertullian in his Writings, — I mean
Homer, who gives the Greeks the appellation
of She Achaeans; and Virgil, who calls the Tro-
jans She-Pbrygians.

And for this reason Randolph salutes the
Hermaphrodite thus,

Sir, or Madam, abuse you whether,
Nature twists you both together.

And Cicero reports that Horrenius was treat-
ed at Rome with the Title of Madam, —
whence cou'd proceed this Custom of giving
Men the Epithets of Women, but only be-
cause, that tho' they had the Bodies of Men,
they had the Souls of Women:

And I might mention the Apparitions of Men
and Women, in the same Shape and Sex they
formerly lived in, as no contemptible proof of
this Assertion. But you'll say perhaps — Souls
are not furnish'd with Organs that make this di-
finition between 'em, and that a Spirit cannot
become Visible,

To this I Answer, I own a Spirit cannot
become Visible; 'tis not an Object for a ma-
terial Eye, being it self not matter; but what
appears

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appears to us in the Shape and Sex of Male and Female, is something that a Spirit assumes, as Condensed Air, or the like, neither does the Soul's not being furnish'd with Organs, hinder the Distinction of Sex; 'tis true, I acknowledge, that Souls are simple Beings, which admit of composition of parts, and so they cannot have that distinction, which appears in the Corporeal Sex; — But can there not be found a Spiritual Distinction, seeing that we meet with a marriage of Minds as well as Bodies? Whence it comes to pass, that two Minds seek the enjoyment of one another, and love each other by a Secret Sympathy.

'Tis objected, That this Union never produces other Souls: — But do all Bodies of different Sexes produce other Bodies? There are Insects that are produced, the same in likeness every way, without the Assistance of Sexes, — There are perfect Creatures which have different Sexes, which never Procreate, such are Mules, and Moyles — This then can be no convincing Argument, that there is no difference of Sex in Souls, because their Union does not produce another Soul: Which is a thing that no Body neither can certainly determine; for in regard we know not the Nature of Spirits, neither can we have a perfect knowledge of their Faculties till we come to Heaven. — And Tertullian, as was said before, does affirm, That they are able to Procreate their like, seeing that the Sons of God became enamour'd of the Daughters of men — and that those Sons of God were Angels — And that there is — a difference of Sex in Souls — Is further evident,

A Pacquet from Athens. III

dent, if you consider that the Soul is so far from assuming the Disposition of the Body, that 'tis the Body which conforms to the Disposition of the Soul ; for this Disposition proceeds only from the Substantial Form ; the Body cannot give it to it self; it is indifferent of it self ; but the Form is the Understanding, which determines it to be such as it is — It should be then from the Soul that this distinction of Organs should proceed ; it shou'd be she that that shou'd determine the Sex, and consequently the Soul it self that shou'd be Male and Female — For as no Body can give that which it has not, of necessity the Soul must be furnish'd with Sex before it can bequeath it to the Body —

And the ingenious Milton fairly proves —
there's a Sex in Souls — by saying —

Spirits receive no more than does the Air,
All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Ean,
All Intellect, all Sense ; and as they please
They limb themselves, and colour shape or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare,
They either Sex assume, or both ; so soft
And uncompounded is their Essence pure ;
Not ty'd, or manacled with Foynt, or Limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of Bones,
Like cumbrous Flesh, but in what shape they chuse
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
Can execute their Airy Purposes,
And Works of LOVE, or Enmity fulfil.

As to that Text which says — That in Heaven there is neither Marrying, nor giving in Marriage

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riage —— It directly proves my Assertion for Virginity and Celibacy are so far from Destroying Sex, that they suppose it ——

I might next consider the Words of St. Austin and Cyril, who says all Souls are alike; but their opinion being meer conjecture I shall pass it by —

Thus (Madam) have I largely prov'd there's a Sex in Souls, and by that have justified my leaving of you.

Consider of what I've said, for I now give you an ETERNAL Farewel, and am,

Your Anti-Platonick,

F I D O.

LETTER XXXI.

Orinda gets the Victory, by Disproving a Sex in Souls. — Blames Fido for Marrying to Flesh and Blood — — Tells him, He can never Disengage himself from his Spiritual Mistress. — — Has a Mind to cling into Union with Him. — — But at length, (to Revenge the Affront she Received) bids him Farewel.

NAY, Good Sir, don't mistake me, for I only promis'd to Resign your Heart on Condition you cou'd Prove there was a

Def.

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Sex in Souls; but I find by your Letter there is no such thing, and therefore I'll still Love on, and it possible even *cling into UNION with You.*

You left me under a pretence of Proving There's a *Sex in Souls*; but as I am able to prove the contrary, you ought now to make New Court to my soul. and to agree to a Platonick Wedding whenever I appoint the Day—

Indeed you bid me Consider it (as if you had fully prov'd — *There's a Sex in Souls*)

Consider it? Why, I protest I have a Hundred things to say, before I can Consider it: In the first place, Why all this Gravity, this hard abstruse way of reasoning? What are you writing to some *Grave Mytre or Murderer of true Reason*, call'd an *Ancient Philosopher* (tho' you shou'd be a Cartesian by your new Paradox) that you so Be-Riddle me with your unintelligible Speculations: If indeed you have the same Aim as Father Aristotle had to carry the cause by Confounding of it, by Obscure Predicables and Problems, you have done little less then Wonders as well as he. But what's all this to the Confutation of the Female Sex, who Generally understand them no more, then the Language of a *Hcreet Owl* or the Oratory of a *Brackman*; for my Part. I protest my self an utter Enemy to such *Modern and Ancient Hieroglyphical Sense, as well as Characters*: And look upon nothing to be *Genuine* but what is distill'd thro' the *Natural Limbeck of the Brain*, which I am Confident always refines Sense from the Dregs of Obscurity, and makes it as clear and intelligible, as possible it can be: And hence it is, that I am so averse to

to

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to the Testimony of others, especially, when it is not built upon the undoubted Foundation of Equity and Truth.

Then why do you tell me of your St. *Tenuilian*, *Civyl*, or *Austin*, &c. Their Devotions, tis true, are Valuable; but I look upon their Opinions (in indifferent Matters) as Weak and Falsecious as other Mens, at least not sufficient to Convince me of the Truth of any thing I have no better Authority for; undoubtedly, they said many things they never intended shou'd pass for pure *Gospel*, or be the standard of other Mens Belief; tho' at the same time some will not fail to lay hold on every Bulrush that springs from the banks of those Admirable Streams, to support their sinking cause of the Wildest Tenets that can be thought of. And what have we to do with *Holy Scripture* in this Controversy? If there being a Sex in SOULS was an Article of our Faith, I shou'd be glad to hear our Saviour's or St. Pauls Opinion in it's behalfe. But in meer Notional or Humane matters, I presume, our Reverence woud be more apparent in letting *Scripture* alone; besides, as far as I can see, both Objections and Answers from thence are so far from touching the Eye of the Controversie, that they make nothing to the purpose.

¶ And thus having Renounc'd your *Abstruse Speculations*, invalidated the *Testimony* of the Fathers, and beat you (but with all Reverence) from Holy Ground; and is not this (don't you think) a pretty task for a Woman? Having (I say) thus defeated your main force; One short Encounter more, will, if I am not mistaken, make you Surrender upon Discretion, in order

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order thereto I shall consult your Defence once more, and make such Remarks as may effectually do your Business.

Well ! Here's more Work, I find than I expected ; However, have at ye — You say, *That Souls are distinguish'd into Male and Female, because 'tis a common saying, the Soul of a Man, and the Soul of a Woman :* Why, (Harkey Sir) so 'tis, that the Moon is made of a Green Cheese, must it be so therefore ? Besides, this saying can't prove, *There's a Sex in Souls,* unless the force of it lay in the SOUL and not in the SEX, which is evidently false : And what if they have their Particular Characters ? And the Soul (as you say) of the one is Resolute, and the other Frail and Changing : This I presume is purely accidental. And besides arises from the different Organization of the Body, which doubtless has the greatest Influence over the Passions which you mistake for the Soul) that cause that constancy or timorousness we all are endow'd with.

And then you tell us, that the Sons of God (according to Moses) who are by some Interpreted Angels, fell in Love with the Daughters of Men : A comfortable Consideration indeed ! And whether True or False, you'll have cause to wish you had ne'er put me in mind of it ; for who'd, &c. — If she had the least Prospect to Charm Angels, Angels of what kind so ever (so they are not of Darkness) must needs be very pretty things, and make good Husbands, and so I'd fain have this Objection of yours stand as an Exception against my General Hypothesis, that so my next Humble Mortal SLAVE may be treated accordingly.

But

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But Further, You then proceed to give us some strange Inkances of Homer, &c. which may possibly prove you a great Proficient in their Tongue, but not their Sense and Meaning, for unless you prove that Cowardice and Ef-feminacy, is the Soul, you may allow 'em to bestow the Epithets of Women upon them without making them (I hope) be guilty of so extravagant a Contradiction..

Your next Objection (you raise for me) (that *Souls* are *uncapable* of *Organs*) is unanswerable, and what you have acknowledg'd has made it so. For, tis a certain Truth that the Organs only make the *Distinction* of Sex, and those are only to be met with in compounded (not simple) Beings, so that if I am any Philosopher, tis the Body, not the Soul that is capable of this *Distinction*.

Thus (Sir) have you confuted your self at one blast, and so unluckily destroy'd your Superstructure, that all you say after, is not able to repair it. And what need I go on to do my Adversary greater Mischief? Tis enough for me to see him Foil'd by his own Weapons; which is a proper Punishment for such as you, that can caress the Soul of a Woman, and then Love and Unlove at a Minutes Warning.

I shall not further endeavour to Rectifie your Notion about the *Marriage of Minds*, but only to acquaint you, that such a Union may be between one and the same Sex, as well as the contrary; and so makes nothing to your Purpose: Nor concern my self with your next Objection and Answer, I disown the former

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former, and then I'm sure, you ought to let fall the latter: I shall only Answer to your Remarkable Passage of Dr. Brown (where he speaks of a certain *New way of Generation*) that tho' he knew well the true energy and spring of *Vulgar Errors*, he was yet undoubtedly Guilty of some himself; and if he aim'd at our Present Debate, I presume this was a Grand One.

Nor Lastly, Will I trouble you with as Ænigmatical a Chain of Speculation (if 'tis not an Absurdity to call it so) about your last Position, as you have done me; I am not much concern'd to know whether the Soul assumes the Disposition of the Body, or the Body conforms to the Disposition of the Soul; when 'tis only Organs (as I said before) make the different Sex; which, because they can't be found in Souls, we must conclude that the Soul is an abstracted Individual (Pardon that refin'd Expression) a kind of Unity in itself, that is as uncapable of Distinction as 'tis of Penetration, and can no more admit of the Terms of *He* and *She*, than it's Maker himself can.

Thus (Sir) have I turn'd your own Artillery upon you, and tho' you made the first Attack, with all the advantage that so large a Field of matter wou'd give you leave, you have yet most infallibly lost the Victory, and consequently must continue Loving Orinda, and own it a Great Blessing; for why may not I give it on my own side as well as you did on yours? Yes! Verily, w'th the same Reason, tho' tis Fifty to One, if a Woman (as well as a Man) is not Partial in her own Cause, so that I have Sally'd out with my Myrmidons so successfully that

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that 'tis an easie matter to decide this Mighty Rencountir, and leave you as unlikely to disengage your self from your Spiritual Mistress as 'tis you shou'd ever receive any Solid Pleasure from that Fair Angel of Flesh and Blood, and Inclination, the Parson has ty'd you to.

Tho' I must needs say you've done wonders, and proved your self a perfect Politian as well as undaunted in your Undertaking — But to ask you a civil question, Whence got you all that Train of Artillery — Scripture — Reason, (tho' that indeed was too enlighten'd for my dull Noddle) and Fathers at your Fingers ends, tho' you unluckily forgot to bring in the great Prophet Mahomet into the number, who is so far from denying there's a Sex in Souls, that he has fill'd his Paradis with handsome Gogg'l'd Ey'd Wenchies, that his Votarys in the State of Separation with an unconfined Liberty, might enjoy them; tho' (I say) you forgot this mighty example, which now by the Law of Nations you must take no advantage of, yet your Artillery is mighty numerous, and all in defence of a Subject never before dreamt of.

However, if I ben't partial to my own performance, I've fairly prov'd your Doctrine false, and that there's no such thing as a Sex in Souls. I shall further add, (for I'd fain have you see your Error in deserting Orinda) that there can be no danger in Platonick. Gunships, for Doctor, you know that every individual man hath two distinct Souls, the one Rational or Intellectual, and Incorruptible, as being of Divine Original, the breath of the Creator: The other only Sensitive, produced

from

from the Wombs of Elements; common also to brute Animals, and therefore capable of dissolution, this Rational Soul, (or more properly, *Spirit*) is the common Cement, or Tye, betwixt the celestial and incorporeal nature of the reasonable Soul, and the terrestrial and corporeal nature of the Body: It is also the immediate organ or instrument, by which the nobler Soul informeth and acteth in the Organs of the Body. Now, tho' I deny not, but the rational Soul, in respect of this her alliance with the Body, is in some degree subject to the Laws of Matter, and consequently, that the humours and temperament of the Body, have some influence or power to alter and work upon the Mind, especially in weak-minded persons, who make no use of the arms of their Reason, to encounter and subdue the insurrections and assaults of sensual appetites: Yet cannot I grant, that the impressions which the Body makes upon the Mind are such, as suffice to question either the Immortality, or derogate from the Sovereignty of the Soul over the Body.

So that suppose there had been a Sex in Souls, (as I prov'd the contrary) yet this Sex cou'd never effeminate the Platonick-Lover; besides, the delight of sensual Love depending partly upon the powers of the Body, is therefore furious, short of duration, and subject to decay; but the Platonick depending solely upon the Mind (whose Powers are perpetual) is therefore calm, of one equal Temper, and everlasting.

So that now by your own confession, you are (Innocently) mine, but since you have been so sensual as to marry to Flesh and Blood, I return your Eternal Farewell upon you, and will ever remain
The Unmarried Platonick. L E T-

LETTER XXXII.

A Letter from Mr. Wem to the Athenian Society, who (having Kiss'd a Buxome Girl in his Dream) intends to venture on a Corporal Wedlock, and desires the Athenians to discover to him the several Kinds of Love, that so by knowing a true Passion from a Counterfeit, he may Love so as to be Happy in Marriage.

The Letter follows, viz.

Gentlemen,

YOU tell us in the Post Boy, That you'll send us *A Pacquet of Letters from Athens, &c.* In which you'll direct the Bachelor and Virgin in their whole Amour; this encourages me to tell ye I intend speedily (Play-nick Mistresses are such airy things) to Court the Beautiful Clara.

Thrown on my Bed for a short Naps Eslay,
In came this Buxome Girl and by me lay;
I quickly turn'd, and Courted her with Kisses,
For That which Lovers call the Bliss of Blisses;

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But she refus'd with — Pish — may then — what
(now ?

Some Body comes, — you never shall I Vow —
At length she seem'd, to struggle a Consent,
With much of Pleasing Art; — so to't we went;
And then for every Kise I gave before, 21. Nov.
She thankfully repaid me half a Score 18. Dec.
But when I thought to Barbe me in Love's Stream,
I lost my Lass, and found a Foolish Dream.

However, I resolve to enter on a Real Courtship; and if real Love can make a Woman kind, do hope to make her the best of Wives; but hearing Corporal Wedlock is a great Lottery, I'd learn from you the several kinds of Love; that so by knowing a true Passion from a Counterfeit, I might Love so as to be Happy in Marriage —
And sure, *Athene*, I am Lovelock; for,

I'm pleas'd and pain'd since Clara first I saw,
As I were stung with some Tarantula; 2. Jan.
Arms and the dusky Field I less Admire, or hand
And strangely soften in some new desire: vision
Honour burns in me not so fiercely bright; 18. Nov.
But Pale as Fires when master'd by the Light; wind
Even while I speak, and look, I change yet more,
And now am nothing that I was before;
I'm Numb'd and Fix'd, and scarce my Eye-Balls move;
I fear it is the Lethebergy of Love! 1. Aug.
'Tis he! I feel him now in ev'ry Part 3. Oct.
Like a New Lord he waunts about my Heart; 1. Nov.
Surveys in State, each corner of my Breast:
And now I'm all o'er Love! — or Love's a Jest,
1. May. a fine flood atop! I did with novish
out of all and 22. Dec. 17. Now

Now (Gentlemen) as you are the ORACLE for the Bachelor and Virgin to consult in difficult cases, I thought none so fit to address my self to, as the Athenians, especially since I understand you are Masters in the Art of Love, and can direct an ignorant Youth through the whole Kingdom of Love and Gallantry.

I shan't Apologize for my ignorance in Love matters, for CUPID is pictur'd naked, only to shew the simplicity of Affection that shou'd be amongst Lovers.

If you ask how I can Love Clara so much upon no more acquaintance, I cou'd tell ye that 'tis usual at first Sight with young Lovers to twist — Eye Beams together, and steal into one anothers Hearts through the Windows of their Eyes, exchanging Love a Thousand ways; such Lovers as these live more happy by making so kind an Adventure, than such as for Worldly Respects join hands when their Hearts are far asunder; for 'tis often seen that Smithfield Bargains are made to add Land to Land, nor Love to Love, and to unite Houses to Houses, nor Hearts to Hearts; which hath been the occasion that Men have turn'd Monsters, and Women Devils.

Wives are grown Traffick, Marriage is a Trail,
And when a Nuptial of two Hearts is made,
There must of Money too a Wedding be,
That Coin, as well as Men, may multiply.

It must be own'd that Woman is the Gem of Heaven, in which Nature hath carv'd the Universe in less Characters; but she is also the baggage

baggage of Life, she is troublesome, and hinders us
in the great march ; yet we can scarce live chastly
without her : *But Marriage is Honourable in all—*
Then shall we account that Condition mean,
whereof God himself was the Institutor, *Adam*
and Eve were the first Couple, Paradice the place
where, and Innocency the State, or Time when, Mar-
riage was first Celebrated ?

Now (Gentlemen) if *Adam* in *Innocence*,
(when he was perfect in Body and Mind)
thought it better to lose a Rib than lack a
Wife ; and if it was not good for him (that was
so happy) to be alone, what great need of a
Wife has *Sinful Man* since the Fall ?

Then (Athens) tell me how (and where)
I may Love so, as to be Happy in Wedlock :
For,

Minds are so hardly match'd, that even the first,
Tho' pair'd by Heaven in Paradice, were curs'd :
For Man and Woman, tho' in One they grow,
Yet First, or Last, return again to Two.
He to Gods Image, she to his was made :
So farther from the Fount, the stream at Random

Not that my Verse wou'd blemish all the Fair ; }
But yet if some be bad, 'tis Wisdom to beware, }
And better shun the Bait, than struggle in the Snare. }

However I shall increase my Love to *Clara*
daily ; and when the Athenian ORACLE
gives an Answer to this Letter, I'll Dress as it
were in Print, and fall a Courting like any thing,
I am (Gentlemen)

Your very Humble Servant,
Charles Wm.

LETTER XXXIII.

The Athenians Answer to the foregoing Letter, wherein they discover the (Mysteries and) different sorts of Corporal Love, from their own Experience.

Mr. Wem,

WE have in our Platonick Courtships discours'd at large of Love to the SOUL, we shall now (for the sake of Variety) proceed to a more Sensual Adventure, and shew what 'tis to Love the BODY; and here, that we may oblige Mr. Wem, (that is going to venture on Corporal Wedlock) we'll discourse of the several kinds of LOVE, and we'll advance nothing on these Heads, but what we learn from our own Experience, or from such Persons that are now living, whose Testimony we can depend upon.

We own (Mr. Wem) to Treat of Corporal Love, will be somewhat distasteful to the pure and refin'd Disciples of the Platonick Sect, who profess to be enamoured only on the Beauties of the Soul, wholly rejecting all respects of Flesh and Blood, and entirely devoting their Courtship to contemplate

template, and intrance themselves in Admiration of the lovely Idea's of Virtue : Nor will the Ladies (made doublets of a Mold much finer, and less sulphureous, than other courser Mortals are) be pleased to hear their *sweet and cleanly Flames* should be aspersed with their mixture of gross and sooty Exhalations, such as arise from ardors of the Body. But yet still we hold it Essential to true Love, that it keep within the Bounds of Honour and Virtue, and that there is such Love, we are certain; but if your Love breaks those bounds, it loses so fair a name; our Language has a much worse for it, and it degenerates into Lust, the very sound of which a Civil Ear can scarce endure; and this it does as oft as either the Object, or other Circumstances thereof, are unlawful. We know there are a great many Men in the World wou'd make Love nothing else; they wou'd turn the God into *Satyr*, pretty little *Cupid* into a foul *Priapus*; but all they can mean by't is fairly owning that their Love is nothing else, and consequently won't believe there's any other, because they have no Notion of it; taking Woman in general, the whole Sex we mean, as the Object of their Desires: At which rate they out-do the *Great Turk* himself; for his Love, as they call it, is confin'd perhaps to a few Hundreds, but their *Seraglia* is all the *World*, and a Bull must unavoidably be as true a Lover as they, when he divides his Courtship among the whole *Herds* of the *Milky Mothers*.— Nor can we think any Lady will entertain a Spark of this Principle in her Service, unless she has the Ambition of passing for *Pasiphae's Rival*.

However, Mr. Wem, we'll present you a Picture of Love in little, not copied from the descriptions of other Mens Fancies, but drawn from our own Experience. And here we shall first discourse—*of Love in General.*

Love is the Authour of many wonderful Adventures. But we will not undertake fully to explain the mysterious nature of this Passion, which all are subject to, and none clearly understand; and think it well defined by him, who said, *It is I know not what, which came I know not whence, and went away I know not how.* 'Tis—

*A pleasing Sweetness, harmless Fire,
A Tender melting gay Desire ;
A Something more than Wealth or Fame ;
A tender Something wants a Name.*

Socrates called it the Desire of Beauty; St. Thomas affirmed it to be, a complacency of the Appetite in the thing which is Lovely. 'Tis very much like Light, a thing that every Body knows, and yet none can tell what to make of it:

*The cause of Love can never be Assign'd;
'Tis in no Face, but in the Lover's Mind.*

'Tis not Money, Fortune, Jointure, Raveing, Stabbing, Hanging, Romancing, Flouncing, Swearing, Ramping, Desiring—Fighting, Dying, — Indeed Hudibras says,

*He that Hangs himself, or beats out's Brains,
The Devil's in him if he feigns.*

Yet all these have bin, are, and still will be mistaken, and miscalled for it. What shall we say of it? 'Tis a pretty little soft thing that plays about the Heart; and those who have it, will know it well enough by this Description.—'Tis extremely like a Sigh, and could we find a Painter could draw one, you'd easily mistake it for the other:—'Tis all over Eyes; so far is it from being blind, as some old Dotards have describ'd it, who certainly were Blind themselves: It has a Mouth too, and a pair of pretty Hands; but yet the Hands speak, and you may feel at a distance every Word that comes from the Mouth, gently stealing through your very Soul. Yet thus much we have learn'd from *Dear Experience*, that it is an imperious Passion, which, once entered upon the borders of the Mind, instantly becomes a Tyrant, over-running all the faculties, subverting the Laws and Government of Reason, and Demolishing all the Fortresses, that either Wisdom or Modesty can raise against it.

*Love is to things which to free choice relate;
Love is not in our Choice, but in our Fate;
Laws for Defence of Civil Rights are plac'd,
Love throws the Fences down, and makes a general
waste:
Maids, Widows, Wives, without distinction fall,
The sweeping Deluge, Love, comes on and covers all.*

It is a kind of Magick, against which Nature hath given us no power of Resistance, for insinuating Insensibly into the Soul, like a subtle Enemy, it suddenly surpriseth and takes Possession of all the strenghts of it, and like a subtle Poison, discovers not its entrance, till it be secure of conquest.

- Believe us Sir, all Lovers, Soldiers are ;
 For Cupid has his Tents; and Lovers, War ;
 Both rise up early, and both sit up late ;
 Both stand as Centinels by equal Fate ; }
 This, at his Captains Tent ; that, at his Mistress Gate, }
 The wretched Lover and the Soldier goes
 Through thickest Troops, where danger does oppose ;
 Through Midnight Watches and strong Guards they pass,
 One for his Fame, the other for his Lass.
 And he that for the War, or Love is fit,
 Must be a Man of Courage, Sense and Wit :
 At Love's command we through all dangers rove ;
 The Man that wants Employment, let him Love.

Like the Venemous Spiders of Calabria, it destroys us with tickling, and making us Dance. It scorneth the prevention of Prudence, and slighteth the prepossession of Grief. Being once in Love, we believe our desires cannot be noble, untill they are extream ; nor generous, unless they be rash.

But far above the rest, the furions Mart, Barr'd from the Male, is Frantick with Despair : For Love she'll force thro' thickets of the Wood, And climb the steepy Hills, and stem the Flood ;

Thus every Creature, and of every kind,
The secret Joys of sweet Coition find;
Not only Mans Imperial Race, but they
That Wing the Liquit Air, or swim the Sea;
Or haunt the Desart, rush into the Flame:
For Love is Lord of all, and is in all the same.

The greatest, the wisest, the most resolved
Spirits, have felt the force of Love; nor is
Ambition it self (esteemed Lord Paramount of all
the Passions) able to contest with it, for Absolu-
te Dominion over the Soul.

Love's Power's too great to be withstood
By Feeble Humane Flesh and Blood:
'Twas he that brought upon his Knees
The Heft'ring Kill-Cow, Hercules;
Reduc'd his Leaguer Lyons-Skin
T' a Petticoat, and made him Spin.

The Reason, why *Corporal Beauty* so delighteth
the Senses, and ravisheth the Soul, is only because
it is a Mark or Sign of that interiour power or a-
greeableness, which is in the subject to which it
adhereth, and which our Appetite wanteth, in
order to its attainment of that perfection,
which is required to its nature. But,

Virtue (Dear Sir) needs no Defence
The surest Guard is Innocence;
None know, till Guilt created Fear,
What Davis or Payson's Arrows were.

So that in this Sense, we cannot much find fault with his Definition of Beauty, who called it the *Splendour of Goodness*; nor condemn his of Love, who termed it *Need or Want*. And this we conceive sufficient to explain the Nature of Love in General.

We shall next Discourse of *Love betwixt Male and Female.*

To come up close to our Argument, we must, Sir, put you in mind, that all the Powers or Faculties, which together with the Respective Appetites, compleat the Nature of Man, were conferred upon him for one of these two ends; either for the well-being and conservation of him in his single and individual Person; or for the conservation of him in specie, or in his kind.

But beside this General Love of a different Sex, which is no more but the Appetite of Procreation Indefinite, there is yet another Love in which the same Appetite, tho' respecting diversity of Sex, is yet determined to some one particular Person; and such as are in this Passion, are properly said to be in Love. Now the Question doth concern not the General Love betwixt Male and Female, but this Particular or Determined Love: Since this seems to be that, which Ladies mean, when they distinguish *Love* from *Lust*. Nor is there indeed, any other cause that makes this Love quit its indifference to all of that divers Sex, and fix only upon some one single Person, but only this; that the Person Loving, (*or rather in Love*) apprehending

bending that the Marks or Signs of the power Generative are more conspicuous in the person loved, than in any other of that Sex ; thereupon imagineth, that the Fruition of that person, (that is, the doing that Act, which is necessary to continuation of the kind, with that person) will better conduce to the satisfaction of the Appetite to Generation, than th^e doing of it with any other.

And hence it comes, that comely and proper Men (as they call them) such as are of good complexions, and well-proportioned Bodies, are generally in great reputation with Women : And fair and Beautiful Women, in as high esteem and honour with Men.

To confirm the Truth of this, besides the Natural Reasons here alledged, we have also the suffrage of Experience. For, what woman was ever in love with an *Eunuch*, tho' otherwise exceedingly handsome ? Nay, what woman is there, that doth not secretly despise any man, of whose insufficiency (whether Native, or by Misfortune, in the power of Generation, she has had any, the least notice. On the other side, what Man hath ever continued his passion for a Woman, after he hath been once convinced of her impotency to club with him in the Act of Procreation, tho' she were, in all other things, the most beautiful of her Sex.

Now, after all this, we hope 'twill be no longer a Paradox, that the indefinite desire of different Sex (which is generally called **LUST**) and desire of some one particular person of that different Sex (which is generally called

LOVE,) are one and the same Appetite to the Act of Procreation — And this brings us in the next place to discover the Mysteries of Love.

LOVE is a Guest sooner entertain'd, than perceived ; and yet sooner perceived than known, and much easier known than understood ; better understood than defined or described. As if it challenged only the Heart for its proper apartment, and disdained any remove up into the Brain. Love admits of no Interpreter but it self: Nor do we come to know it by either Precepts or Examples ; but by Infusion. You may affirm safely, that *Cupid* is not only blind, but also dumb : Making all parts of the Body vocal, except the Tongue. Hence it is, that Lovers are more eloquent in their sighs than in their words. By affable nods, and darted smiles, the vocal Ambassadors of desire, they treat about their union ; and read each others Soul in glances. Their *Colloquies*, like those of Angels, are made by *intuition*: And they express themselves also, like them, not by the Intellect, but the *Will*. Sometimes their Souls interchangeably sally forth at their Eyes, and steal Kisses at a distance ; and then return home again triumphing in their invisible Thefts. Though the Passion be of it self innocent, yet 'tis always conjoyned with secret shame: And the same *Blesses* that betray our flame, strive to hide it Nay *Cupid* himself, not contented with a single Veil, contrives also Ambushes for more secrecy : and oftner takes in Hearts by stratagem and surprize, than by storm. Nor is it less difficult

difficult to conceive, that one can die, and instantly revive again ; yea, be alive and dead at once ; or, like the Phanix, build his own, both funeral and vital fire, out of which he re-assumes a more vigorous and Youthful Being, than what the flames consumed : Yet nothing is more frequent among Lovers, whom the miraculous Chymistry of Love, by a most pleasant Palingenesis, restores from their ashes to their primitive state and form.

Love's but an Ague that's rever'st,
Whose hot fit takes the Patient first
That after burns with cold as much
As Ice in Green-Land does the Touch.
Melts in the Furnace of desire
Like Glass, that's but the Ice of Fire,
And when his Heat of Fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.

A man wou'd think at first, that no two things in Nature are more incompatible, more inconsistent, more reciprocally destructive, than those two contrary Passions, Love and Hate. But these seem reconcil'd in the Breast of even the most refin'd Inamourato.

' For the Servant always wishes his Mistress less Happy than she is, that so his affection may appear more pure, more sincere, and determined upon her Person alone.

' Is she wise, and discreet ? He presently reproaches the Stars, that favour'd her with so strong a defence; as conceiving, that if her Brain were less found, her Heart wou'd be more tender ; and that if she

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' she had less wit, himself wou'd be less
' subject to her Contempt.

' Is she in Health ? He secretly invocates
' Love to afflict her with Sickness, that he
' may have that occasion to demonstrate his
' grief, his tenderness, his sympathy.

' Is she Rich ? He cannot forbear to wish
' her in Want, that he might endow her
' with his Fortune.

' Is she at Liberty ? He longs to see her a
' Captive, that he may merit her Favour by
' hazarding all in her Redemption.

' Is her Fame clear and immaculate ? How
' glad wou'd he be some licentious Tongue
' wou'd defile her Honour, that he might
' wash away the stains, though with his
' Blood.

' Is her Birth and Quality Noble ? He
' wou'd fain degrade her, that she might
' derive all her Dignity from the Generosity of
' his Love.

' In a word, in some sort or other He
' wishes her miserable, that he may have the
' glory to relieve her, and that her own Ne-
' cessity may draw, rather than his Court-
' ship and Observance invite her to his em-
' braces. He had rather be her Sanctuary,
' than her Conqueror. Now is not here a
' certain Malignity mixt with Benevolence ;
' Zeal tempered with Hate ; Inhumanity pro-
' ceeding from excess of Kindness ; Cruelty con-
' joined with the greatest Charity ? Yet such
' is the constitution of Love. Cupid has no
' darts headed with pure Gold,

Gouiture, Portion, Gold, Estate,
Houses, Household-Stuff, or Land,
(The low conveniences of Fate)
Are Greek no Lovers understand — Cowley.

Yet more *Enigmata*, more perplexing Difficulties in Love. This Affection, which composeth all other commotions of the Soul, which reconciles Men, wild Beasts, and Philosophers, is yet at variance with it self.

When you see a languishing Lover, whose Arms seem so tender and delicate, that you think them fit only for embraces; who exhales nothing but Odours or Sighs; who is struck down with the contraction of a Brow, and wounded to the Heart with the disdainful glance of an Eye: Take heed notwithstanding, how you reproach him as a soft, effeminate and pusillanimous Person. For really he is hardy, daring and adventurous.

*Love and a Crown no Rivalship can bear;
All precious things are still preserv'd with care:
Lovers, like Misers, cannot bear the stealth
Of the least Trifle from their endless Wealth.*

The Lover defies danger, nay, makes it a pleasure to create them in his imagination, and is gratified with the encounter of adverse accidents, as favours to his Zeal.

*Nor ought you to accuse him of Stupidity, tho'
you observe him to suffer Contempts and
Affronts from his proud Celia without just
resentment. For, he (be you well assur'd) is
wholly*

wholly transmigrated into Soul, become all Spirit, retreated into that Ætherial particle of Fire, which is impassible, and cannot be touch'd. If this seem less credible, be pleas'd to consider, it is the Religion of Love to overcome evil with good. Besides, our good-natured Lover entertains neglects, and scorn, not with insensibility, but *discretion*: As well understanding, that Injuries, as they fade and die of themselves, when bravely despis'd; so they pass into Benefits, when receiv'd with gentleness and humanity. *A Flint is broken on a Feather-Bed.*

Will you charge him with *Blindness*, because he discerns not the defects, the spots of his Mistress; but takes these for *Stars*, and those for *Ornaments*; and by a most obliging *Error*, gilds over her faults with the title of the nearest *Vertues*? It is a sign of ill-nature in you, thus to envy him the pleasure of an error, wherein he thinks himself more happy.

A Happiness so nigh he cannot bear;
His Love's too fierce, and she too Killing fair.
He grows enrag'd to see such Excellence;
If words disorder'd give her such offence,
His Love's too full of Zeal, to think of Sense.

Again, if to Philosophize, be nothing but to contemplate *Idea's*; then to love, is to be a *Philosopher*. Yea, if every man loves so much as he understands (which was *Plato's* opinion) then doage in Love is an argument of Science.

Sir,

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Sir, having shewn you this Proteus, Love, in some of those various shapes, wherein it usually appears; you are (we presume) thereupon inclined to think it may be no less inconstant to its Object, than it seems to be to it self. To obviate this scandalous mistake, therefore, we find our selves obliged in the next place to evince, that the Judgments of Love are, like those of Care, unalterable and perpetual; that it is constant and immutable.

Love in this Passion is so strange,
It bides all faults, and ne'er is giv'n to change;
It uneclips'd in its full blaze shines bright;
Pure in it self, it wants no borrow'd Light;
Nor sets 'till Death draws the dark Scene of Night.

He who can cease to Love whom he hath once loved, does but dream he loved. He never lov'd at all, who ever makes Retreat. For the Conjunction of true Lovers Hearts, like solemn Matrimony, admits of no divorce.

By all the pleasing Energy that Arms
My Soul and Eyes with such peculiar Charms,
By all thy Falshood, all thy Smiles, and all
The tender things that did my Heart inthrall,
By all that has the Power my Soul to move
And Thyrfis, thou art all that I can love.
True Love can never change its Seat;
Nor did he ever love, that can retreat.

Love ceases not, though what is loved hath ceas'd
be. When your Turtle hath molted all
her Beautiful Feathers, and is grown Old;
you

' you must not cease to think her still the
 ' same, still Amiable and Youthful : And
 ' what of her Charming Features time hath
 ' impaired, your Affection will continually
 ' renew the pleasing Form now lost to
 ' your Eye shall be perpetually found Fresh
 ' and Lively in your Mind. *The Fidelity of*
 ' *Remembrance shall countervail the Cruelty of*
 ' *Age :* Which may by a natural Metamor-
 ' phosis render your Wife a stranger to her
 former Self, but hath not the more Tyrannical
 power to alienate her from you.
 Nay, when Fate shall have torn her from
 your Arms, even then shall you still retain
 and enjoy her in your imagination;
 you shall think her not Dead, but only
 Absent, and as often as you mix Embraces
 with her kind Ghost, you shall deny her
 to have Perished.

For ill does he deserve a Lovers Name,
 Whose Pale Weak Flame
 Its Heat cannot retain
 In spight of Absence, Hated and Disdain;
 But dies at once, like Paper set on Fire,
 Burn and Expire

That Noble Flame that my Breast keeps Alive,
 Shall still survive;
 That shall walk with me to the Lower shade,
 And never fade,
 When my Souls fled:
 Nor shall my Love Die, when my Body's Dead:
 My very Ashes in thir Urn
 Shall like a bellow'd Lamp for Ever Burn

Love

ens.

A Pacquet from Athens. 139

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Love shall make you Triumph over Mortality ; and in the Ardor of your Spiritual Fruition, you shall bid defiance to Destiny ; Crying out, ‘ Though you have Separated us, O Fatal Sisters ! You have not divided us ; yet we converse together, yet we are a pair : From others you taken away the Woman, from me not so much as her shadow. While she lived, we used but one Soul ; now, but one Body. Her Spirit is received into my Breast, and there remains fixt, as in its proper Asterism and Heaven.

But notwithstanding Love is thus immortal, yet can I not deny, but it is a kind of Death. For who is ignorant that Lovers die as often as they kiss, or bid adieu ? Exhaling their Souls upon each others Lips.

*She shews her Heavenly Form without Disguise,
And gives her self to my desiring Eyes ;
Proud of the gift I roul my greedy sight
Around the Work, and Kiss with vast delight.*

Lovers, like Apollo's Priests, possessed with the Spirit of Divination, are Transported out of themselves ; their Life is a perpetual Extasie.

Lovers divest themselves of their own Souls, that they may be more happily fill'd with others. We believe Pythagoras his *Metempyschosis*, or Transmigration of his Soul, when he loved, not when he Philosophiz'd.

Love

Sir

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‘ Sir, Let us advise you attentively to observe
‘ how the Soul of a Lover almost visibly
‘ flies to that part of the Body, which approach-
‘ es nearest to his Mistress. If they join
‘ hands, you may perceive their Souls to be
‘ palpably distributed into their Fingers, mutu-
‘ ally to take hold, and entwine each with o-
‘ ther. If they stand side by side, their Bow-
‘ els yearn, their Hearts leap for Joy, their Spirits
‘ flow in clouds into their Breasts, and raising
‘ strong palpitations, salute each other as Clowns
‘ use to do, with thumps; as if they strove
‘ to dissolve the ligaments of Life, and intermix
‘ Embraces.

*All other Debts, may Compensation find
But Love is strict, and will be paid in kind.*

In a Word, by Love we do not fell, but ex-
change our selves; yea, Love transerrs into
his own Treasury whatever is excellent and
Divine in another.

*Thus like the Two First Lovers they
Set free from Guilt and all Offence
On Odorous Beds of Flowers lay,
In their First State of Innocence.*

2.

*Their Lips still join'd like Billing Doves,
With Ardent Breathings of desire
They secretly inflame their Loves
And set each others Heart on Fire.*

This

A Pacquet from Athens. 141

This munificence of Love in communicating whatever it thinks good and delectable, is evident even in the delight of sensual Fruition, which being a pleasure consisting in a conjunction not only of two persons of different Sexes, but also of two different Appetites in each person; viz. to please, and to be pleased; it necessarily follows, that each party becomes so much the more joy'd or pleas'd in himself, by how much the more able he finds himself to please or cause joy in the other.

*His quick imagination must present
The Scenes and Images of his Content,
Which soon the fair One will to him dispence,
Joys too unruly and too fierce for Sense.*

So that Lovers rival each other in the communication of delight.

Thus Mr. Wem have we discover'd to you the Mysteries and different kinds of Corporal Love: We shall next shew you how Love is dispersed throughout the whole World, and ingrafted into every Creature, as well Mineral and Vegetable, as Animal, all obeying the Statute of the great Law-giver, instituted in primo Adam. The which causeth a Sympathy or Love in all things.

*The Proverb holds, That to be wise and love,
Is hardly granted to the Gods above:
A general Doom on all Mankind is past,
And all are Fools and Lovers, first or last.*

Now

Now to demonstrate this in Man. He having by Nature imprinted in his Soul an affected desire or earnest inclination to that which seemeth good, is drawn as 'twere by necessity to search it out in every thing which he esteemeth fair and good; and finds nothing so apt to be the center of his Affections, and to correspond with his Nature (her creation solely tending to that) as *Woman*. For after God had created Man, and placed him in the Garden to dress it, *It is not good* (saith he) *that Man shou'd be alone, I will make him a help meet for him.* Now seeing man was created for this end, he cou'd not continue without Generation, which cou'd not be, unless he were joined to a Woman; which was before his Fall a most pure and innocent Love. But now because of his Corruption, his Affections are irregular, and are made extrem; there is nothing so greatly exciteth and carrieth away his Mind, nor cometh more near to his destruction, than this foolish passion.

To prove which, many Presidents might be produced. *Galacea* of Mantua declaring oftentimes to a Maid of Paria whom he courted and made love to, that he wou'd suffer a thousand deaths for her sake which she imagining was but spoke in jest, commanded him to cast himself into the River; which he presently performed and was drowned.

Yet, as well as Man, this Love (as we have said) is Ingrafted into every Creature; this Love, Appetite, or universal Inclination, or Complacency, was given to them at the Creation

ens.

A Pacquet from Athens. 143

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and inciteth them to desire and search
out that which is consentaneous to, and
sympathizeth with their own nature ;
so that there is nothing so insen-
sible, which hath not in it self this Love
ionate, propending and moving to its proper
Object, as *Amber* and *Straw*, *Iron* and *Ada-*
mant; and the *Palm-Trees* of both Sexes, ex-
press not a sympathy only, but a *Love-passion* ;
according to that of the Poet,

Leaves sing their Loves, each complemental Tree
In Courtship bowes, the amorous Palms we see
Confirm their Leagues with nods, Poplars inchain
Their Arms, the Plane infitereth the Plane.

Now, the better to illustrate this by ex-
ample, *Florentius* tells us of a *Palm* that loved
most fervently, and wou'd receive (if proper-
ly it may be so said) no consolation, until
her *Lover* applyed himself to her ; you might
see the two *Trees* bend, and of their own accord
stretch out their *Boughs* to embrace and kiss each
other. They (saith he) marry one another,
and when the wind brings their odour unto
each other, they are marvellously affected ; they
will be sick and pine away for *Love*, which
the Husbandman perceiving, strokes his hand
on thole *Palms* which grow together, and so
stroaking again the *Palm* that is *enamoured*,
they carry *kisses* from one to the other, or
weaving their *Leaves* into a *Love-Net*, they
will prosper and flourish with a greater
bravery. No Creature is to be found *quod non*
aliquid amat, which doth not love some-
thing

thing, no Stock nor Stone, which hath not some feeling of its effects: Yet 'tis more eminent in Vegetables.

We shall next express what *special causes* and *motives* tend most to the encrease of this *Passion*. And here, Sir, we're oblig'd to tell you that *Beauty* and *Goodness* makes us love. Which two if they be found both in one Woman, (she's *rara avū*, a very rare thing indeed) are most availeful advantages. This *Beauty* hath great power to procure *Love*; for where it appeareth in the exterior parts in any Body, it is as it were a witness and testimony of the beauty in the Soul. It is the Witch of Nature, as Gold is the God of the World; for a Woman without *Beauty*, hath as few followers, as a man without money hath Friends.

The reason why Womens *Beauty* is of such force, that it overcomes men, is that the Sense being too much fastned upon it, doth not only (as if it gazed upon an Object above its strength) remain dazled with the Rays thereof, but reason it self is darkned, the Heart is fettered, and the Will by Love made a Prisoner.

Having discoursed thus much of *Beauty* in General, we will now descend to the particulars of *Beauty*, and demonstrate their force in causing *Love*. For there is not any that loves, but there is some particular part, either in form or condition, which pleaseth most, and inflameth him above the rest.

And first of the *Eyes*, which Scaliger calls *Cupids Arrows*; the black, round, quick, sparkling *Eye*, is the most fair, amorous and enticing,

the

the speaking, courting, enchanting Eye.—The Eyes of a beautiful woman apply their Beams, and endeavour to intangle the Hearts of those that earnestly behold her. The Poet *Propertius* calls the Eyes the Conductors and Guides in Love.

Si nescis, Occuli sunt in amore duces.

It is the Eyes that infect the Spirits, by the gazing upon an Object, and thence the Spirits infect the Blood. To this effect the Lady in *Apuleius* complained, *Thou art the cause of my Grief, thine Eyes piercing through mine Eyes into mine inward parts, have set my Bowells on fire, therefore commiserate me that am now ready to die for thy sake.*

The Eye is the Judge of Beauty, and is as it were the Looking-Glass of the Soul, in which are described all the Affections of the Soul; as *Love, Passion, Anger, Disdain, &c.* The Eye exceedingly lusteth after Beauty, and is fittest to be the principal judge thereof; the Eye being an Organ by which the Lover doth best discern the perfection of all those principal parts, which are required to the framing of a compleat Beauty.

Secondly, Fair Hair; as the Poets say, are the Prisons of Cupid; that is the cause (as we suppose) that Ladies make Rings, and Bracelets, and Love-Locks to send to their Lovers. And that's the caute too (for we must handle both Sexes) that Men curl and Powder their hair, and prune their Perriwigs, making the East side correspondent to the West.

Thirdly,

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Thirdly, the Tongue is called by Scaliger,
the Lightning of Love. But we will take all
the actions and gestures of the Mouth to-
gether with it ; what a bewitching force
hath a gracious laughter, a pleasant and elo-
quent delivery, a modest courting, a Syrens
Song, or any other comely carriage or man-
ifestation of the Mind, a corral Lip, a come-
ly order, and Set of two Ivory Rails ? How
great force and enticements lie in kissing ?

I.

*Her Hairs are Cupid's Nets, which when she spreads,
She catches Hearts and Maiden-heads.
Her Forehead makes all Gazers proud,
Not her ; and is by me allow'd
A fairer Coast than Heaven without a Cloud.*

2.

*Her Eye-brows are Loves Bows, from which her Eyes
Do seldom shoots but some man dies.
Her Lips the Temples are of Bliss ;
And he that can but get a Kiss
Knows what the end of his Devotion is.*

3.

*Her Tongue I call Loves Lightning, but the Throne
Of Graces, is her Neck alone.
Or Poets may inspired say,
There the wanton Doves do play,
When Venus means to make it Holy-Day.*

The

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They breathe out their Souls and Spirits together with their kisses, changing Hearts and Spirits, and mingle affections, as they do kisses; and is rather a connexion of the Mind, than of the Body.

I felt thee with a pleasing kind of Smart,
The kiss went tingling to my very Heart,
When it was gone, the sense of it did stay,
The sweetness cling'd upon my Lips all day,
Like drops of Honey, both so full and gay.

Fifthly, Their Breasts and Raps are called the Tents of Love; for which cause women do so much discover them, (for Women, saith Aristotle, are Natures Errata, continually studying Temptations) together with their Painted Faces, naked Neckes, Shoulders and Arms; cherishing all things necessary and in readiness, that may either allure the Mind to Fous, or the Heart to Folly. And that made L——s, Iolute his disdainful Mistress in this manner.

There are who know what once to day it was;
Your Eyes, your Conscience, and that morning-Glass.
How durst you venture that adulterate Part,
(Belabour'd with your Fucus and, best Art)
To the rude Breath of every rash Salute:
What did your proffer'd whisper expect Sun?
You were too pliant with your Ear, you wif'd
Pomatum and Vermilion might be kis'd.
That Lip, that Cheek by man was never known,
Those Favours you bestow, are not your own.
Henceforth, such kisses I'll desir like thee,
Which Druggists sell to you, and you to me.

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A Ship is not so long a Rigging, as a young
Lady is in Trimming her self against the coming
of her Sweet-Heart.

Cheely, Pleasant and Well-Composed Looks, Glances,
Smiles, Counter-Smiles, Plausible Gestures, Pleasant
Carriage and Behaviour, Affable Compliments,
a comely Gait and Pace, Dalliances, Plays,
Revels, Masks, Dancing, Fine, Place, Opportunity,
Conveniences, and impetuosity, are materials of
which Love-Torch is made; also no stronger
Engins than to hear and read of Love-Toys, Fa-
bles and Discourses, so that many by this means
become distract'd; for those Exercises do as
well open the pores of the Heart as the Bo-
dy.

Wifly, Obsequious Love-Letters, to insinuate
themselves into their Mistresses Favour, are
great incitements; they are the Life of Love.

The Pen can furrow a fud Female Heart,
And Pierce it more than Cupid's figned Dart.
Lestnoe a kind of Magick Virtue have,
And, like strong Philters, Humane Souls influe.

We purpose next to Treat of Money, causing
Love. That is, the General Humour of the
World, and in this Iron Age of ours, 'tis
that Commodity steers our Affections, the love
of Riches being most respected.

A just Proposition every where behold;
~~and~~ Gold, the Cream 'tis! remember Gold!
Gold! Gold! Those fulsome Charmes must needs
(prevail)
Gold; Gold enough! Had Spouse nor Friend nor Tail.

A Pacquet from Athens. 149

Sure this must even the Flintiest Hears subdue
These Chains whose Pearls, those Lockes, all for you
What if no Cubis bless the ill nam'd joys?
Look she's already stock'd with yellow Boys.

Now adays a Maid must buy her Husband
with a great Dowry, if she will have him
making Love Mercenary; and 'tis the fashion
altogether in use, to chuse Wives as Chamberlains
sell their Wives, with Quantum Daboll; What
is the most you will give? And for this reason
Conley tells us;

Vertue now, nor Noble Blood
Nor Wit, but by Love's understand;
Gold alone does Passion move,
Gold Monopolizes Love;
A Curse on her and on the Man
Who this Traffick first begot;
A Curse, all Curses from Above,
On those who us'd it first in Love;
Gold begets in Brethren hate,
Gold in Families Debate; }
Gold does Friendskin separate }
These the smallest Harms of it;
Gold, alas, does Love beget.

Witty was that young Gentlewoman's answer
to an inconsiderate Suitor, who having solicited
the Father, and bargained with him for the
Affection of his Daughter for so much, and
Covenants of Marriage Concluded: This un-
discreet Woer unseasonably imparts his Mind to
the Daughter; who made strange of it, saying,
she never heard of any such matter; yes, but

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(replied he) I have Bargained with your Father, and he hath already consented: And you may Marry him too (quoth she) for you must hold me excused. They care not for Beauty, Education, Honesty or Birth; If they hear that she is a Rich Heireſ, or hath ready Cash, they are Fraudick and Doting on such a one, more than if she were Natures Master-Piece in Beauty. If she be never so Ugly and Stinking, 'tis Money makes her Kifs Sweetly. Has she Money? (that's the first Question) O how they Love her!

Now to turn the Current of our Discourse to the other Sex; for this desire of Lucre is not adherent to Men only, but that there are ſome of the Female Train of the same temper. Let the Man be what he will, let him be cast in Eſops Mould, with his Back like a Lute, and his Face like Thersites, his Eyes broad and Tawny, his Lips of the largest ſize in Folio, able to Furniſh a Coblers stall with clouting leather; if he have but a Golden Hand, Midas's touch, or loaded with Golden Pockets, immediately they ſalute him with delight.

Freedom is a real Treasure,

Love a Dream all Fule and Vain;

Short, uncertain is the Pleasure,

Sure and Lasting is the Pain.

A Sincere and Tender Passion

Some ill Planes over-rules,
Ab thou blind is inclination;
Fate and Women dote on Fools.

But

But the truly *Handsom, Compleat, and Meritorious*, that cannot shew the face of a *Jacobus*, that hath not *Pock et Angels* for his *Guardians*, shall live at a distance from the Grace of her good liking.

We will next Declare what the Poets say, is the cause of Love. They say that when Jupiter first formed Man, and all Souls, he touched every one with several pieces of *Loadstone*, and afterwards put all the pieces in a place by themselves; likewise, the Souls of Women after he had touch'd them, he put them in a Magazine by themselves: Afterwards when he had sent the Souls into Bodies, he brought those of the Women to the place where the *Loadstones* were which touched the Men, and made every one to take one piece; if there were any Theevish Souls, they took several pieces and hid them. Now when that Man meets with that Woman that hath the piece which touched his Soul, it is impossible but he must Love her; the *Loadstone* which she hath, doth attract his Soul: And from hence doth proceed the several Effects of Love; for those who are Loved of many, are those Theevish Souls who took many pieces of the *Loadstone*; if any do Love one who Loves not him again, that was one who took his *Loadstone*, but he not hers. And from hence (say they) comes it to pass, that we do often see some Persons Love others, who in our Eyes are nothing amiable.

Fonseca holds (and we are of the same mind) there is something in a Woman beyond all Humane Delight, a Magnetick Virtue, a Charming Quality, and a Powerful Motive. To illustrate

this; There is a Story recorded in the *Lives of the Fathers*, of a Child whose Education was in a Desart from his infancy, by an old Hermite; Being come to mans Estate, he accidentally spied Two Comely Women wandering in the Woods; he enquired of the Hermite (having never seen such before in his Life) what Creatures they were? The Hermite told him they were Fairies; after some tract of time being in Discourse, the Hermite demanded of him which was the pleasantest and most delectable sight that he ever saw in this Life? He readily replied (without any pause, or further consideration) the two Fairies he espied in the Desart. So that indubitably, there is in a Fair and Beautiful Woman, a Magnetick Power, and a Natural Inbred Affection, which moveth our Concupisance.

To Conclude this head, It may be, that some will expect, that we should prescribe some things to cause Love; as to teach them how to Temper and Spice an Amatorious Cup, and what time may be Elected for the Administiring of it; or how Love may be caused by natural Magick; Pliny reporteth that Lucullus a most brave General and Captain of great Experience, lost his Life by a Love-Potion.

*Love hath us'd against Frail Hearts
Uniuersal Weapons, shooting Poison'd Darts.*

That there are things that have Power and Virtue to cause Love, is not to be doubted. But if these be not done under a suitable and proper Constellation, you may as well go about to pick Strawes, as effect any thing by them; no more but *verbum sat sapienti*. Also there are certain seasons

seasons (which we will conceal for Modestus sake) when Women (who never so backward at other times) may be won, in the which moment they have neither Will to deny, nor Wit to mistrust; such a time, as is Recorded in History, a young Gentleman found, to obtain the Love of the Dutchess of Alba; such a time a poor Yeoman Elected, and in it purchased the Love of the Fairest Lady in France. *Sed vulgo pridere gaudia de nefis.* If we have displeased any Fools in concealing such things as are to be concealed, we hope the Wise will hold us excused, whilst we proceed to declare unto them in the next place the *Power and Effects of Love.*

Sir, — You shall pay nothing, but your Pains in following us, whilst we shew you the great Power and various Effects of Love; and yet we think we may as well go about to number the leaves of the Trees, and Lands of the Sea, the Gras-piles upon the Land, and the Dens in the Fir-mounds, as enumerate the different Evils and Disorders that Love produceth in Mortals. Plato calls it *Maligne Demon*, or the great Devil, for its vehemency and Sovereignty over all other Passions. For such one, & had rather contend with Tygers, Werewolves, Dragons, Lions, Bull, Bears, and Gyrans, than with Love, he is so powerful.

Love hath walked on Steepers, without the Lawrels of Victors, thrown croable into States, Schisms in Churches, corruption among Judges, and Parties into Arms. It Afflicteth in Company, in Solitude, at Windows, at Prison Gates, at Theaters, and in Cabinets, at Sports, in a Beast, at a Comedy, and many times at Church. Chains and Wounds are Honourable, if they

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come from a beloved hand, making their Heads
Cushions for their Mistresses Feet; shewing that
they find more force in their Eyes, than in their
own Hearts. They would dye a Thousand
Deaths for them, so they throw but so much as
a handful of Flowers, or distill but a poor Tear
on their Tombs. *Lope!* It is a natural Distem-
per, a kind of Small-Pox; every one hath had
it, or is to expect it, and the sooner the better.

A Lovers Heart is Cupids Quiver, an inextin-
guishable Fire, more hot and vehement than any
material Fire; it is the quintessence of Fire, which
no Water can quench.

For Love baith Nets there laid to serve his turn,
And in the Water will his Wildfire burn.

It is impossible to reckon up the many great
Dangers and Hazards Lovers undergoe; they under-
take single Combates, measure their Lives, creep
in at Windows, Gutters, go down Chimnies in Ropes,
and Climb over Walls to come to their Sweet-hearts;
Anoint the Doors and Hinges with Oyl, lest they
should make a Noise, Tread softly, Whisper, &c.
and if they be Surprised, Leap out at Windows,
and cast themselves down Headlong. What a Passi-
onate Speech was that of Celerioideo in Lucian:
The which we thus Paraphrase; *O ye Gods
Celestial, Grant me this Life, for Ever, to sit Opposite
to her I Love; that I may continually be an Auditor
of her Mellifluous Speeches, to go in and out with
her; be that Frowns upon her, shall Frown upon me;
if she should Die, I would not Live; and One
Tomb should contain us both.* This is a good
Composicion, and a good Conclusion; If I might
conclude.

Love causeth him that doth Love, to ingrave
and imprint in his Heart, that Face and Image
which he Loveth; so that the Heart of him that
Loveth is like unto a Looking-Glass, in which the
image of the Party Beloved shineth and is Repre-
sented; and doth as it were deprive him of him-
self, and giveth himself to whom he Loveth; for
the Delights of Love are commonly more in the
Imagination, than in the thing it self; and the
Soul doth cast her Eye upon those images
which remain in the Fancy, and looks upon
them as if they were present.

*Ab Cruel Love! how great a Power is thine!
Under the Pole although we lie,
Thou mak'st us Fry;
And thou can'st make us Freeze beneath the Line.*

Yet this Amorous Passion is not more frequent
with Men and Women, than it is with the *Airy*
Quiristers, the nimble Birds, who are overtaken
with Cupids nimblter Wings, annually electing
their Valentines.

*Th' all the sweete Voyc'd Quiristers which be
This Day together join'd in Amity
By Natures Bonds, their Notes in one Combine
To chant the Praiss of my Valentine,
Twou'd be too harsh a Trumpet for the Fame
Of Fairest, Dearest, Chastest Marg'ret's Name:
None but thy Lover, thou art so Divine,
Can Sing thy Worsh, Dear Valentine.*

What a perfect Harmony of Affection is there betwixt the Turtle and his dear Mate? Whose continual billing shame Diana and her frigid Train! What a Zealous Adorer of Venus is the wanton Sparrow, who empties himself of all his Radical Moisture in her Rites, and at Three Years end (when the Colume of his Life fails him) offers up his dry Bones a Sacrifice to her! Aristotle will have Birds sing ob *fatuorum veterum*, for Joy and Hope of their Love-relish to come. Cupid is as familiar with Lions, as Children with cosset Lambs, and oftentimes mounts on their Backs, holding by their Brisky Mains, and riding them about like Horses, whilst they fawn upon him with their Tails.

It is Love makes Old Men and Women, that have more Toes then Teeth, Dance and Frisk like Goats; it makes Old Gowry Fellows break their Crutches, yes, and Shins too, and Dance after Pidlers, Hei-go-mad.

Maids when they get together (Pardon us Ladies, for 'tis our design to touch all) are still either Reading or telling of Love-Stories, Singing Love-Songs or Sonnets, talking of this or that Young Man, such a Man is Proper, Fair, and handsome, saith one; and such a Man is Black and Comely; O! what a Pearl is he in my Eye, saith another; and thus they chat when they meet, never thinking or willingly discoufing upon any other Subject. And forsooth they must fast St. Agnes Eve, to see who must be their first Husbands, and flock to the Astrologist to know who they shall Marry, and how many Husbands they shall have; nay, what would they

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they not give if they might but see him in a
Glafs ?

VVe will now turn to the *Inamorato*; and suppose one should endeavour to Reform him, (then which, one had better strive to tame a Rambler) immediately he will burst out in Choler, saying, *Would you have me inconstant? Oh no, not for the World!*

*A Constancy in Love I'll prize,
And be to Beauty true;
And dear on all the Lovely Eyes,
That are but Fair and New.*

*On Cloris Charms to Day I'll Feed,
To Morrow Daphne's move;
For bright Lucinda next I'll Blend,
And still be true to Love.*

*What, would you have me Mad? (as he is not
better) No, I will be Constant till Death; staring
more at the word Inconstancy, than at a Devil.*

*There's no such thing as Constancy we call,
Faithyes not Hearts; 'tis Inclination all;
The Worlds a Scene of Changts, and so be
Constans in Nature, were Inconstancy;
The most fix'd Being still does move and fly,
Swift as the Wings of Time 'tis meafur'd by.
I imagine then your Love shou'd never cease,
Love, which is but the Ornament of life,
Were quite as somelss as so wonder why
Beauty and Colour stay not when we Dye.*

Mad!

Had we a Quill pluck'd from Cupids Wing
and dipt in the Milk of Venus, we could not
Record all the Delight Lovers take in Displaying
the Beauty of their Mistresses, with obsequious
Hyperbolts, and things most Excellent, compar-
ing their Eyes to those of Night, to the Sun, and
call them Spheres of Light, flaming and Strongly
enkindling all others.

Why sit you not (Pencil to be drawn)
A rarer piece no Pencil ever drew :
Had fam'd Appelles seek so rich a Pawa,
His Venus he had perfecteed by you.
But why no Limner dares approach, I sin;
Alas! Your Eyes would strike the Artist blind.

They compare her to Aurora, or the Morning,
to the Snow, Ethy, Rose, to the whiteness of the
Swan, sometimes to the Myrtle, sometimes to
Gold, Rubies, Diamonds, Cristal, sometimes they
parallel her with the Heavens, the Spring, and
whatsoever is in any degree excellent; and yet
they think those but beggarly Smilitudes, and
wou'd go higher, if they cou'd tell how.

Now see how She Lovers Fry under the Torrid
Zone of Love, hourly in that Elysium, quenching
and renewing their Heats, and letting themselves
loose to the freedom of Uncontroll'd Embraces.
Expressing themselves in these or such like Raptures,
viz. My Dearest, Unless thou be st Frosty
Spirited, unless Alecto's cold Poison fills thy
Veins, I'll Meli thee into Amorous Thoughts,
and speak Charms to all thy Senses, and make
thee all Flame.

The Lover Hugs and Embraces all his Mistresses Friends and Followers; her Picture, and and what ever she wears, he adores as a Relique; her Dog he makes his constant Companion, feeding him at his Table, verifying the Proverb, *Love me, love my Dog.* If he gets a Ring, Ribband, a Shobe-tie, her Garter, a Bracelet of Hair of hers, he wears it (*ut pignus amoris*) for a Favour about his Arm, In his Hat, Finger, or next his Heart. How many of such-like, would not stick to hazzard their very Souls for their Mistresses sake? And because they know Women are given to *Dissimile*, they will never believe them when they Deny, and will defend their Mistresses even in a wrong and unjust cause:

Many a Lover seeks to win his Mistresses Affection with gallant and costly Apparrel, putting all he hath on his Back, thinking Women are Married to fine Cloaths, making his *Taylor* his *Baud*, and hopes to enveagle her *Love* with such a coloured Suit; but surely the same man hazzards the loss of her Favour, upon every change of his Cloaths. Another with an *Affected pace*. Another with *Musick*. Another with *Rich Gifts*, and *Pleasant Discourses*. Another with *Letters Vows and Promises*, to be Gracious in her Eyes, struts like a *Peacock*, with his Train before her,

But there are many other, who every moment declare their *Fervour*, their *Torment* and *Martyrdom*; they serve, they sooth, they continually frequent, they spy out, all occasions, they silently practise all the ways they can, to come to the end of their designs.

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Latin and its neighbour has equally revolted
has confounded ; are ~~but~~ now absent
Europe is caught in a new翻譯 now
Why this Talking still of Doing ?

Why this Dismal Look and Groan ?

Leave, fond Lover, leave your Sighing,
Let those Fruiless Arts alone.

Love's the Child of Joy and Pleasure,

Born of Beauty, Nurs'd with Wits,

Much amiss you take your measure,

This dull whining way to hit.

3.

Tender Maids you fright from Loving.

By the Effect they see in you.

If you wou'd be truly moving,

Eagerly the Points pursue.

4.

Brisk and Gay appear in Waiting ;

Pleasant be, if you wou'd please ;

All this Talking, and no Doing,

Will not Love, but Hate increase.

Some are so softishly overcome, as to waste
Ten Years of Service to kiss a Womans hand,
and suffer tor a shameful Servitude, that which
(we protest) we would not endure one Year, for
an Empire.

For we think a Mediocrity in Love is the best :
But here we see, one of these Melancholy

Lovers

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Lovers, setting a Frowning Tatt, Saturhine Face upon us : Objeſting, that he that Loves not in the highest point of Extremity, does not Love one fit.

Indifference in Love ? It cannot be,
Tis contradiction to the last degree !
Cool Temp'rate Passion is an empty name,
And greater nonsense than a Freezing Flame : }
Hope, Fear and Joy may with degrees dispence,
These Passions but by halves affect our sense ; }
But when we Love, 'tis still with Violence.
And that dull Shepherd, who this Truth denies,
Sure never must have seen your Clara's Eyes ;
Half Beauties may perhaps half Passions move,
But she still wounds with all the force of Love :
For whilst such rigorous Flames she does inspire,
Preserves her self unmov'd by any Fire :
Who gaze upon her charms, are sure to burn,
And are as certain to have no return ;
Fit never Repent them of their Destiny,
But count it greater Bliss for her to Dye, }
Than in the Arms of other Beauties Lie. }

He that can be indifferent, and Love all alike,
cannot Love one as he ought to do; or he that
can measure, or think any greater then his own,
is not a Lover worth a rush ; for to enjoin a
Mediocrity in Love, is to impose an impossibility.
But can you think (saith the Lover) that one
who Loves, will ever be troubled with the presence
of her whom he Loves ? If you did but know
what it is to Love, you wou'd never think that
he who Loves, can do any thing to displease. If he
chance

chance to commit any fault, the fault it self pleafeth, conſidering with what intention it was committed. The very desire of being amiable has ſuch a vigour in a right Lover, as tho' he be rough to the World in general, yet will he be ſure to ſmooth and ſpruce up himſelf towards her he loves. Nay, he thinks himſelf in the Orchard of Adonis, or the Elysium-Fields, if he enjoy her company, he is ſo taken with delight.

This Love gathers its heat, and redoubteth its force by Hope.

*'Tis Expectation makes a Blessing dear;
Heaven were not Heaven, if we knew what 'twere.*

This Hope or Expectation inflameth with the soft and gentle Air thereof, or our foolish desires, kindleth in our Minds a Fire, from whence ariseth a thick Smoak, which blindeth our Understanding, carryeth with it our Thoughts, holds them hanging in the Clouds, and makes us *dream waking*.

How justly are those cruel Ladies to be condemned, who being rich in Beauty (scorning Art) ſuffer their loyal Amorists to die for love of them unpityed. And on the other ſide (to make neither Barrel better Herring) ſome young men are ſo obſtinate, and as curioſ in their choice, and Tyrannically proud, insulting, deceitful and false-Hearted. Therefore let these go together, for Love and Hanging go by *Destiny*.

Yet there are ſome feminine humours ſo tractable, that they are won with a ſmall intreaty, according to that of the Commedian,

Such

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Such rape thou act'st upon my Soul, and with such pleasing violence dost enforce it, that when it shou'd resist, it tamely yields; making a kind of haste to be undone; as if the Victory were lost, and Conquest came by overthrow.

Wounded with Love, they yield up Nature's Treasure,
To be all ransackt at the Victor's pleasure.

She is now peevish and sick till she see him; discontent, heavy, sad. And why comes he not? Where is he? Why breaks he promise? Why tarries he so long? Sure he is not well; he hath some mischance certainly; he forgets himself and me. But when he comes, then with a seeming coyness she looks upon him, with a cold look, though she be all Flame within.

The coyest She that is may be won by fair opportunity, being the strongest plea in the Court of Venus, able to overthrow her be she never so coy; (for 'tis more easy for some Maids to suffer themselves to be martyred by Tyrants in defence of their Chastity, than (if opportunity, pleasing Courtship and importunity serve) not to yield that to a Lover, which they would have denied to an Executioner.) But to gull their Lovers the more, and fetch them over, they will shew them Kings, Givers, Scarfes, &c. saying, that such a Gallant sent them; when there's no such matter, but merely to circumvent them. O the subtily of Women, to whet their Lovers appetite! They will fall out and quarrel with them on set purpose, pick quarrels upon no occasion, because they woud be

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be reconciled unto them again, according to the old Grammar Rule, *Amantium ire Amoris, reintegratio est*. The falling out of Lovers is the renewing of Love.

The blunt Country Wench did as eloquently as she cou'd express her self In these words; There's something runs in any mind, I wish it were out; but I wish somebody lov'd me, as well as I love somebody: Poor Girl, both at milking, walking, and working, still something troubles her: At last she cries out, Hai-ho, for an Husband; a bad Husband, nay the worst that ever was, is better than none.

But now Mr. W:m, to put a Period to this Section, for Volumes wou'd not be sufficient for him who shon'd write all the Passions which daily arise as Members from this Passion.

We shall therefore in the next place (for perhaps Sir, if Clara reject your Suite, a Widow may charm you next) discouer the Power and Effect of Love with Widows.

Mr. W:m, we'll let you smile, but do not jeare at our curiositie in describing the Effects of Love in Widows (who like Herald's Herse-Cloths, serve so many Funerals with a little altering the colour), and the wylie Lasses they lay so bring on their Suitors. It wou'd make a Dog laugh to hear how they will bally their Age, saying, they're little past Thirty, when they've scarce a Tooch in their heads.

They will artificially discourse of their former Husbands, saying, they have no memory of Life, unless it be to think of, and to live in him, thinking thereby to engage their Lovers the more, and to let them see how much they

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they do deserve to be beloved, in shewing them how capable they are of Love, and how much they can cherish the Affections of a living man, since they so long retain those of dead ones, imitating such Decoys, as to gain another Mans money, do willingly deposite some of their own. O Heavens! saith she, (relating her Love to her former Husband) how do I resent his loss! And have ever since preserv'd so lively a memory of him in my Soul (for I did love him with most perfect Affection) that methinks I see him every hour before mine eyes.

She has a trick to commend to them a single life; just as Horse-Couriers do their Jades, to put them away. While she's a Widow (observe her) she's no morning Woman; the Evening and a good Fire may make her listen to a Husband.

Really, Mr. Wem, I admire at those Men who take delight to court Widows. What a Fantastical Stomach must he needs have, that cannot eat of a dish of Meat, till another have cut of it? Who wou'd wash after another, when he might have fresh water enough for asking? The Principal of a Widows Love is perished with the Use.

Wherefore 'tis a resolucion of the Spaniard, of what mean quality soever he be, he will not marry a Widow, altho' she be very young and wealthy, and it hath been a resolution of theirs from Antiquity, and continueth to this day: And to this effect one of 'em made this Answer,

I will no Widows wed, my reason's found;
I'll drink no water wherein one was drown'd.
Surely

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Surely Widows were ordained for younger Brothers, for they being born to no Lands, must Plow in another mans Soil. But we expect no thanks from them for this, having trespassed a little too much upon their Patience. Therefore we will proceed on, and tell you the Signs of Love.

Mr. Wem, Having entred thus far within this melancholy Devils Territories. It is our purpose to set before you a clear Representation and Image of a Love-sick Person, with an account of those various Gestures and Actions Lovers have.

Love, tho' it be never so close, and kept private, may be discovered, if Prudence and Artifice be used. Yet we wish everyone, who ventures his judgment in the discovering of an Inamorato, not rashly to give credit to one testimony of contingent Signs, but join many, and consider them together for the perfection of his judgment.

We'll first shew how it may be discover'd by Physiognomy. We commonly call Physiognomy the Science whereby men judge of the nature, complexion and manners of every one, by the contemplation of all the members of the Body, and chiefly of the Face and Countenance.

A rejoicing Heart maketh merry the Face. And is a received opinion, that *Vultus est Index Animi*; the Countenance is the Discoverer of the Mind. So that one affirms that those that are in Love, have a continual motion of winking with their Eye-lids. Tears are Signs of this passion, which may be observed by the Poets so often representing unto us Lovers weeping and lamenting; because Love is

delighted

delighted in tears; but this Sign is not very certain, especially in Women, who have the command of their Tears, and can unslace the Flood-Gates of their Eyes when they please.

But as this *Passion* enters first into the *internal parts* by the *Eyes*; so they send forth the first assured and undoubted *tokens* of the same (for there's no *Passion* but some particular Gesture of the *Eyes* declare it:) So soon as ever the *malady* hath seized upon the *Patient*, it causeth a certain kind of *modest Cast* of the *Eyes*; but if it begin to get strength upon the *party*, then the *Eyes* begin to grow hollow and dry, and you may observe them to stand, as if they were in some deep contemplation, or else were fix'd in beholding something that much delights them.

Hair growing thick behind the *Ears*, and besides the *Temples*, is a Sign of a vehement inclination to *Love*. *Valescus de Tarenta*, the most famous Physician of his Age, observes the *chopping* of *Lips* in Women to be a Sign of their inclination to this *Malady*; for that it denotes the *intemperate heat of the Matrix*. They cannot endure to look any one in the face, because they think, that through their *Eyes* they see their *Hearts*.

The *Lovers Arms* are carelessly used, as if their best use were nothing but *Embracements*. If you ask him a question, he answers not, or not to the purpose; and no wonder, for he is not at home, his thoughts being gone a *Wool-gathering* with his *Mistress*. *Scragling thoughts* are his content, they make him dream waking. Speak to him, he hears with his

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his Eyes, his *Eyes* follow his Mind, and that's
not at leisure.

Ovid saith, That Paleness is a confuse colour
with Lovers.

Pallidus omnis amans, color hic est apice amandi.

One trembles at the sight of his Mistress,
tremor *Cardis*, Palpitations of the Heart; another
sweats, blows short, his Heart is at his
mouth, leaps, he burns, freezes, and some-
times thro' violent agitation of the Spirits
bleeds at Nose.

Fier Soul, he is inflam'd with fits of Love,
So violently hot, as they do move
His Pulse to beat a Madman's temper: He
Does sigh, does languish, seems half dead to't,
And ever in such violence sorely,
As ask him what he ails, he cannot tell.

Erasistratus discovered the Love of Antiochus
to his Step-mother, for so soon as ever she
entered the Chamber, his colour changed, his
Speech stopped, his Looks were pleasant, his
Face burned, and he was all in a sweat, his
Pulse beat very disorderly, and lastly his Heart
failed him; with other such like symptoms,
which are wont to appear in melancholy
Lovers.

A serious Lover can alone explain
In same well ordered Speech his anxious pain;
But when his beauteous Idol comes in sight,
All's lost in Grings and a buzzing Faze:
Fear of offending and desire to please,
Turns all to Blushes-and-half Sentences,

Yet that confusion shew's a Love more true
Than all the Flowers of Rhetorick can do.

Tis undeniable, but that a passionate Lover
may be known by the Pulse, by reason of
the stirrings of the Spirits; for which cause,
saith Avicen, if one wou'd know the name
of such an ones Mistress, he must feel his
Pulse, and at the same Instant name the
Party whom he suspects to be the cause of
his Malady, and take some occasion or other
to commend her Beauty, sweetness of Behaviour,
Attire, or Qualities of the Mind; for
at the same time, you shall perceive (saith he)
a strange alteration in the motion of the
Pulse, and it will be very unequal, swift,
and often interrupted.

Mr. Burian in his Anatomy of Melancholy saith,
the best Conjectures are taken, from such
symptoms as appear when the Parties are
both present, all their Speeches, amorous Glan-
ces, Actions and Gestures will bewray them.
They cannot contain themselves, but they
will be still Kissing, joining hands, treading on
one anothers Toes, embracing, pinching, diving
into their Bosoms, &c. Tho' it be so that
they cannot come near, and have the oppor-
tunity to dally, yet if they be in presence,
their Eyes will bewray them: ubi Amor, ibi
Oculus; where I look, I like; and where I
like, I love. They will be still gazing, fla-
ring, winking, nodding, stealing Faces, smir-
king and glancing at her, with much eager-
ness and greediness, as if their Eyes could
never be satisfied with seeing her.

They

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They are troubled with immoderate *wakings*, and *sighings*, because in Lovers are divers *imaginings*, and *fancies*, that steal into the Brain, and never suffers them to take any quiet repose.

They are vexed with immoderate *sighings*, by reason that they many times are oblivious of drawing their breath, being wholly taken up with the strong imagination, that they love either in beholding the beauty of their Objects, or else in their absence contemplating on their rare *perfections*, and contriving the means how to come to their *desires*: So that recollecting themselves, Nature is constrained to draw in as much Air at once, as before it shou'd have done at two or three times: And such a respiration is called a *sigh*: Which indeed is nothing else but a double respiration. Observe one transfix'd with violent *Love* and you shall find that all he holdeth, all he meditateth on, all he speaketh, all he dreameth, is of the *Creature* he loveth. He hath her in his Head and Heart, painted, graved, carved, in the most pleasing Forms. For her he entreth sometimes into *quakings*, sometimes into *saintings*, another while into *fits of fire, Ice*; he soareth in the *Air*, and instantly is drenched in the *Abyss*; he attendeth, he espieth, he fears, he hopes, he despairs, he sighs, he blushes, he waxeth pale, he doth in the best company, he addresses his Speech to Woods, Groves and Fountains; he writeth, he blots out, he teareth, he lives like a *Hermit*, estranged from the conversation of Men: *Repose*, which charmeth all the cares of the World, is not made for him; still this fair one, still this cruel one, tormenteth him.

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A Pacquet from Athens. A 171

You shall see another of Cupids Slaves burthen himself with News of no value; he makes a Secret of every thing, and gives out those for Mysteries to his Mistress, which are proclaimed with a Trumpet.

Another is so extreamly open breasted (that you need look for no other sign) he tells all his Thoughts, and as if his Heart were a Sieve, it keeps nothing which it sends not out by the Lips. So that the many Passions that Multiply in the Breast of a Lover, do bring with them an extenuation and impairing of the Complexion; and sometimes a strange kind of alteration in the individual Essence, from whence do arise those Furies of Love, and Potent Frenzies, and Insensible Astonishments, which happen many times to those that Love. You may observe this Passion drawn to the Life by Virgil in his Dido, *Eneid.* 4.

*Vixit infelix Dido, toraq; vagatur
Urbe furens, &c.*

She was so Tormented with the Heat of her Love, that she ran up and down the City as if she had been Distracted. For Lovers through despair of obtaining their desires, thro' the inflammation of the Vitals become Melancholy, which is (to speak truth) a madness; for all Passions that produce strange and unusual behaviour, are called by the general Term of Madness. And of the several kinds of madness caused by Love, he that would take the pains, might enroll a Legion.

The Learned Avisen reporteth in his Chapter

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de Amore, That from this Passion proceeds the Green-Sickness in Women, (which is sometimes accompanied with a gentle Fever called by our Modern Writers an Amorous Fever.

The poor Inamorato loves to be in Melancholly, Saturnine places, where he may best Contemplate the Beauty of his Mistress, and not be obstructed by other Objects ; where he may best remember any one Action of hers ; nay, the very place where he last saw her. Do you think he would change his Contentment, for any thing in the whole Universe ? He is so Jealous and so Careful to entertain this very thought, that least he should make any a sharer with him, he will retire unto the most solitary and unfrequented places that he can find.

He may be styled an Astronomer, for he fixes the Eye of his Meditation upon the wandring Venerean Planet. If you go into his Study, you shall find Ten Amorous Volumes, for One Pamphlet of Theology, and scarce that too. Oh ! How the Shelves are stufit with Romances, and his Pockets with Songs and Sonnets !

If you observe a Lover in the presence of his Mistress, you shall see him either struck Dumb, or when he speaks, it is but stammeringly, not knowing how to speak. And this is, because the sense of a Lover being too earnestly intent and setled in the Contemplation of the Beauty of his Mistress, he doth as it were altogether forget himself ; and being lull'd asleep in his Belov'd Object, the over vehement intention of the Mind, taketh away the outward use of the Tongue.— But recovering himself, cries out,

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I can no longer hold — my Body grows
Too narrow for my Soul ; sick with Repose
My Passions call to be abroad, and where
Should I discharge their weight, but in her Ear
From whose Fair Eyes the Burning Arrow came
And made my Heart a Quiver for the Flame?
I dare not ! How? Cupid is Blind we know !
I never heard that he was Dumb till now :
Love and not tell my Mistress ! How crept in
That Kjlling Shaft ! Is it to Love a Sin ?
Is't ill to feed a longing in my Blood ?
And was't no fault in her to be so Good ?
I will not then be Silent — Yet forbear,
Convey thy Passion rather in some Tear ;
Or let a Sigh express, how much thy Bliss
Depends on her, or Breathe it in a Kiss,
And mingle Souls ; loud accents call the Eyes,
Of Envy, and but waken Jealousies :
Then Silence be my Language, which if see
But understand, and speak again to me ;
We both secure our Fates, and prove at least
The Miracles of Love are not quite ceast :
For then I'll Read, in spight of Standers by,
Whole Volumes in the twinkling of her Eye.

An Unfortunate Lover speaks of nothing but his
Mistress and his Flames ; he is always in the Fire,
like the Salamander, he has a perpetual Mourning
Æina in his Breast.

It Requires much Subtlety and Craft to discover this Passion in Women, they conceal and smother it so closely, that they will seem to be in a great Fury and Hatred, when they most of all Love ; giving peevish Answers, and refuse seemingly the Affections presented unto them :

They are like those Physicians and Lawyers,
that refuse a Fee, yet put out their Hand to take
it. Or,

*She'll fly away, and yet wou'd fain
With all her Heart be over-tain.
She will deny, yet seem to daunt
A Lover when she fain would grant.
She will resist, that you at length.
May seem to vanquish her by strength.
For thus her Honour does ordain,
She should Resist, and yet but feign.*

Yes, (*Ladies*) you shall see some of your own Sex so surprised with Affection, as it bursts out into violent Extreams; their discourse is semi-brev'd with Sighs, their Talk with Tears; they appear desperately Forlorn, making Woods and Groves their disconsolate Walks. So as in time they fall in a poor *Maudlin Distemper* by giving reins to Passion, till it estrange them from the Sovereignty of Reason. We could say more, but Modesty will not permit us.

Yet, some there are, who are not such kind Souls, nor half so passionate, more discreet in their choice, and in the passages of Love more Temperate. These will not daign to cast a loofe look upon their Beloved; but stand to punctually upon their terms, as if they stood indifferent for their choice, albeit constantly (though privately) resolved never to admit of any change. They can play with the Flame, and never singe their Wings; look Love in the Face, and preserve their Eyes; Converse where they take delight, and colour their Affection with a reign'd disdain.

Some

Some Artists will undertake to judge who are in Love by Chiromancy, by the Lines of the Hand. For say they, If a little cross be upon the line of Life (in the hand) near the Angle, it portends Maladies of Love. Also, if the Table-Line join it self with the middle natural Line, so as both do make an Angle, this doth demonstrate one to be variously troubled with Love, rendring the parties Life very displeasing.

It seems to some (how true it is we know not) to be possible for a Man to know whether one be in Love or no, by their Natural and Animal Dreams, if the Party will but relate them at his awaking; for the Fancy in Sleep is most taken up with those things that the mind hath been busied with in the Day.

They say, that those Lovers who are very Melancholly through the extremity of this Passion, are accustomed to horrible and fearful Dreams, by reason of the Melancholly Vapours that ascend up into the Brain.

Also to Dream of Travelling through Woods, sticking in Bushes and Bryers, doth signifie much Trouble and Crosses in Love.

To Dream of Angling and Fishing, signifies a Difficulty, and that the party dispairs of obtaining the Object beloved. But to Dream of Banquets and Feasts, doth signifie the hopes of the Party Loving, and that his proceeding in Love shall be prosperous.

To Dream of Winds, Storms, and Showers of Rain, doth signifie Love-Passion.

To Dream of Riding on a tired Horse, or drawing Water out of a Well, or Climbing upon a steep Hill, is a sign of a Vehement Love Passion.

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To Dream of seeing ones Mistress in a Glass, is an infallible token of Love, and that there shall be Reciprocal Affection between the Parties.

To Dream of being a Husbandman or Plowman, to Sow, Plant, or Dig, is a sign of being in Love.

But Sangüine Complexioned Lovers, use to Dream of Pleasant and Delectable things, as Fair Gardens, Orchards, Flowers, Green Meadows.

If you have any Faith in Astrology, (which Athens can never encourage you in) the Astrologers will tell you, you may find out a Love-sick Mind by

First, Diligently inquiring whether the Party hath had any Crosses or Troubles which might cause a dejection of Soul in him, and whether they do not suspect the Party to be in Love; these being considered, then you may safely go on to Judgment.

Saturn generally signifies Melancholly, and by consequence alienation of the Mind, Madness, &c. and therefore always when you find him to be Significator of the Malady, or in the Ascendant, or in the Sixth House, the Sick is Afflicted with Care and Grief, and be sure the Love-sick-Mind suffers for it.

Also if Venus be Author of the Disease, and the Lady of the Ascendant, Sixth or Twelfth Houses, the Distemper comes from Love, or something else of this nature is the cause.

Mr. Wm, shou'd you here ask us, At what Age Men and Women first begin to be in Love? —

We Answer, All have a taste of this Potion, though it have several Degrees, of Operation and at several Seasons.

But

But the most received opinion is, That Men and Women are subject to this Passion, as soon as they are entered into those Years in which they come to their Puberty; which appeareth in Men chiefly by their *Voice*, which at that time grows great and harsh; it may be known also in Women by observing their *Breasts*, which about this time begin to swell and grow Bigger, and that for the most part about the Age of 12 and 14; so likewise it is the Justice of Nature, that those Creatures that sooner meet their Period, do as suddenly arrive at their Perfection and maturity; as we may observe in Women, who as they are ripe sooner than Men, so they commonly fail before them.

Some there are that would deprive men of this power, or Love to have any power over them, so long as they are under the age of 20 Years; for *Homer* saith, *Love frisks not till such time as the Ctin begins to bud*: which is altogether repugnant to Truth and daily Examples; for we see many to Rage Furiously before they come to Years of discretion; especially Women. *Quarilla in Petronius* never remembred that she was a Maid. *Rahab the Harlot* began to be a profest Quean at Ten Yeafs of Age, and was but 15 when she hid the Spies, as some Report. *Leo* saith that in *Affrick* one shall scarce find a Maid at 14 years of Age; for when the vehemency of Adolescency (which is betwixt the Age of 14 and 28) begins to excite 'em, and when they have greatest need of a Bridle, then they let loose the Reins, committing themselves to the subjection of this passion.

*Quoth he to bid me not to Love,
Is to forbid my Pulse to move;*

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My Beard to grow, my Ears to prick up,
Or when I'm in a fit to Hick up;
Command me to Pil's out the Moon,
And twill as easily be done. — Hudibras.

This Passion is more tolerable in youth, and such as are in their hot Bloud; 2nd shall we be bold to speak it without offence to the stale Bachelors, that Love is not properly nor naturally in season, but in that Age next unto Infancy.

But for an Amorous Complexion to cover glowing Fires beneath the embers of a Gray Beard, to see an Old Man to dote upon Women, what more Odious? What more Absurd? Yet in some this Italian Fire flameth more in their Old Age than in their Youth. Aristotle saith, That Old Men are not out of the reach of Cupid, nor bid defiance to Venus, till they have passed the Age of 80 Years.

Women often become Frantick, and Mad for Love, but rarely Men; unless it be some effeminate weak Spirited Fellows. Upon this, New Athens took occasion one day to visit Bedlam, and so one Man that was there for Love, we found 10 Women; and those Men that were there, were such as had lived effeminately, Idly, and Dleted themselves Riotously and Delicately.

Pblegmatick Persons are rarely Captivated, and those who are naturally Melancholy, les than they.

But why this Niceness to that Pleasure shown,
Where Nature sums up all her Joys in one
Gives all she can; and lab'ring still to give,
Makes it so great, we can but Taste and Live?

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So fills the Senses that the Soul seems, fled from home
And Thought is self does for the time ly Dead ;
Till like a string screw'd up with eager haste,
It breaks, and is too exquisite to last ;
The full Possession does but fan the Fire ;
The more we still enjoy, the more we still desire.
Unhappy Mortals ! Whose sublimest Joy
Preys on it self, and does it self destroy.

But when Men are once catch'd in *Corporal Love* ; unless they hang themselves, (which they will be much inclined to) they will never be free from desires of Enjoyment. For the *Cold Evil is common to all Complexions*, whilst they are young and lusty.

Thus, Mr. Wem, have we given you (from our own experience, and the best Authors we have yet found) all the Discoveries we have made in *Corporal Love* and *Wedlock* ; and we all of us wish you so much Happiness in *Clara's Arms*, that you may never suspect her Virtue either in a Single or Married State. But seeing there is no true *Love without a spice of Jealousy*, we'll here give you our own experience on this Subject.

Jealousy is Described and Defined to be a certain Suspicion which the Lover bath of the Party he chiefly Affects, lest he or she should be Enamoured of another : Or an eager desire of enjoying some Beauty alone, and to have it proper to himself only. It is a fear or doubt lest any Foreigner shou'd participate or share with him in his *Love* ; still apt to suspect the worse in such Doubtful Cases.

This Passion of Jealousy is more Eminent among Bachelors than Married Men. If it appear

among Batchelours, we commonly call them *Rivals* or *Corrivals*, a similitude having its Original from a River, *Rivales a Rivo*; for as a River divides a common ground betwixt Two Men, and both participate of it: So is a Woman indifferent betwixt Two Suitors, both likely to enjoy her; and thence cometh this emulation, which breaks out many times into Tempestuous Storms, and produceth lamentable effects.

*It is Resistance that Inflames Desire
Sharpens the Darts of Love, and blows his Fire.*

Love with Jealousy, and a Madman, are Cousins-Germans in Understanding; for questionless immoderate Love is a Madness, and then had Bedlam need be a great and spacious House; for he that never was in that Predicament, is either Blind or Mad.

This Consuming Fever blemisheth and corrupteth all that otherwise is good and lovely in them. But as the most firm in Religion, may have doubts; so the most confident in Love, are capable of suspicion.

*For all those false Alarms of Strife
Between the Husband and the Wife
Such Little Quarrels often prove
To be but new Recruits of Love.
When those who're always kind, or Coy,
In time must either tire, or Cloy
In all Amours a Lover burns
With Frowns, as well as Smiles, by turns
And Hearts have been as oft with sullen,
As Charming Looks, surpris'd and Bitten.*

BROWNS

Tben

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Then why should more bewitching Clamour

Some Lovers n't as much enamour'd

For Distards make the sweetest Airs —

And Curses are a kind of Prayers.— Hudibras

Next time you see a Jealous Lover, do but mark him, and you shall see (without a pair of Spectacles) how he misinterprets every thing is either said or done, most apt to mistake or misconster ; he peeps into every corner, follows close, observes to an hair all the postures and actions of his Mistress, he will sometimes Sigh, Weep, and Sob for Anger, Swear, Slander, and Believe any Man ; sometimes he will use obsequious and Flattering Speeches, and ask Forgiveness, Condemning his Rashness and Folly ; and then immediately again, he is as impatient and furious as ever he was : Therefore we wish (young Ladies) to beware of such Infidels, who wax and wane an Hundred times in an Hour, as tho' they were born in the change of the Moon : The Lover pries on all sides, nicely observing on whom his Mistress looks, and who looks on her. Argus did not so keep his Cow, the watchful Dragon the Golden Fleece, or Cerberus Hill-gates, as he does her, toyling and wasting away himself in pursuit of so concealed a Mystery, and so obscure a Truth. If he see her Discourse familiarly with another, if by Nod, Wink, Smile or Message, he thinks she hankers after another, at which he is instantly Tormented; none so Dejected as he is, he thinks himself utterly undone.

Now as touching Women, They have the Symptoms of this Passion more Vehemently than Men,

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Men. But how can they moderate their Passions? How can they but be Jealous, when they see themselves manifestly Neglected, Contemned, Loathed, unhandsomely used, and their Unkind Lovers Court Ladies to their Faces? There is a Tree in Mexicana which is so exceedingly tender, that a Man cannot touch any of its Branches, but it withers presently; so Women are so subject to this Passion, that (like Tinder) they will take Fire at the least spark of Suspicion, and a small touch will Wound and Kill their Love.

*The Greater care, the higher Passion shew's ;
We hold that dearest, we most fear to loose ;
Distrust in Lovers is too warm a Sun ;
But yet 'tis Night in Love, when that is gone.*

This Passion is most predominant in Old Men, which very properly may be compar'd to Ivy, because that grows ordinarily upon old Heaps or Ruins.

We hope we shall not be thought Vagrants from our subject, if we tell Married Couples that suspicion of it self is able to make one fly out that was otherwise Honest. If we consider that *Jealousy* and *Cuckolds* differ no otherwise than a City Sheriff and Alderman, a little time makes the one the other, for it is as common as the Moon gives Horns twice a month to the World, for a Jealous Man to wear *Actions* Badg.

Jealousy gives subtlety and craft to he dullest, and perverts the most Vertuous to seek satisfaction for the injury: It sets no bounds to invention, it brings Ruine to its Fosterer, as it did to *Procris*, Jealous of her Husband *Cephalus*.

Thus

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Thus Sir have we discover'd to you the *Mysteries and different kinds of Corporal Love*, and have told you what that Woderful something in Love is, which whoever learns will be happy in Wedlock; we shall only add (for you tell us you are going to Court a Mistress) If you want any further advice in that Nice Affair, If you write to us, we'll lend you the best Directions in the Power of

ATHENS.

LETTER XXIV.

Mr. Wem's second Letter to the Athenian Society; craving their further Advice in his Love to the Ingenious Clara.

Gentlemen,

I Own my self highly oblig'd to the Athenian Society for discovering to me the *Mysteries, (and different kinds) of Corporal Love*, but (Sirs) you were pleas'd to tell me that seeing I was going to Court a Mistress; if I sent to *Athens* for further Advice, you'd direct me, The best you cou'd; and therefore designing the next Week to lay a Personal Siege to *Clara* (who is the Wonder of the Age for *Wit and Beauty*) I desire your best advice how I may Court this Charming Creature, so as to gain her Heart, and therefore wou'd desire a Form of *Courtsbt* according to the newest mode of *Wooing*—

I must confess Gentlemen, 'tis a great Induce-
ment to Love, and a happy Advance to an
Amour, to be handsom, finely shap'd, and
to have a great deal of *VVit*; these are
Charms

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Charms that subdues the Hearts of all the Fair; And one sees but very few Ladies, that can resist these good Qualities, especially in an Age so Gallant as ours; yet all this is nothing to an Ignorant Lover that woud Court his Mistress after the newest Made: Besides Gentlemen, the Women are not contented we should give them as much Love as they give us, (which is but reasonable) but they would compel us to Present and Treat 'em lavishly, till a Man hath consumed both Estate and Body in their Service. How many do we see, that are wretched examples of this Truth, and who have nothing of all they enjoyed remaining with them, but a poor Idea of past Pleasures; when rather the injury the Jilt has done 'em, ought to be Eternally present with 'em. *Heaven keep me from being a Woman's Property.* There are Cullies enough besides me.

Then pray Gentlemen, tell me how I may Salute and Compliment my intended Mistress, so as I may act the part of a Wife Lover, and Charm her too at the same time. Your speedy Answer to this Letter, will be ever

Acknowledged by,

Your most Humble Servant,

Charles Wem.

LETTER

LETTER XXXV.

A Form of Courtship according to the Newest Mode of Wooing — The Debates of the Athenian Society upon it.

— A Graver Form drawn up and agreed to — The Batchelors Prayer for a Wife. — The Athenians direct him in his whole Amour.

The whole inclos'd in a Letter to Mr. WEM.

Smiths Coffee-House, Oct. 20th, 1703.

Poor Lover,

WE are sorry we shou'd just go out of Town, as you arriv'd thither on account of Courtship and Matrimony, you tell us you want us to instruct you how you shou'd complement and entertain your Mistress when you wait on her: That you may succeed in this Nice Affair, we here send you — a Form of Courtship, according to the Newest Mode of Wooing — And (if our Society en't mistaken) if you follow the choice Instructions contained in it, you will gain the Reputation with the Lady of a very accomplisht Spark.

And here, Mr. Wem, we'll give ye some few Directions for the Choice of a WIFE, and then proceed to the Form of Courtship.

1. Search not after great Riches, but for one of your own Degree: For the Rich are Insulting, Self-conceited, and Proud.

2. Admire no outward Imbellishments; for most Women are proud of their Beauty, and imagine themselves to be Goddesses, whom their Husband ought to obey.

3. Shun

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3. Shun those who are much lesser then your self: For when a mean Virgin finds her self promoted by a great Match, she is much prouder and self-concived than one of a good Extraction; and will much sooner than another indeavour to Domineer over her Husband.

4. Be not too Hasty, for a thing of this Importance, must be long and prudently considered of, before a final Conclusion can be made.

5. Follow the Advice of Understanding Friends. For (as we hinted before) to be Wise and in Love, was not given to the Gods themselves.

6. Chuse no Country Wench; for she'll want a whole Years Learning before she'll know how to dress her self, and Two Tears to learn to make a Curſie.

7. If you Marry arm your self with Patience. For he that bath the Yoke of Marriage upon his Shoulders, must patiently suffer and endure all the disquiets and troubles that that Estate is Subject to.

If these things be observed by you they will much assist you in your choice, but not preserve you from being a Slave; because the Gentlewoman whom you have chosen, hath before this time had one or other ill condition, which she knew how to hide and dissemble, that you never so much as thought of, or expected from her. But however she may treat you; don't you dissemble in your Wooing of her; for Dissimulation deceives its own Master.

Cornelius Agrippa knew this in his Days, when he said Men must have and keep their Wives ev'n as it chanceth; if they be (says he) Merry Humoured, if they be Foolish, if they be Unmannerly, if they be Proud, if they be Sluttish,

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if they be Ugly, if they be Dishonest, or whatsoever Vice she is guilty of ; that will be perceived after the Wedding, but never before.

Mr. Wem, Having given you these few Directions for the Choice of a Wife, we'll next present you with

A Form of Courtship according to the newest Mode of Wooing.

You must be sure to carry a piece of Crape in your Pocket, to wipe the Dust from your Shoes before you approach her, and to have your Comb ready to adjust your Wig.

If you sit, be sure place your self where you may look in the Glass, and be very diligent in giving the Gentle~~s~~ turn to the Curles of your Perrigue, or the Ribbons of your Cravat-string, and seem not to take much notice of your Mistress.

Admire your own Dress, your own Person and Parts ; for to tell her she's Pretty, is to make her Proud, and so stand off the longer.

If you don't sit, and indeed Motion is more natural for a Lover, so it be but Gracelul, you must be continually upon the Trip, often visiting the Glass, asking your Mistress how she likes this Ribbon, that Cut of the Sleeve, this Stocking, that Cravat, and which she thinks becomes you best. This will give her occasion to praise your Shape, your Legg, your Face, or some, or all the parts about you ; then strike in, and tell her, they are all at her Service, that you are wondrously Smitten with her, and so the Suit is over.— We wish you good Success, which you can't fail of, if you observe these Directions.

Mr. Wem,

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Mr. Wm, This form of Courtship,
being according to the newest Mode of
Wooing; it was Read to our whole So-
ciety for their Approbation, and our
Remarks upon it were these following, viz.

A pretiy method (said Philaret) to win a Fair
Lady! And yet this method (replied Fido) shall
win more Fair Ladies than Sense and Reason. Right
(putting N —) this they call an airy-moish Beau.
An accomplish'd Gentleman (added V. Velt) learned
in Dress and Mien. They bate to be a hiving Lovers,
(said Field) except in a Play, or Romance. They
will have (added Rose) this way, as they call
it, more Natural; because (said Fido) more
Sensible; which is (continu'd Velt) doing Exhibits
without any regard to it, or minding quite another
thing. I know not (said Spercer) for we are equal
with them there too. Right (concluded Fell) for a
noisy Coquer shall gain a Train of Admirers, with
her ugly Face, when a modest charming sensible La-
dy shall scarce have enough to keep her from leading
Apes in Hell. To which Cranor agreed.

After Debating concerning this Form of
Courtship, &c. in a full Assembly, the Question
was put by Fido, Whether it were too Light and
Foppish, to distract Wm in his intended Amour?
Yea'stands no less to cast my eyes
Upon this, A grave & Form of Courtship was
drawn up; and (after some few Debates) was
agreed to by the whole Society.

This Graver Form was divided into Five

SECTIONS.

SECT. I

SECT. I.—How young Bachelors shou'd behave themselves in the Business of Love, so as to purchase the Favour and Affections of their Mistresses.

Whoever undertakes the Task of Love, and is resolv'd manfully to fight under Cupid's Banner, so as to return Triumphant with the Spoils of Hearts and Souls of pillag'd, Virgins, must first study to please, and to frame, and accommodate himself to the Inclinations and Affections of them, and so comply with the Beck of his Mistress, as that all his Senses must be Vassals devoted to her Service; Nay, his very Soul must be her Slave and Lacquey: He must not be so constant to himself, but if occasion shall serve, must change himself into a thousand Shapes.

These are the Duties and Offices of Lovers; And indeed, what greater Happiness can there be, than for two Souls thus to be Gouver'd by one Will?

Tis certain Lovers adapt their Studies, thoughts, and endeavours, to the Fancies and Humours of their Mistresses; if the Lover be so sheepish and basiful, that he is ashamed to speak, yet let him not fear to write; And, if he be wise, before he transact any such thing with a Woman, let him be sure that he do not offend in it. All Women desire to be ask'd and entreated, though they resolve to deny the Favour. Now in trying whether he shall have a repulse or not, let him do it either by Word or Letter so modestly and warily, and withal so doubtfully, that she may have room and scope (if she please) to pretend and dissimile
there

that she understands nothing of Love in the case; and so by this means, if there be any danger, he may excuse himself, and say he did it for some other end; namely, for the enjoyment of that Correspondence and Familiarity, which ought to be cherish'd amongst Friends; But he must not affirm it so Religiously, but that afterward he may deny it, if what he does be not receiv'd as a Pledge, and Testimony of his Kindness.

' SEC T. II.—For those that are too Rash, and Bold, at the first Adventure, do usually, by their abrupt blundering into the Coy Presence of their Mistresses, make their Requests ineffectual, in regard their Impudence very much disobliges, who pretend Love without the ceremony and Preface of their officious Civility.

Tis more Convenient therefore rather by Signs and Proofs, than by Words and Letters, to signify their Passion.

' One Sigh attended with respect and awful Fear, is a more certain Token of Affection, than Curiosity of Eloquence in a Flood of Words. Besides, the Eyes are the truest Nuncio's, which will faithfully perform an Embassy from the Heart; for these will kindle a Flame in the Breast of her that is so much ador'd; for the uisive Rays, being darted into her eyes, never rest till they arrive to her Heart, where mingling themselves with the Blood and Spirit, do at length infect them, which being a little warm and assimilated to the Agent, receive the impression of the arriv'd Image.

So that, we safely affirm, [That the Eyes oftentimes are the Ambors and Dispensers of Love] especially; if they retain a Natural, Majestick sweetness, or Lastly, have such piercing glances, which dive and enter into the very Re-

cesses of the Soul.

And thus you see how by this way, a Lover may twinkle out his Inclinations and Desires, and discover the Grumblings of his Gizzard to his dear Lady. But now, if these Betrayers of Love are not artificially manag'd, they will be apt to blabb, by an unward Goggle, the Disorders and Perturbations of an in-amour'd Soul, to those from whom we would have them conceal'd; Cupid will be likely enough to peep out of these crystal Windows.

Let a Prudent Lover therefore (as time and place shall require) eye up his Looks, and not suffer them to straggle and rove unseasonably: What though a Prospect of her Beauties, be a Refreshment to his Soul, yet let him divert his Pigs-neys from the Luxury of that Look; which may in the least proclaim the Hanckerings of Love.

' But is it not more Prudent to do all things openly, and in the eyes of the World? Is it not better to Bill in open View, and to Toy it in publick, where there is witnesss of your Friskings, than to smack it in the dark, and to be jumbling in hugger mugger behind the door? For the freeness and Publickness of these actions, will take away the suspition of all Love, seeing 'tis not regard'd whether they are seen or not.

Besides, by denying nothing but by pub-

lick

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lick professing of all, the Folly Lover hath the Liberty to Bow and Complement; to meet and chatt with her without the least suspicion; whereas thele Priviledges are deny'd to Private Lovers in Love.

It hath been observ'd, That where there hath not been glowing the least spark of Loue, there hath broken out the whole Element of that Passion; which was only kindled by a ban Report. A common Report hath tickled so much the Fancy of some Women, that they have been smitten by Hear-say, Fame plays the part of an Amorous Courtier, whose Rhetorick is more prevalent than the melting Expressions of the most Passionate Lover; and she hath been more prosperous in Wooing, and hath kindled more Love, than their Personal Addresses.

S E C T. III.— But how may Lovers always keep the Love and Favour of their Mistresses? Certainly by the same means they first obtain'd it, namely, 1. By Pleasing them. 2. By being Obsequious to them. And, 3. By offering no occasion of offence.

'Tis hard to advise in this case, in regard those that are troubled with the Himples, and are not very Judicious, do fall into a thousand Errors; which, although they seem Light, and Trivial perhaps to others, yet do much exasperate and vex the Women. Those Men are most obnoxious to them, who are posseſ'd with greater Ravings of Love, than others; who, as often as they meet their Adored She, do break out into such Extremities of Grief and Sorrow, as that they are always expressing it

with

with the odd Solemnities of wringing hands, and shaking Noddles.

Oh my Angel! Oh my Angel! Said a young Lover, (a friend of ours) that was going to hang himself upon seeing his Mistress frown.

Others, unjustly Jealous, are so severe against those they suspect, that they will not allow their Ladies so much as to speak, - and look or leer upon them: By which Madness and Folly they do not only incense the Women, but make them twitter after those, whom before they minded not.

ECT. IV. — Let our Lover therefore have a care that he do not Revile and Disparage his Rival.

We would not have our Lover to deal in Stratagems, nor so degenerously to Triumph over his Defeated Rival; if he would Glory in the Frustration of his Councils, and in the overthrow of his Designs, let him endeavour to do it, by the Offices of Love, and Achievements of Valour; by Obsequious insinuations, and by Watch and Merits; by the contempt of those Follies, and disingenuous Methods, which Imprudent men fall into, and do frequently use.

Some Lovers blab that inconsiderately out, which oftentimes proves Prejudicial to them, as those Ridiculous Blockheads, who are always saying, [*I could never find the Woman yet thou lov'd me.*] Many to render their Rivals Odious, do usually draw them in such a Character, viz. That Fellow is the Happiest Fool in the World, for though he is not endow'd with the Charms of Beauty, nor with the Gravity of Prudence, nor Resolutions of Valour, nor Enrich'd or Adorn'd with any other Excellency, yet all the Women in the Country gad after

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ter him; and are at Guff and Kick for the Enjoyment of him. Thus whilst they spit their Venom, and envy his good Fortune, and though he is in no wise taking, yet the Women suspect some hidden Virtue to lye dormant in him.

SECT. V.—But you'd say, how may the Mysteries of Love be best controul'd?

Ans^r. By avoiding all Occasions which may Discover them.

The First of which, is Affecting too great a Secrecy, so that Men will not Trust, Confide in, or give Credit to any Body, and hereby think so closely to lock up all things; whereas tis the ready way for the disclosing of them.

For seeing every Lover desires to have the inward Sentiments of his Soul to be declar'd to his Mistress, he is therefore upon necessity forc'd to make broader signs, than if he had committed the Businels to a Faithful Friend; and those Tokens that proceed from a Lover breed greater suspitions, than those that are carry'd by a Messenger; and because 'tis natural, curiously to pry into others Busines: Wheresoever there is sprung the least Jealousie, there will not be omitted the least opportunity of Enquiry, which when once found out, you cannot imagin how pleasant tis to divulge and blab it. But now these inconveniences do not happen, when the Passion is Communicated to a True Friend, who can Counsel, and Assist, and would prevent those Errors, which a Blind Lover would blunder upon.

In a VVord, all VVomen do covet to be follow'd, and (as it were) to have their Tayls tag'd with a long Train of Lovers; altho' (like

Cupid's

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Cupids Martyrs) they are calcin'd into Ashes by Amorous Heats, yet doth that Sex with earnestly their Resurrection, that they might again expire in the midst of Flames.

There are some VVomen, who, if they can wheedle Men into an Opinion [That they are Belov'd] will, by an unequal Division of their Favour, stir up some Emulations in the Breasts of their Servants, that they fall to scuffling for the Title to an intre Inheritance of a Smile or Kindnes? VVhen they have lull'd them into that Perswasion, then with their ambiguous Language do they shake their Hopes, and stagger their Belief, and wound them with the pretences of Love to others; hence follow Quarrels, Animosities, and open Murder.

There are others that think it not sufficient to raise Tragedies among Rivals, but after the passing Lover hath us'd all the Arguments imaginable of Love, Fidelity and Obsequiousness; and after he hath been encouraged by all the signs of Mutual Kindness; we say, after all this, there are some who will accuse him (without any reason) of Indifferency, and Coldness in the Offices of Love; invent new Jealousies and Suspicions, and thereupon are ready to kick them out of Doors; and then the Miserable Creature is forc'd to begin afresh with new signs, and, as if just now entering upon his slavish Servitude, he hath his daily Perambulations about the Streets; and if his Mistress chance to appear in Pubick, he Tantonies after her, wheresoever sh. Figs, and dare not shirk so much as a Glance, to bestow or throw it any otherways. And now behold his fresh Tears, and new Face, his new Religion and his new Perjuries.

We might enlarge, but we think the matter contain'd in these Five Sections will be enough to direct Mr. Wem in his whole Amour, and if other Batchelors imitate the same Form, 'tis hop'd they will gain their Mistresses.

Now, Mr. Wem, If it be Lawful to Marry, 'tis Lawful for Batchelors to Pray for good Wives, if they find their Inclination and Concerns in the World consistent with the end of such Society.

As to the Form of PRAYER, they may if they please, use the following, (being what we formerly Publish'd in the Athenian ORACLE) to wit, Pray for

' One whose Piety and Virtue has measured
 ' the Chains of Providence, and accordingly
 ' makes a due estimate of all Occurrences—
 ' Whose Soul is too great to be crusht under
 ' the weight of adverse Storms, and yet at the
 ' same time of a soft, easie, affable Temper—
 ' Who is a Stranger to Disguise, yet not so
 ' free and open as to give ground's for Con-
 ' tempt. One to whom Nature has been li-
 ' beral in good Features and proportions of Bo-
 ' dy, but yet with a fairer Mind; Witty without
 ' Abuses, Modest without Weakness, Jealous
 ' of nothing but the decrease of her Kindness
 ' to you: Generous, yet not Profuse. One
 ' whose Prudence can secure you from any in-
 ' spection into her Family-Accounts, and di-
 ' vert the Curse of trifling into Poverty. A
 ' good Housewife that can appear as great in the
 ' World with One Hundred Pounds a year, as
 ' her Neighbours with Two. One who be-
 ' lieves her Person should be a Figure, and
 ' her Portion a Cypher, which added to her,
 ' advances the Summ, but alone signifies no-
 ' thing

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thing ; rather the Heir of her own Deserts, than barely the Off-spring of Vertuous Parents. — One that without the Trial of her Virtue, can out of a Principle of Generosity, be just to your Bed. — Whose Virtue, Wit and Modesty can rather be imitated than equal'd by her Neighbours. —

And if his Devotion grows cold in Prose, Let him Pray in Verse for one that has —

Beauty enough to raise a Frozen Love
Fit not so great as shou'd our Wonder move :
Fair, without Scorn ; and Witty, without Pride ;
(A Bliss too often to that Sex deny'd ?)
Chaste as DIANA, when her Rapes design'd ;
And where she Loves, as billing Turtles kind :
Modest, but not Reserve'd ; tho' Free, not Vain ;
Her Garb becoming, neither Gay nor Plain ;
Quiet, tho' Bold ; Religious, not Precise ;
With more Devotion in her Heart than Eyes,
And when she doth her Kind Affection places,
Makes Love, not Money, Umpire in the Case.

In short, You must Pray for One whose Carriage exceeds this Character, and attains to that of the Apostle, 1 Pet. Chap. 3. or that of the Wildest of Men, Prov. 31. from Verse 10. to the end.

Thus, Mr. Wem, have we sent you a Form of Courtship, according to the newest method of wooing, with the Debates of our Society upon it; with a Graver Form (if the other appear too light) to which we all agreed ; and that nothing might be wanting on our part to make your Amour prosperous, we have added — The Bachelors; Prayer for a Wife — We commit the whole to your Charitable Censure. Athens.

LETTER XXXVI.

The young Virgins send to the Athenian-Society to be instructed in the Mysteries and Art of Love.

Gentlemen,

LOVE is so universal a Monarch, and his Catholic Majestie hath so large an Empire throughout the World, that there are scarce any but are subject to his dominion, and have felt the effects of his Tyrannick Power; so that shou'd not the Virgins (as well as the Bachelors) be wounded by his Dart, fetter'd in his Chain, and melted in his Flames, we shou'd be a wonder to the Age. But yet the Resistors of his Charms are not so Prodigious, as the yielders to them are miserable and unhappy; and therefore Gentlemen as you tell us (in your Advertisemen;) you'll direct the Bachelors in their whole Amour; So we hope you'll be as ready to instruct the ignorant Virgins, and tell us how we shou'd behave our selves during the time of Courtship: Unless you are thus kind, your Form of Courtship will make but half of the Age happy. Gentlemen, we desire this favour in a few days, for fear the Bachelors shou'd get the start of us; for, to be listed a Soldier under Cupid's Banner and not to understand his Martial Discipline, is to be expos'd to the greatest danger, whereas a Prudent Department in the Camp of Venus may secure from Perils, and crown our Passion with much happiness, for either through the Wiles and stratagems of the subtle Lover, or the simplicity and

and Innocence of the *Credulous Mistress* either through the close Siege of the *storming Man*, or the too easy surrender of the *yeilding Woman*, or through other miscarriages of both Parties, it mostly comes to pass that we hear of nothing but *Infelicity in the affairs of Love*, *improsperous Addresses*, *Neglects and Slights*, *Ship-wreck'd Fames and Reputation*, or (at best) of unhappy Matches; whereas a *Prudent Behaviour* in all matters that attend Amours, and a discreet management of that *Passion* in all its Intrigues, will prevent mischiefs, and yeild those pleasures that ever attend happy Wedlock. Gentlemen, for our own shares, (and we speak it as the sense of all the Virgins in England) we had rather be *coy and shy*, than basely to yeild to the slovenly importunitie's of stupid Idiots, who are fitter to be entertain'd with the *Circle of an Halter* than caress'd with the *Clip of a kind Embrace*; but at the same time we are *Flesh and Blood* as well as you, and provided we cou'd marry so as to be made happy, we dare say there's not one of us all but woud be coupled the next minute: And who so fit as *Athens* to advise us; for you have ever been a *Champion to the Ladies*; and we hope you'll now give us direction for our conduct during the time of Courtship.

Gentlemen, when you have perform'd this present Request, we hope you'll next send us a *Map of the Kingdom of Love*; In hopes whereof, We Subscribe our Selves,

Yours Humble Servants,
The Young Virgins of England.

LETTER XXXVII.

Directing the Unmarried Ladies how
they shou'd behave themselves during
the time of Courtship.—The Virgins
Prayer for a Husband.—with modest
Rules to the Bride and Bridegroom with
Respect to due Benevolence, or the sea-
sonable use of the Marriage-Bed.

Young Virgins,

We readily own the Athenians have
always bin Friends to the Fair Sex,
but we are Sorry to find, seeing we answer'd all
the Love Questions that you ever sent us, you are
yet to seek in the Affair of Love; however as we
have sent the Batchelors a Form of Courtship,
that we may shew our selves as ready to serve the
Ladies, we will here lay down some Rules to
demean your selves by, during the time you
are Mistresses, and the Objects of Love, and
Courtship; as,

- (1.) How you should Answer, and stand affected to a sincere Lover.
- (2.) How to Counter-work the Wiles and Stratagems of meer Pretenders.
- (3.) We'll shew whether you should Dissemble the whole matter or in some sort acknowledg it; or,
- (4.) Whether you shou'd altogether avoid and shun Addresses.

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I. Now the First thing a Lady is to be taught, who is Besieg'd by Lovers, is to know a true Servant from the formal Disguizes, or Counterfeit Formalities of Hypocritical Pretenders; and indeed to give a true Characterstick Note, nay, probable Conjectures of a feligned Kindness; and to distinguish it from a real Affection, is a thing not very Feasible; for so great is the Subtlety and Craft of Dissembling VVooers, that they personate Grief, and (with Crocodile Tears) act a Sorrow, when they are big with Jest, and pregnant with Scoffs and Laughter. How will these Officious Ghoffs (like gaily Apparitions) watch her steps, and observe her motion; and in the Church, and Theater, nay, at every corner, at once both infest and affright her with the horror of their Presence? How will they DUN for Love by the importunate style of Courting Letters? And wheedle out a Kindness by the winning and perswasive Rhetoric of obliging Presents? What Passionate Whinings, and silent Dialogues weav'd by the Amorous Entercourse of mutual Glances! How will they Dart and convey their Sentiments by an expressive Twinckle, and discover their thoughts by the silent Speech of a languishing Eye? What Insinuations into the favour of her chief Attendants, that they may corrupt, and bribe them into a close confederacy? Who must occasionally discover how cruelly they are scorched in the insupportable Flames of burning Love; how that they value neither Life, nor Fortune, but are ready to offer up both as a Sacrifice for the Favour and Mercy but of one Smile.. If she willingly listens to such Discourse

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Discourse as this, and the language seems not a little pleasing, then there is no difficulty, but what is already conquer'd, then false Keys and Opiates, and Ladders of Ropes, are immediately produc'd, all things are represented Facile and Easy, and appear with so good a Face and Aspect, that to consummate all, there's nothing wanting, but her bare Consent. Which if she denies, and is resolv'd to stand out against the Siege, then they more vigorously attack her, reinforce their persuasions, and raise such important Batteries as will force and compel that execrable Fort of her Self to surrender.

Some, when they have despair'd of Victory, have turn'd the sweetness of their soft Courtship, into the harshness and bitterness of threatening Language, and have pointed their Panegyricks with the sting of Satyrs. Others charm them with the Magick of Spells and Philters; and by an entangling Potion, have depriv'd them of that Liberty that Nature gave them.

These are the subtle Artifices that Suitors make use of to circumvent their Mistresses: And how can those Innocent Professors of Honesty and Simplicity avoid so many Snares in Ambuscado for them? And therefore what wonder if an harmless Virgin be entrap'd by Cupid, when she perceives her self to have been so long ador'd by so Passionate a young Gallant, who scruples at no Dangers to purchase her Favour?

III. But that she may not miscarry in her Amours, nor become a Prey to the most subtle Passion; let her be sure to observe this general Rule, viz.

Not

Not too easily believe (more than is meet) that
she is Belov'd.

In all Offices therefore of Civility and Dialogues of Love, let her beware of thinking That any man admires her, because he discourses volubly of the Passion; And if he be immodest that talks with her, let a Blush discover her dislike of his Language: If he speaks Obscurely, and Artificially of Love, then let her pretend not to understand him; and when she hath turn'd his expressions to another sense, by an Ingenious Sagacity, let her decline the Subject: But if the thing be so plain, that she cannot dissemble, let her divert it with a Jest, and interpret all things candidly; for by this means she will purchase the Reputation of Wisdom and Discretion, and will not so easily be impos'd upon and deceiv'd. However let young Ladies always Remember, [That Men make greater Professions of Love than Women.]

But it further may be demanded, What? Must a young Lady make no returns of Kindness? Will not a Spark glowing in the Breast of her Lover kindle a Flame in her Bosom? Must she echo back no Sighs, and make no reflexion of Amorous Groans? When her Lover advances, must she then retreat? What? not one Cheering Look? Not one amorous glance of a Sheep's Eye? No Comfort and Refreshment from obliging Dimple? No Courteous Pressure of Treasuring Toe? Or private Invitation of Mysick Twitch?

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Now by way of Reply to this, we say, If she smile on any, let him enjoy that Sunshine of her Face, to whom she intends to resign up her Dear Self, and to Honour with the Espousals of her whole Person; so that, if sometimes she recreates him with the Pleasure of a Glance, or gratifies him with the Blessing of a dropt Glove, or caress him with other loosely scatter'd expressions of Kindness, we censure not her Civility; but if she be fleering and gamesome, and too prodigal of her private Treads and Twinckles; of her secret squeezes and Twitches, and other Love-Tokens, when no Marriage Noose is e'er intended; Her wanton Forwardness creates a suspicion of Unlawful Desires, and consequently eclipses the Lustre of her Fame.

But however, let her be so Prudent in the displays of her Civilities, and in giving signs of her Favour, as to take away even the least glimpse of dishonest hopes.

IV. Wherefore another Caution to be observ'd by these Objects of Courtship, is,

Not to have too great a Conceit of their Handsomness.

'Tis an Infirmity to some of the Sex, to ascribe too much unto it; who, because they are attended with throngs of Admirers; and are honour'd with the Ceremonies of bare-heads and Bended Knees, are Ambitious of a whole Legion of Suitors; and by this means oftentimes take occasion to hop over, and transgress the Bounds of Modesty, and degenerate into Impudence.

Let not a Mistress be so Light and vain,
as to draw the Eyes of all men after her.
But let her be so sweet in her Conversation,
so virtuous in her Actions, that every Beholder
may be her Votary; and then all
filthy Desires, and Smutty Flames will die
and vanish. Whosoever is blest with the
Love of such a Person, let him sit down satisfied
with the least HINT of her Favour; and
value the happiness of one smile above
all the World.

V. But perhaps it may be said, That this Doctrine
of Love is somewhat severe; in regard it pre-
scribes such Lessons of Coyness, which so confines
the Speech, Looks, and Gesture, of young Ladies,
that it not only takes away all hope from their
Lovers, but even drives them to the very Brink
of Despair. Men desire not those things that
are impossible to be obtain'd: And though
some Females puff'd up with the conceit of their
Imaginary Beauty, in the first encounters of
Love, are Satyrical in their Expressions, yet a
little familiar Converse with the sweets of
that Passion, will soften their Rigours, and
dissolve their Expressions into Kinder Lan-
guage.

We woud not have Mistresses take away all
Hope: But only frustrate dishonest Expecta-
tions, which a true Gentleman will never
cherish. For if Beauty, and Modesty, Can-
dour and Piety, and a numerous cluster of
other Perfections, were the Incentives of his
Passion, and the only Magnetisms that drew
him

him after her, then it must needs follow, that his Affections are virtuous.

VI. Mens humours differ according to the variety of Female Tempers : Some, when they observe a comely seriousness, either in a Ladies Motion, or Conversation, have such a veneration for her Person, as that they dare not offer up an obsequious Amour.

Others, to avoid the Snares of Tricks, and Fallacies, do affect those Ladies most, who in the very glance of the Eye, in every word and Action, are so transparent, as that their most inward Conceptions are Plain and Legible.

Others fancy those most Excellent, whom they find most difficult, and glory in the surrender of that Fort, which to others hath been impregnable.

These Persons too much confiding in their own Wisdom, and supposing they cannot be deceiv'd, or circumvented, do oftentimes doat on those Virgins, who by their subtle Wit, conceal a thouland Snares under an indifferent Aspect.

Lastly, There are others, so curious, who think none worthy of their Love, unless compos'd of Beauty and Eloquence; Civility and Prudence; and have in them a general Master, or whole Rendezvouz of all Perfections. Tho' Ladies may be too nice in their choice, yet their good Friends the Athenians wou'd by no means have 'em deceiv'd in their Humble Servants ; and therefore to guard against all the Misfortunes of Love. We'll conclude this Letter with the following Directions.

I. Never

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I. Never of your selves to Go a wooing, but with Patience expect who will come for you; this Rule must be first observed, and regard taken of him that cometh, then's the time to consider principally —— Whether he loveth you for your Money, or for your Beauty. —— Inquire whether he have a good method, or way, for the maintaining of a Family. For if he have not that to build upon, the whole Foundation will tumble. —— Search also whether he be of an honest, rather than great Extraction. For Virtue is the greatest Gentility. —— Inquire also whether he be a frequenter of Taverns; especially of such as are of an ill repute.

To be a Lover of such Houses,
Makes him to think of other Spouses. — Hudibras.

Again, See he be not covetous of Honour, for then he hath several other Vices. —— Hate a Gamester like the Plague; for they are Consumers of all; Nay, their very Gain is Loss. —— Abhor a Person of no employ, or one given to Idleness; for they are fit for nothing. —— If you marry, shew all Honour, Respect, and Love to your Husband. Endeavour not to Lord it over him; because Dominion both by Heaven and Nature, is given unto him. — In observing these Rules, you will have the expectation of a happy Match.

Now Ladies, when you find your Inclinations strong upon you to a married Life, you may (as we tell you in our Athenian Oracle) use the following Form, if you ben't better furnish'd —

Our love to you is boundless, and from

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From a Prophane Libertine, from one Affected
ly Pious, from a Profuse Almoner, from an Un-
charitable Wretch, from a Wavering Religio-
us, and an Injudicious Zealot — Deliver me
From one of a Starcht Gravity, or of Ridiculous
Levity; from an Ambitious Statesman, from a
Restless Projector, from one that loves any thing
besides me, but what is very Just and Honourable
— Deliver me! From an Extacy'd Poer,
from a Modern Wit, from a Base Coward and a
Rash Fool, from a Pad and a Pauper — Deli-
ver me; From a Venus Darling, from a Bac-
chus Proselite, from a Travelling Half, from a
Domestick Animal; from all Masculine Plagues
not yet recounted — Deliver me! But —

Give me one whose Love has more of Judgment
than Passion, who is Master of himself, or at least
an Indefatigable Schollar in such a Study, who
has an equal Flame, a Parallel Inclination, a
Temper and Soul so like mine, that as two Tallys
we may appear more Perfect by Union. — Give me
one as as Genteel an Education as a little expence of
time will permit, with an indifferent Fortune, rather
independent of the servile Fate of Pallaces, and
yet one whose Retirement is not so much from the
Publick as into himself: One (if possible) above
Flattery and Affronts, and yet as carefull in preven-
ting the Injury as able to repair it: One, the Beauty
of whose Mind exceeds that of his Face, yet not De-
formed so as to be distinguisable from others even
unto a Ridicule. — Give me one that has learnt to
live much in a little time, one that is no great Fa-
miliar in Converse with the World, nor no litle one
with himself: One (if Two such Happinesses may
be granted at one time to our Sex) who with these
uncommon endowments of Mind may (naturally)
have

' have a Sweet, Mild, Ease Disposition, or at least
' one who by his Practice and frequent Habit has made
' himself so before he is made mine; but as the Ma-
' ster-perfection and chieftest Draught, let him be
' truly Virtuous and Pious; that is to say, Let me
' be truly Happy in my Choice.

We shall next proceed to say something of
the Rites attending your Nuptials.

' It was a Custom (says a late Author)
' that those Fingers of the Wife shou'd be ad-
' dorned with Gold Rings, which were next
' to the little Fingers of the left hand,
' whence 'tis believed they are called Ring-
' Fingers, that it might be a perpetual Monu-
' ment before their Eyes of great love to
' their Husbands; for from those Fingers (as
' some Authors affirm) some particular
' Nerves extend themselves to the Heart. It
' was a custom that Water and Fire shou'd
' be carried before the Bride, and that she
' shou'd touch them both, that it might be
' evident that the Wife was chiefly for the
' sake of propagation of Issue: For as heat
' and moisture (which excel in those Ele-
' ments) are the causes of Generation; So
' the union of Man and Woman is chiefly
' introduced for the sake of propagation of Issue.
' Brides are wont to be careful, least they
' shou'd touch their Husbands Threshold with
' their Feet, but they enter, being carried
' over, that they may signifie that they lose
' their solicited Virginity, not voluntarily, but
' in a manner by compulsion.

' 'Tis expedient (if our Estates will permit)
' that our Marriages be splendid, neither
' shou'd we deprive them of this part of
praise.

' Tis

' Tis most certain, that Neighbours and Kindred were invited to Marriages, both in the former, and our Age; that all, to whom either the honour or pleasure of the Nuptials shou'd extend, might rejoice with them. Solon (one of the seven wise men) instituted, that when a Wife is joined to her Husband, *she shoud eat a Quince*, that he might in a manner signifie, that the sweet voice and pleasant Speech of the Wife shou'd be approved by the Husband. A Bridegroom when he enters the Bridal-Bed, to compleat the Marriage Rites, the Brides Face is hidden under a Veil, and the Bridegroom embraces her in the dark, *Venus* being the Bride Maid; and having laid himself in his Brides Lap, expects a pleasant sleep; which we conjecture to be appointed, least her Virgin-like Modesty shou'd more obstinately resist his lawful Embraces than is meet.—And now 'twill be proper in the next place to give some Rules to the Bride and Bridegroom with respect to due Benevolence, and the seasonable use of the Marriage Bed.

' And here that the young and unexperienced Couple might not mistake or transgress in this nice point, we'll recommend 'em to the Directions of the Learned Italian, who tells 'em that because the union of Man and Wife was chiefly ordain'd and ought to be esteem'd for the sake of Children, they must use conjugal embraces chiefly with the hope of propagating Issue; we sufficiently understand and perceive what manner of nature there is in most Beasts, which for this

this reason hath appointed them certain Laws of Congress, that the mortal kinds of living Creatures might in a manner be rend'red immortal by a perpetual succession ; wherein they may be Examples to us to whom a more free and noble desire is given) that we shou'd not mutually embrace for the sake of Pleasure ; even Beasts, never when great with Young, but always for the sake of Generation, they exhibite their venereal Appetites ; but if Women shall pass these Limits, even at least let them govern themselves so, that they may be accounted modest. And they shcu'd so evidence their Nuptial Honour and Modesty, that in their *Congress's* decency may accompany their embraces, least by too much ardor and immodesty, they be both defective in their Honour, and also less acceptable to their Husbands. A Wife ought at no time to be deficient in her duty, and altho' her Body cannot be beheld, yet she shou'd preserve a Modesty in all places, that she may deservedly seem Chaste to her Husband, even in the dark : Wherefore very excellently *Commodus Caesar*, when his Wife endeavoured to perswade him to use unusual and disallowed Pleasures with her, answered, How much it is fit so obey other Women in these things, let them look to it ; a Wife certainly is a Name of Honour, not of Pleasure. Wherefore *Caso* the Censor ejected *Manilius* out of the Senate, because he kissed his Wife in the presence of his Daughter. Marriage is honourable in all, and the Bed undefiled, *Heb.* 13. 4. and the great care both of

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of Husband and Wife shou'd be to be chaste in marriage, to abhor all wanton Speeches and unfit Incentives of Lust, and to be sober, seasonable, and regular in the use of the Marriage-Bed.

Ladies, You shou'd beware, lest you make that Ordinance which is the Remedy of impure Affections, to be the Nurse and Exciter of them — you must not think that your Relation doth Legitimate every Folly which your Husband can perpetrate, or that inordinate or immoderate Pleasures can ever agree with the Bed undefil'd, *A Man may be a Wicked Drunkard with his own Drink, and a wretched Beast in his own Marriage Bed.* We might here bring in Divines of late, Fathers of Old, yea Philosophers themselves agreeing in their Censures of these Extravagances, and telling us that the Pleasures of Marriage shou'd be Serious, circumspect, and mixt with Severity, and that an intemperate Person in Wedlock differs little from an Adulterer.

There are Two very necessary Querles behind which the young Couple may be too modest to propose,

(1.) Which are the fittest Seasons of Enjoyment, and how frequently do they make Returns?

(2.) How far may our Imagination and Desires be unbridl'd upon such Occasions?

As to the former of these, there's no Universal Rule can possibly be prescrib'd; for some Constitutions may run a greater Length than others. Riverius tells you the Night for Health and the Morn for Pleasure: But Nature her self must appoint the Seasons, where such satisfactions, if they be not abus'd, are made Lawful by Marriage. Age and Diet make

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Nature ran either High or Low. But this we propose, that for the sake of Health, and upon a certain Knowledge of the Vigor or Constitution, there be certain Seasons fix'd for these allowable Freedoms, for unless Nature has sufficient time to ripen your Vigor and Inclination, you must expect the Offspring to be Weak, and Spritlels, and short liv'd.

As for the latter Difficulty, there's without doubt a very lively Degree of Inclination and Desire allow'd, which must give the very Life and Spirit to the Embrio, as indeed a cold Inclination and Disaffection will give certain Death. The Sacred Writings seem to hint as much as this comes to, *Be thou Ravished with her Love.* However, after all, the excess of Inclination and the Agony of Desire may make a Man commit Adultery with his own Wife; and as to the necessary Restraints to be fix'd here take the following advice.

First, Consider the Temper and Constitution of your Bodies, and in what Instances you are most inclined to do your Natural Actions in an Unlawful manner, and resolve upon such means as may prevent that.

Again, Consider what Instances of these Natural Actions, tho' Lawful, yet tempt you to do them, rather for the pleasant sensation, than in Obedience to the Command of God.

The Path of Virtue, if narrow any where, it is in this Respect.

The right ordering of the Intention makes the Act acceptable, which otherwise wou'd be sinful; if we Eat because God Commands us to preserve our Lives by all Lawful means, and that we may keep our Bodies fit to do the work of God, we Eat to please God, and the Act is

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acceptable; but if we do the same thing with intent only to please our Palats, we serve our selves and sin.

By the sensation in all Natural Acts, the Soul is to distinguish concerning the health of the Body, and of the fitness of the means then used to preserve it, and where the Body is in Health and fit means used to preserve that health, the use of them will be pleasant, and cause very delectable sensations, and the Mortifying these Sensations must one way or other prejudice the Health and consequently cannot be the intent of the Holy Ghost.

Yet a *Christian*, when Two things equally Healthful are present, will chuse the less pleasant of the Two, to testify the *pureness of his Intention*; for as we take it, the intention of pleasing our selves in our Natural Acts, is the proper Object of Mortification.

This due Benevolence is a matter of very nice speculation, and the Rule might indeed be strain'd a great deal too high for the Practice; but the World may expect full satisfaction in all these, and many other Difficulties, in our Secret Oracle, which is preparing for the Pres's,

Perhaps, Ladies, you'll frown upon these Directions, and think 'em more proper for the men; but we are of ano. her opinion, for as Modesty is the distinguishing Character of the Fair Sex, none are so fit to teach it as Women, both in a Single and Married State.

Thus, Ladies, we have directed you the best we can, as to your Carriage to the Bachelors during the time of Courtship, &c. And (that you might want nothing wherein we could serve you) have added — *The Virgins Prayer for a Husband* —

If

If you Accept our Endeavours herein we'll
send you A Map of the Kingdom of Lobe
(with Directions how you shou'd Travel to it)
In the mean time believe us to be

Your most Obsequious Humble Servants,
The Athenians.

LETTER XXXVIII.

The Maids Petition to the Athenian Society, to provide 'em with Husbands.

Gentlemen, we confess you have Treated our Sex
WE with all the Civility and the Softness
we desire; and, if to ask New Favours, would
make any suitable return, we shall soon come
pretty even with you.

You have given us all the Directions we can want
how to manage our selves when the fond Lovers are
pursuing, (and Embracing) us; but the Mystery of
it lies in luring 'em to the Chase. To be very free,
you know, Sirs, behind the Curtain, we are some
of us pretty much up in Years, and find, to our
Sorrow, that our Charms are less fatal than they
were; and certainly if any thing under Heaven
may deserve the Names of Charity and of Merit,
'twou'd be your generous Assistance to a number
of Over-grown and Dispairing Maids.

These Wars, Gentlemen, we are sadly afraid,
have made great Odds in the Tale of Notes be-
tween the Two Sexes, and alas should we lan-
guish out our Lives thus unregarded and over-
look'd

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look'd, where wou'd the satisfaction of it be ? The Work of Generation wou'd be left undone, and we shou'd dye like Cyphers, without the Addition of substantial Characters to make us significant.

We have tis, true began to practice all the little Arts that Women can invent, we have made many new Editions of our Faces, which you that are acquainted with Books, must know to be very expensive where there is no Sale ; we have now and then made some Artless Lovers begin to languish and Dye a little for Paint and Patch-
es, but Alas ! The Passion has lasted no longer than the Caule.

And now Sirs, under this last Extremity we apply t' ye to provide us with — — Nay, but we shou'd blush to tell you ; However, you understand us, that's enough.

We are your Expecting Petitioners,

The Virgins of England.

LETTER XXXIX.

The Athenians Answer to the Despairing Maids — — The Copy of an Act to provide 'em with Husbands. —

With the Names and Characters of some Batchelors, that wou'd make Excellent Husbands.

Really Ladies there's none of our Society undispos'd, so that there's nothing to expect from that Quarter, and we are afraid you must

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must e'en languish on to the end of the Chapter, unless some Provision cou'd be settled by *Act of Parliament*, and who knows (Ladies) what time may produce, for it may justly astonish us to consider how Illustrious and Careful so great and wise a State as that of *Athens* was, to promote the *Marriage* of the poorest Virgin among them; that of *Aristogiton's* Daughters may serve for an instance, who being a poor Girl, in a mean *Island*, and living under great Poverty, was by the order of the Council brought into *Athens*, and there Married at the Publick Expence.

Martin Hemskirk on his Death-bed bequeathed all his Wealth to be distributed into equal Dowries, or Portions, wherewith to Marry a certain number of Maids of *Hemskirk* his Birth-place; yearly on this condition, that the New-married Couple with all the Wedding-Guests shou'd Dance on his Grave.

In pity to your Sex this Man was sent, b. sic, ut
That you might Lowe, and yet be Innocens: et. i. p.
For sure no Crime with you we can commit; p. l. to
Or if we shou'd —— your Form excuses in. b. n.
For, who, that gathers fairest Flowers, believes?
A Snake lies hid beneath the Fragrant Leaves?

However, we woud, if we cou'd, provide you with Husbands, for we think 'tis hard, that only bose that have Money are sought in Marriage.

Another great Promoter of Weddings was *Lycurgus*, who Establish'd a Law which in some cases forbids giving of Dowries with Maidens in Marriage (or if they were bestowed that they should ne'er be return'd) to the end that every Maid shou'd labour to endow her self with Virtue, for

Love

Love whereof, and not for Riches, they shou'd be demanded in Marriage; The same Reason mov'd *The mistoiles*, when Two Men required his Daughter in Marriage; to prefer the Honest man before the Wealthy, saying, *That he had rather have a Man to his Son in Law with ut Gods, than Gods without a Man.* But this is an Age wherein if Women are Crooked, Ill Natur'd, or mere Succubus's, they are meer Angels till the Fortunes paid, and then such Devils again, that the next News we hear is, that his *Grace*, or Sir Charles &c. has his Misses to attend him, (Thanks to his Ladies Fortune,) wherever he goes.

We do not find the *Patriarchs* chaffering for Portions: *Isaac* that was so great an Heir (as that his Father out of his own House did raise Three Hundred and Eighteen Men born in his Service) was at the charge of sending for a Wife without a Portion; and *Jacob* with Fourteen Years Service purchased his: As the World increased in Money, so it did in this Sin, and both united to hinder the Ordinance of God, turning the Command of Increasing and Multipling Men, into increase and multiply Money, of which we may say, as it was in another case, tho' much to the same purpose, *in the Beginning it was not so.*

There are some now Living in these Kingdoms, that remember when Money was the least part considered in Marriage, when that sum would have been thought a Fortune for a *Lord*, that is now despised by a *Merchant*; yet then there were few dyed without Posterity, and a few dyed for want, or that which is well lived like Beasts of Prey, on the Labours of others.

A Pacquet from Athehs. (K)

Lycurus, among his Laws to the Spartans enjoined this for one, That they who lived unmarried and Childless, should be Debarr'd from all Spors, and forced to go Naked in the Winter about the Market place; and in the Spartan Laws there were the same Punishments for bad Husbands, as for them that were none, both being thought equally mischievous to the Common Wealth, and neither to be suffered.

Solon made a Law, That there should be no Finters, nor Dowers, and that Wives should bring their Husbands but Three Gowns, with some other Trifles of small Value; forbidding Portions which he looked upon as Buying of Husbands, and so making Merckandise of marriage, as of other Trades, contrary to the Law of Nature, and first design of the Institution, which was for the Increase of Children: Hence was he wont to say, That Men and Women should Marry for Issue, Pleasure and Love, but in no case for Money.

The Romans were so careful in this matter, that they made Laws vouchsafing divers Incentives and Priviledges to such as had many Children, as we may see by that particular Law, *Filia, or Papia*, which obliged all Men to take Wives, and none to be excepted.

And not only they, but a worse People, the Persians, had in former times a Custom to Honour Men once a Year with some Gratuity from their King, who had a Child that Year by his Wife, respecting him as a Man that had gained an istem due the Service of his Country.

By the Laws of Lycagus, Men that would not marry, were to be Deem'd Injurious, and to have no Respect paid to them; Consonant to which is that passage related by Plinarch of Doryciliadas,

(*) A Pacquet from Athens.

who coming into Prison, where there was a Young Man, who gave him no Respect, nor even looking from his Place; and being asked why he showed him no Reverence, setting that he was a Son of Honour? Made the following Reply, Because he was not the Father of a Son, who might do hereafter as much for him.

We'll come nearer Home, and find at this Day in some parts of Germany, a Custom (formerly more universal) Once a Year, at a General meeting in the City, or Town, to present Gifts, and to give Publick Applause with loud Acclamations to such as were married, and had Children that Year, thus Echoing out their Praises.— These are those that Replenish the World.

As to Widewhood, 'twas Forbidden by the Romane, to have any allowance in the Common Wealth, in case they were not Superannuated.

The Romans in the East, have so vast a Veneration of Marriage, that as soon as the married Couple has a Male Child, the Father loses his Name, and is called by that of his Eldest Son; as supposing the Fathers name Isaac, and the Son to be called Joseph, he is no more named Isaac, but *Abra Joseph*.

We have heard of a Custom amongst those worst of Men, the Irish, which may teach us Charity, and that is, Before their Daughters are Thirteen Years of Age, they go about among all their Friends and Acquaintance, taking the young Girls with them, to shew whether she is capable of marriage. This is accounted sufficient intimation to their Friends to understand their Design, and therefore they need do no more, but are immediately Answer'd with what they can spare, which is commonly in Cates, for they have little money.

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A Faginet from Athens. (13)

This we have heard is a frequent practice amongst them at this Day, and so General, that a poor Man, who may not be Master of six Cows himself, will commonly get Twenty for his Daughters, and make no Provision for his Sons; by which means the Daughters seldom stay till Fifteen, and the Young Men marry the earlier to get themselves a Stock of Cattle, which they are sure of with a Wife.

We find in several parts of the VVorld, as in Thrace and Assyria, that they were so possessed with an Opinion of the advantage of marriage, as occasion'd their making Laws for its Propagation.

And here (that no Maids might be left un-married, either for want of Beauty, Money, or Virtue) we shall Add,

A Brief Copy of an ACT to Provide Maids with Husbands, which is as follows, viz.

THAT a Statute might be made, Obliging all Men, from One and Twenty Years of Age, to Marry, or in Default; to pay One Eighth part Annually of their Yearly Income, if they be Men of real Estates; or One Eighth Part of the interest of their Personal Estates, if it amount to One Hundred Pound per Annum of Real; or to Four Hundred Personal, as it shall be valued by Men appointed for that Affair, And the Act to be that none of the Male Sex above Thirty shou'd be Unmarried under,

(*4) A Pacquet from Athens.

under the Penalty of 2000 l. and all the forementioned Penalties, and the same to be paid by all single Women, who have their Fortunes in their Hands; after that they arrive to the Age of Eighteen; and the same to be paid by all Widowers and Widow; who have no Children, the Widowers not to pay after Sixty Years of Age, nor the Widows after Fifty, and all these Payments to continue as long as they are Unmarried. —

And because that Young Men are often kept from Marriage through Default of their Fathers, that the same Mulct shall be laid on the Fathers Estate, as if it were the Sons. —

This Money so rais'd, to be dispos'd in every City and Country as they shall see fit, for Portions to Young Maids, who are under Forty Years of Age, and Care taken that it be expended every Year, so as no Bank to be kept; and that no Portion be ever given to any, who have been Debanded: With such other Rules as may be prescribed.

This method wou'd provide Men enough in Twenty Years time; but then the mischiefe of it wou'd be, that by that time you'd lie at least Six Feet under Ground: Yet it must be acknowledged that these

A Pacquet from Athens. (*5)

these Kingdoms in their most Happy Daies never saw a Law, which made that immediate Provision for the meanest Soul in it, as this will do; for 'twill set the Captive free; whereas many are now born, who have reason to continue the Lamentation they found out at their first Entrance into the the World: Our Greatest Charity for the Poor, is at most but to keep them so; but this will be Cloathing them with Wedding Garments, and every Corner of the Land will rejoice with Nuptial Songs; and undoubtely if it be a Vertuous Act to relieve the Poor, this must be greater to provide for them for the present, and to prevent it in their Posterity.

— We're sensible that some may be apt to raise Objections against this Proposal; which to have the Trouble, both of naming and answering them, we think, this Reply may serve for all. That there can be no particular Joynery done in this matter, which can stand in the least Competition with the Consideration of such a Puplick Good, as both Reforming and Peopling of a Kingdom will necessarily amerat to.

Thus (Ladies) we have sent you A short Copy of an ACT to provide ye all with Husbands; but 'tis above our Sphere to move any further in it: But if the Hints we have sent ye, is what you approve of, we advise you to carry 'em to some able Lawyer, and desire him to intlarge upon 'em, in such manner as may be fit for you to present to both Houses of Parliament.

And in the mean time we have here sent ye the Names, and some short Draughts of the Characters of some Bachelors, that (could you periwade 'em to Marry) we think wou'd make you Excellent Husbands; and we shall first Recommend —

(36) A Paquet from Athens.

Mr. John Wade in the County of Meath
He is short set, rather low than tall, but
of such a size that cannot be termed either —
His Garb and Gesture is Free and Natural —
His Hair is of that lovely Brown which most
sets off, and best agrees with the fairest
Complexion — His Forehead is High,
Round and Majestick, and his Eyes Quick and
Piercing.

There needs no Jewel to Entice his Ears,
For they are, fairer than the Gem they bear?
His Cheeks are neither White nor Red, but such
As lets of either were too little, more too much.

In a Word, Wade is a most Accomplish'd Bachelor, and (which doubtless will recommend him to Wives enough) is possessor of a good Estate.

Ladies, If you don't like Mr. Wade (for tho' he is Rich, he is pretty Old) we would next Recommand Mr. Cartleton of Hull

His Mouth is little and those Teeth within
Sometimes appear, alio but seldom seen.

His Mouth is exactly proportion'd, and he has full Lips (which is exceeding Graceful) of such a Red that CORAL compar'd with it looks pale.

These Coral Lips, like Twins of Cupids Mother
Still kiss, because in Love with one another.

A Pacquet from Athens. (A7)

These parting, discover Two Quick sets of Polish'd Ivory, set in exact order, enclosing a Tongue composed of so much Harmony, that it's own sound is only able to declare its perfection.

Ladies, Another Bachelor we woud Recommend to your Choice is Mr. Norton of Finsbury. His Chin is short and Dimpled — His Features flourish in an Oval Form — His Eyes sparkle like any thing.

As for his Feet, his Legs, his Back, his Thighs,
And all thos: parts conceald from Mortal-Eyes,
The Painters Pencil cannot make a Draught
Of things unseen, nor dares he Paint a Thought:
Tis neither Art, nor Nature can amend them
We shou'd but Wrang them, if we should Command them.

Ladies, We need not bid you be kind to young Mr. Benjamin Harris, for he is very Handsome, and always Neatly Attir'd

He has a Head where Diligacy's sub'd
Like Virgin-Wax in melt; and every Touch
His Pyramid Nails are ripe for their Defence,
With Gems as Sprinkl'd as their Innocency;
And all do Wonder at those Parts are hidden
Which sure are Bore, because they are Forbidden.

The Inhabitant of this well built Fabrick is a Soul that far excels it (like a fair Intelligence in a Glorious Plant) it informs and directs each Organ to the exact performance of their proper Functions, (and which Crowns the rest) Ben. Harris is endu'd with an Even Temper, Nice Speculation, and is a great Friend to the Muses.

(*8) A Pacquet from Athens.

Or Ladies, If you don't like Mr. Harris, we have
much to say in behalf of Mr. Keys of Katherin-Hall
in Cambridge : He has a Wit so pregnant that few
Men can boast an Equal — An Apprehension so
ready, that the Speakers meaning is understood
before he can proceed to a Period He — is bleis'd
with a Retentive Memory and Happy Fancy,
and is a first-rate Poet. Yet tho' he is Master of
these Admirable Qualities, he is not in the least
ruff'd up with them: —

His Goas, Looks, Speaks, and does all things beside,
As far from Affection as from Pride —

None of his Actions carry any Symptom of
Vanity; but are so Nobly Free in his whole
Conversation that he is Admir'd of all. —

There is also Mr. Thornecomb, Tobaconist, wou'd
make a most Rare Husband —

What shall we say? Nor this, nor that is best,
But all is better than can be express'd;
And all Perfection is so given to all
His Parts, that none is best, but each is all.

But of all his Matchless Qualities, we admire
at none so much as his great Skill in Mu-
sic — His Voice is order'd with so much
Art, that it excells all that we ever heard,
and Charms us beyond what we are able to
utter; — His Speech is Soft, and Gentle, and his Breath
Perfumes the Air, and makes a Heaven on Earth.

When

A Pacquet from Athens. (9)

When Thorncomb lays his hand to the Lute, or charms with his melodious Tongue, the Music he makes is superlatively rare, and beyond comparison — — — There are three Virgins in love with him at this time; but two are Red hair'd, and he loves nothing but a brown Woman — — —

Had we room we woud proceed to a larger Catalogue of Batchelors, &c. However as soon as these we have nam'd are marry'd, we purpose to make further discoveries of this kind, and recommend others: For, Ladies, That you may be all provided with Good Husbands, shall be the daily Desires of

Your Friends.

The Athenians.

LETTER XL.

The Batchelors' Petition for a Catalogue of young Ladies, that are Free and Undispos'd. Gentlemen,

We can't but acknowledge our selves very much oblig'd t'ye, you seem to be made on purpose for the service of mankind, and don't only dive into the depths of Learning and Speculation, but can at pleasure unbend your thoughts, and let 'em run upon

(10) A Prologue from Athens.

the easier Subjects of Love and Wedlock. On these Topics we conseil you have perform'd like your selves. As for what you've advanc'd upon the Shoulders of Plato, we like it well enough in the Idea; but as for the Practice of it, our Talent don't lie that way. We are for more sensible satisfactions, that lie within the compass of our present composition and with reference to these you've made our way as open as we woud wish; you've drawn up the very Form of Courtship, so that let our Understandings run as low as they can, if our memories do but stick by us, we can't possibly miss; and really tho' we han't spent four Years at the University, and don't know how to make Addresses in Form, yet for all that, we may have as strong Inclinations, you know, and as great necessity for marriage, as other men, in regard the Degree of a Batchelor is almost as costly in a civil Respect, as it is at either Oxford or Cambridge.

However Gentlemen, (and we suppose you are sensible of it,) there's as much cheating and tricking in Marriage as at Luck in a Bag; and therefore you'd do well to make a wise Provision, to Unmarry those that have had the unhappiness to make a wrong choice: Notwithstanding, Sirs, 'tis the best way to be sure, for there's but small Transport in running one's Neck in a Halter, purely upon the Hopes that if the Noose shou'd slide, some body may come by and cut it too short ad eot.

We therefore make it our humble Request that you'd finish your Design, and recommend such a Catalogue of young Ladies as your Society

A Pacquet from Athens. (XLI)

Society approve, and leave us to the rest; we'll be sure to file the Game Home, were we but once directed in the choice. The correspondence you have had with *Ingenious Ladies* has put it in your Power to oblige us in this Particular. Let us have their Names; and some short Draughts of their Characters, and so much as you know of their Circumstances mayn't be amiss. We are

Gentlemen, your very

much Oblig'd, &c.

LETTER XLI.

The Athenians recommend to the choice of Batchelors a number of young Ladies that are Uningag'd, with a distinct view of their several Characters.

SIRS,

We have read your Petition in a full session of our Society, and in regard 'twas a nice Point, and without President, we resolv'd to put it to the Vote whether we shou'd answer your Request; and Gentlemen, for your satisfaction, 'twas carry'd in the Affirmative; but upon these conditions, that you'd make no ill use of our freedom in this matter; that you treat the Ladies with all the respect due to their Merits;

(*12) A Pacquet from Athens.

rites; and Lastly, Let the Issue be what it will, that we be indemnnifi'd: Upon these Limitations, to be kept sacred as the *Essential Laws of Virtue*, We'll proceed to Particulars.

And the first Person we shall recommend to your choice is,

Mrs. Johnson of Kensington. And here we are proud that we cannot flatter; Greatness is indeed communicated to some few of both Sexes, but *Beauty and Wit* is confin'd to a more narrow compass, 'tis only in the Female Sex, 'tis not shar'd by many; and its suprem perfection is in Mrs. Johnson, who has borrow'd the Note of the Nightingale, and her numbers are as sweet, as the Voice of that is Musical.

The Prize of *Beauty and Wit*, was disputed only 'till she was seen, but now all Pretenders have withdrawn their claims; there is no competition but for the second place; where-ever she goes, there are no Eyes for other Beauties; she only is present, and the rest of her Sex are but the unregarded parts that fill her Triumph; where are Eyes more attractive than those of this Lady? Where's a Virgin so chaste in her Thoughts, so careful of her Words, so pious in her Actions, so delicate in her Shape, or so lofty in her Mein? Her Air is charming, sweet, and her Smiles of more delightful shine than April Suns: In a word, her Person is a Paradice, and her Soul a Cherubim within, to Guard it.

Her early Dawn gave wonder and surprize,
And little Deaths were levell'd from her Eyes.

Will

A Pacquet from Athens. (*13)

With conscious Transport all intent we hung,
And catch'd the Graces melting on her Tongue.
Her Virgin Pen Seraphick Love employs ;
She scorns gross Passion, with its wanton Joys :
Big with important Sense, her ev'ry Line
Speaks her a Norris, or an old Divine.
In Fields of Science she the Conquest won,
When yet her Age bid scarce the Bloom begun.
Devotion swells her ev'ry Pulse ; and Prayer
On ardent Wings beats up to Heav'n in Air

The next *Virgin* we'll endeavour to characterize is, *Madam Astel* (the young Gentlewoman that corresponded with *Mr. Norris*.) To do justice to the merits of this pious Maid, is a Task of more weight than our time will allow, or indeed our Abilities : For to draw her to the Life, one must write like her ; that is, *with all the Softness of Her Sex, and all the Fire of Ours.* All will own that in *Madam Astel* the curious hand of Nature draws Perfection ; when a *Virgin*, like her, appears, all are inspir'd with wonder and delight : Her Conversation (*by being a Tutor to young Ladies*) is General, but never impertinent. Her Vanity (*if she has any*) gives no allay to her Wit, and is no more than must justly spring from *conscious Virtue*. She never insinuates her merit (*as is seen by her Letters to Mr. Norris*) by any other means than the fine things she speaks or writes. — To Sum up all, she hath a great deal of *WIT*, a true and discerning *Judgment*, very nicely scrupulous, singular in her *Motions*, constant in her *Friendship*, Pleasant in her *Conversation*, sincere in her *Piety* : And all those

(41) A Pacquet from Athens.

these are so qualifi'd and so intermix'd, that like different Elements, they make a most excellent composition.

Devotion is the Empress in her Breast,
Fancy, and Wit, below, divide the rest,
Religious Heat, her saving Muse insp'res,
And Virgin Thoughts inflame the vital Fires:
Her Vein is courtly, yet at leisure flows
Because rich Streams alone the Source bestows;
Long may the Laurels on her Temples spread,
Nor wither, 'till Etern'l Crowns succeed!

Madam Bolton of Kensington is another Virgin that deserves an extraordinary Husband; she's a Person naturally qualified for this great Virgin Honour. She does her self of living a Maid; for she has a good discerning Judgment, which makes her sensible of her happy choice, as the World now goes. She has a great and losty Mind, which forbids her to exchange her Liberty for any trifling advantage of Honour or Riches. Her Passions are so moderate, Fame and Glory can't exalt her, nor unjust reproach or contempt deject her; she can see her own defects with Patience, and own 'em out of love to Truth. She considers the Cares of a marry'd State, or had been marry'd some Years ago. But cou'd she yet be dunn'd into Wedlock, she'd make an extraordinary Wife, for she's a Woman of sense, and such a one is a noble Prize, had she nothing but the Treasure of her Mind. All the World is Pictur'd in a Soul,

A Paquet from Athens. (*15)

Soul, and he that marries our Virgin on this Foundation, (but alas! she's wedded to a single Life) will still be finding new Pleasures in her Words or Looks.

Her Pen's restless, as her Nature charms;
These wound and give us Death, as that charms:
With gentle sway Reason unshak'd Reigns.
O'er all the Little Worlds her Fancy reigns.
Her Verse, tho' num'rous, flows in easy strains;
Lofty as Hills, yet bumble as the Plains.
When she Laments, we weep, and mourn, and die;
And Labour in its Extremes of Sympathy.
Her Mind's unblasp'fh'd as the Bless'd above;
Not conscious of the Sins of Wanton Love.
She's not severe, tho' Virtuous, Learn'd, and young;
And Science pours in Plenty from her Tongue.

A Fourth Virgin our Society wou'd recommend to the deserving Bachelor is, Madam Stacey (Sister to the Parson of that name). She hath Wit and Discretion not only above her own Sex, but even of that too which pretends so much to it, and values it self so much upon it; she was truly born a Poet; not made, nor formed by Industry, and (which, mightily recommends her to a man that follows the Calling of an Author); her Muse is never subject to the Curse of bringing forth with Pain; for she always writes with the greatest Ease in the World; — To conclude her Character, she's of a generous

(*16) A Pacquet from Athens.

nerous and open Temper, an easy and free Conversation; and she's Mistress of the Art of obliging.

Her Temper is Harmonious, as the Spheres;
Curious her Wit, yet sparkling as the Stars;
Her Fancy's Flights like her own Eye-Lids, wound;
Which Judgment only like her own, can bound.
Large is her Genius, as her Generous Mind;
But less to Action than to Thought inclin'd.
A few choice BOOKS engage her sacred Hours,
From whence she culls with care the springing
(Flowers,
Spotless her Virtues, and her Faults are faint;
A Finish'd Woman, and an equal Saint.

Shou'd we step from London to the Isle of Wight, we shou'd scarce meet with a Virgin there, but what woud make an excellent Wife.

And because Real Piety ought to take place of other Charms; The first Virgin we shall recommend here, is, Mrs. Ann Maxfeld; we might say much of her Obedience, Humility and great Charity; but we say all this in telling the Bachelor, that not only Newport, but the Isle of Wight, is blest for the sake of that pious Virgin.

For good humour and Wit, we recommend Mrs. Ady Wavil; the best Bachelor in Newport might be in an extacy to see her, but we think her the fittest Wife for some Disconsolate Widower ——— for she's ever so new and diverting, 'tis impossible to be Sad in her company.

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A Pacquet from Athens. (*17)

Mrs. Ann Gill deserves an Excellent Husband, her Air and Person is very charming; and whoever marries her, will have a discreet House-keeper, as is evidently seen in the prudent management of her Fathers Family.

Mrs. Grace Cheeke will also make an extraordinary Wife. She's Beautiful and Young, a most accomplish'd Stop-keeper; and her Prudence gives so many Proofs of her capacity for Domestic Government, that the Heart of a Husband might safely trust in her; and 'tis our opinion that the Isle of Wight has none that exceeds her for Wit and Beauty, except it be Mrs. Mary Bowzell, whose agreeable Person and Temper has lately made a young Gentleman exceeding happy.

We shall next give the Reader a Prospect of Madam Sands. Her Aspect is compos'd of mirth and modesty. —— She has Sweetness and Enterprize in her Air, which plead and anticipate in her Favour, —— Her Wit and Vertues are writ legibly in her Face; and this short-hand will give you a juster Idea of her Worth, than the Circumlocution of words; her Eyes bespeak her the Wonder and Envy of her Sex, only with less Rhetorick than her Tongue.

Not purple Violets in the early Spring
Such graceful Sweets, such tender Beauties bring.
The Orient Blush, which does her Cheeks adorn,
Makes Coral Pale, vies with the Rosie morn.
Cupid has took a Surfeit from her Eyes;
When e'er she smiles, in lambene Fire he fries;
And when she weeps, in Pearls dissolv'd he dies.

Her EFFIGIES and her Character are the same

(18*) A Pacquet from Athens.

same ——— She is all that she looks, and
'twou'd drain any Wit but her own to raise
the Piece to a Level with her deserts; but
the World having prevented us in her Character,
we shan't blemish the colour with an un-
masterly hand.

If any *Dean* or *Prebend* shou'd want an in-
genious Wife, we wou'd propose to him Madam
Tipper, who is a Philosopher, a Poet, and a
True Widow.

If any Bachelor enquire for a Beautiful Wife,
we wou'd send him to Madam *Tempest*.

And for *Palme Discourse* Madam *Sander*
beats the Bell from all the Virgins in Ex-
treme.

Were any Fellow in *Oxford* or *Cambridge*
inclin'd to marry, we wou'd advise him to
Madam *Holler*, for she is a nice Philosopher,
and is in the hard and knotty Arguments of
Metaphysical Learning, a most nervous and subtle
Disputant.

If we wou'd give more Instances of Accomplisht Virgins, to these we might add Mrs. *Davis* in *Dublin*, Mrs. *Fleming* in *Scotland*, Mrs. *Walker* in *London*, Mrs. *Hutchins* in *Aldover*: We might also Characterize Mrs. *Richards* in *Holbourn*, we have trac'd her Life from
the Cradle to her 30th Year, and find it a
continu'd Act of Piety. So that we can
assure those Bachelors that wou'd marry an
Angel, that if ever there was on Earth a
perfect Virgin, 'tis Mrs. *Richards*. We would
also recommend (to a special Friend) the
Learned *Hibbert* for her skill in the Languages
and love to the Scriptures.

That Bachelor that wou'd ne'er repent of

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Virgin,

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A Paquet from Athens. (¶ 19)

his Match, must coure the Divine Myrrha,
the Master-piece of Wit and Virtue.

And he that would marry an Angel in Flesh
and Blood, must coure that Rich and Beautiful
Virgin, Madam Guillam of Manchester.

A Form more fine, more accurately wrought,
Was ne'er conceiv'd by a Poetick Thought.
Such pleasing Looks in mid'st of Spring adorn
The flowry Fields : So smiles the beauteous Morn.
So mild her Eyes, so beautiful and bright,
Than lovelier Eyes did ne'er salute th^e Light
With such a gentle Look, and such an Air,
So lovely, so exceeding sweet and fair, }
To us the Heaventy Messengers appear.
Whist that bright Sonne from Heaven his place within
Makes ev'ry Charm with double Lustre shone.

We have here nam'd but few of those
Excellent Virgins whose inward and outward
Perfections deserve so much from the young
Bachelor ; and tho' they're all of 'em crowded
with Suitors (and so don't want our Recomendation) yet if Athens shou'd have any
hand in their happy Marriage, they won't be
angry with these Characters ; for we are well
assur'd tis what they deserve, and nothing but
their great modesty will ever deny it. However,
we have endeavour'd to do all the Justice
in our power to the good Nature and Virtue
of the Ladies we propose ; and were we
unnoos'd, we don't know where, within the
compass of the Sex, to make a better choice
for our selves ; (but alas ! some of us have
been fatally mistaken.) If their Circumstances
don't please you, we can't help that, and we
hope

(*20) A Pacquett from Ahens.

hope you've higher motives to marry than because the Assessment lies hard upon Bachelors.

So soon as these we have nam'd are gone off, we promise to renew the List, and fill up the Number.

A T H E N S.

L E T T E R X L I I .

A poor man, unhappily yok'd, petitions
ATHENS for some Legal Way of
Unmarrying both himself and others in
the same condition.

To the Athenians.
Gentlemen,

The generous Inclination you express for the Publick Good, and for the Happiness of Mankind, has drawn upon you this Address which, 'tis true, may have much difficulty and trouble attending it; yet shou'd you succeed (and you shall have the best wishes of the greater Part of her Majesties loving Subjects) you'll secure to your Selves an undoubted Immortality, and shall live in the memories of men so long as they shall keep their Fee upon this Earth.

You have now sat some years at the very Office of Intelligence, and it cannot have escap'd you

A Pacquet from Athens. (21)

your Notice, how great their Unhappiness must be that are unequally Tak'd. Marriage, 'tis well known, has a World of satisfaction attending it, where all things hit, as to Religion and Honesty, Inclination, Humour, &c. ~~the world~~ — When Souls mix, 'tis a Happiness: viii. 100 & two But not compleat, till Bodies too Combine; and And closely, as our Minds, together Join. ~~the world~~ Bus where there's a constant Discord in all these, where neither Religion nor Honesty can be found, where in the Room of Inclinations and good Humour on both sides, there's nothing but a mutual Disaffection. 'Tis certainly the greatest Misery of Humane Life.)

Love's Nauseous Cure! Thou Clo'ſt, whom thou
lovet, as yesternight as day (boud'ſt pleasure;)
And when thou Cur'ſt, then thou art the Disease:
When Hearts are loose, thy Chain our Bodies ties.
Love couples Friends, but Marriage Enemies;
Marriage is but the Pleasure of the Day;
The Metal's base, the Gilding worn away.

So soon as Aversion and Disaffection get looting in the Breasts of the Married Couple, what mischiefs will not follow? Their Quiet and their Peace are gone, and how effectually is Religion banish'd such a Family, where Love and a mutual Complacency are destroyed by Imprudence and ill Humour; and when matters go at this rate with them, they'll be very apt, especially where their Constitutions are any thing warm and Sanguinary, to insinuate themselves into others, at the loss both of their Chastity and their Con-

(102) A Pacquet from Athens.

Conscience, in order to meet with those gross Satisfactions which they might have enjoy'd very innocently at home, had all things gone well From this very Thought you cannot but see how spreading the Infection must be, where it lies unlookt to, and is suffer'd to go on without Security and Restraint.

One Family where the Obligations of Marriage are thus broke thro' and neglected, may very easily endanger the Vertue and the Peace of many more. *Conjugal Infidelity* has certainly more Natural, Civil, and Religious Mischiefs attending it, than I can easily be reckon'd up; nor to mention the Distempers and the Weaknesses that are it's natural Off-spring, and which make so many Thousands, (we wou'd gladly subtract from the number if we cou'd) go about, like so many Walking Graves, and which turn 'em at last into their Tombs with as much Infamy as their Sin deserv'd.

Is not the Violation of the Marriage Bed too apparent in that Wonderful Variety of Children you may meet with in the same Family, this Girl is as Beautiful and Fair as the Courtezan in Horace, that had a *Vulnus nimium Lubricus Aspi*, the other is a Dowdy all over, as Tawny and Unpleasant as any Spaniard? Here you may see one *Plump*, *big Shoulder'd*; with a *Belly* of exactly the same size of a Dutch Skipper; there's another *Stender-wasted*, *Tall*, and *Taper* as the Monument; one is *Sanguine*, another *Pale*, and *Spiritless*: Here's a *Dwarf*, and there's a *Giant*; this is ill Natur'd and surly, that is nothing but good Humour and Complaisance: So one might really imagine that half Europe had Clipp'd to furnish out one Family; by this means the legitimate Off-

A Pacquet from Athens. (*23)

Off-spring are depriv'd of Inheritance by Inter-
opers. 'Tis true, that several places in the
East and in Affrick have made Provision for
satisfaction in such a Case, in regard they
make the Heirship of Families run down on the
Mother's side; so that if the Nativitie be once
allow'd, there's no further enquiry made about
the genuine Father. But what Charm can all
this Sophistry furnish out to satisfy the Hus-
band, if he at the same time be privy to the
Unlawful Freedoms of his Wife.

These Disorders in Families have very often oc-
cation'd the Death, or at least a Life that's alco-
gether as Unhappy, sometime of the one, and
sometime of the other Party.

Thou'ret Woman, a true Copy of the First,
In whom the Race of all Mankind was Curse:
Your Sex by Beauty was to Heaven ally'd;
But your great Lord the Devil taught you PRIDE;
He too an Angel, till he durst Rebel;
And you are sure the Stars that with him fell:
Ab Traitors! Ab Ingrate! Ab Fainbless MIND!
Ab Sex invented first to Damn Mankind!—Dryden.

Lipidus, we are well assur'd, Dy'd out of pure
Vexation at the Incontinency of his VVife, and
twere well if he were the only Martyr of that
kind.

Have we not known some Families go to ruine
in our own Days, meerly by the Luxuriant Ex-
travagance of a Husband or a Wife? Can't we re-
member the Dutchess of Norfolk, that within
the compass of Three Years, to maintain her
own Gallantries, run the Duke 30000*l.* in
Debt,

(*24) A Pacquet from Athens.

Debt above his Income, to pay which, he was oblig'd to sell his Life in 2400 l. per Annum.

If Fitness is of mutual Love the Mother,

A fitter Match than this was never known,
Nor can hereafter (we suppose) be shown;
So fit, as fit for Nought but for each other.

We might easily be particular upon a like instance, where a M—— had bin off his whole Estate to his W——re, to the Tune of 30000 l. and upon the Decease of his Wife was forc'd out of pure Necessity to Marry his M—— that he might not starve; what shall we say to the present Instance of the good Lady H—— wou'd it not be a very sensible Happiness to her self and her Children to be Divorced, and not to be ty'd by a marriage, where the very Essence and Ends of it are already destroy'd,

Since the ACT of Parliament for making void the marriage between the Duke and Dutchess of Norfolk, Susanna Cunyers was found in the ACT of Adultery, and the Wife of John Cunliff has run astray, and some Women are grown so shameless, that there have bin 50 Elopements since last Midsummer.

At Dunmow (a Town in Essex) there is a strange Custom anciently settled in it, which is upon these Conditions, viz. By a Monastery held there it was ordain'd, That if any Man would come and Kneel on Two Stones, yet to be seen at the Church Door, before the Convent, and Solemnly take an Oath, That he never made any Nuptial Transgression since his Marriage, or never once wou'd himself Unmarried; he might peremptorily Demand a Flesch of Bacon

A Pacquet from Athens. (K²⁵)

as his Right, which wou'd be freely given him.—And by an Old Book they keep to show, it there stands upon Record, that one Richard Wright of Badsworth in Norfolk, Stephen Samuel of Little Easton in Essex; and Thomas Lee of Coxhat, in the afore named County, took the said Oath, and had their Fitch of Bacon with great Applause of their being extraordinary Husbands, that they could keep their Wives in good Humour so long, (for they had been Married 20 Years.) But as these Three Gentlemen were the first that Swore they never Repented their Marriage, so I fear they will be the last. For as Flairman says,

The Vermin, the Thief, and the Tory in vain,
Of the Trap, of the Jail, of the Quag-mire complain;
But wellfare poor Pugg; for he plays with his Clog,
And tho' he wou'd be rid on't rather iben his Life,
Tet he lugs it, and he bugs it, as a Man does bis Wife, &c.

And perhaps this was the Reason Austin gave his Wife the Title of SHE-CLOG. To be lure those Persons that are now Suing out a Divorce, have Repented till their Hearts Ake; and there is Daily so many unhappy Matches, (for Persons often Marry for Money, and how can a Blessing attend such Marriages) that cou'd all those Men and Women that are unhappily noos'd, be Unmayried at their Pleasure, how wou'd our Churches be crowded, and the Clergy reward-ed for Dispatch.

'Twill signify very little to the present pur-pose to mention any more of these horrid in-stances they've been too frequent since the Days of Charles the II. who made England in fine Regis ad Exemplum totus Componitur Orbis.

(K²⁵)

'Twou'd

(*24) A Pacquet from Athens.

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Nor can be easier (we suppose) be shwon;
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A Pacquet from Athens. (* 25)

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Days of Charles the II. who made England
unlaw. Regu. ad Exemplum totus Componitur Orbis.

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'Twou'd

(*26) A Pacquet from Athens.

Twou'd be no very difficult matter to prove that the very Essence of Marriage-Union consists in Mutual Consent, and were it not for some Political Reasons, twou'd be something hard to show why any more should be required. Now if the Marriage Union is made up of Mutual Consent, I know no Reason why a Mutual Consent mayn't loose it again, in regard, there's no doubt to be made but that *Eadem Methodo mirur in Analysi que fuit in Genesi*. However 'tis not so reasonable that a Mutual Dissaffection should dissolve the Marriage, where no sufficient Crime can be alledged by either Party, nor would I plead for a Dissolution upon the bare Aversion of the one Party, unless such Allegations can be made as carry their own Reason and Evidence along with them.

'Tis agreed upon you know, by the best of *Catholicks*, That Fornication dissolves the very Essence of Marriage. Mat. 5. 32. Now if the Essence of it be destroyed, why should not the civil obligation of it be too?

Adultery, (as in the case of Mr. Cunliff's and Mr. Conyers Wife) dissolves or frustrates the end of Marriage, and reduces that civil Obligation to a Nullity; therefore Divorce is Lawful, and the innocent Person may Marry: And I don't Wonder that these several Persons (mention'd in the Letter) do all they can to get a Divorce; but if a Husband desires a nearer way, (for those that have bad Wives, are in haste to get rid of 'em) he may read a legal Form for sale of such a Wife to her Adulterer, after Eloppement, in *Cook's Second Institutes*, with Arguments of Pro and Con in Parliament, upon the sale brought in recovery of Dower, which

A Pacquet from Athens. (*27)

which that Eminent Lawyer, for the extraordinariness of the Case thought fit to Exemplifie in that Book, which may serve some Husbands, where Reconciliation cannot be had, or Divorce easily obtain'd.

'Twou'd be very happy and desirable, that upon sufficient Evidence and Conviction in such Cases, no more shou'd be required than that short Form in force among the Jews,
Be expelled from me, and free for any Body else.

Divorces, you know Sirs, according to the present Establishment are very Expensive and very Tedious, and proceed only upon the Authority of Parliament, so that if the Party injur'd have neither Interest nor Money, tho' his Case have all the Evidence that can be requir'd, yet he must out of necessity struggle forward with his Burthen, and pine away with his Unhappiness and Grief. Who would not rather incline to Celibacy, when the solemn Engagement of Marriage is so perplex'd with Conditions and Consequences? For my own part, cou'd I once regain the Liberty I have Fool'd away, that of the Poet shou'd be my Motto for Life-time, —
Et mihi dulce magis Resoluta vivere Collo. —

*A Life all Free and Unconfin'd I'd chuse
Nor Female Smiles stou'd Charm me to the Noose.*

One wou'd incline to think, Gentlemen, That the very Extremity of the Case wou'd recommend it to your Care. It seems to be an Emergency reserv'd on purpose for Athens to Relieve; and what a load of Infamy woud lie at your Door shou'd it be said there was once a Difficulty propos'd, where the Publick Good was concern'd, but your Society cou'd say nothing to it? It is left

(K 2 * *)

intirely

(^{*28}) *A Pacquet from Athens.*

entirely to your management: There's no other Application can promise any Redress of the present Grievance, and may the success of this turn wholly upon the merits of the Cause.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XLII.

The Athenians propose an Infallible Method to Unmarry those that are Unhappily York'd, by Act of Parliament, with the Reasons that make such a Provision of absolute necessity.

SIR,

In a full Assembly, we have perus'd the Contents of yours; the Proceedings follow:

The Question was First put, If better the method of Licences, according to the present Establishment, be really a Grievance, or No? Six Yeas, and Three Noses.

The Second Grand Question mov'd in the Assembly was, What is the most proper method to remove the Grievance?

The Answer return'd, was Nemine Contradicente, That the Removal of the said Grievance be made the Subject matter of a Petition to be prefer'd this Session of Parliament.

When the matter was carry'd thus far, 'twas signify'd to be the Pleasure of the Society That Dr. Fido and Mr. West draw up the said Petition; which you have here inclos'd for your own satisfaction,

ATHENS.

The

A Pacquet from Athens. (*29)

The Petition to be Preferr'd in this present Session of Parliament, with Respect to Divorces.

Whereas it has frequently been represented to us the Members of the Athenian Society, how great an Unhappiness the Subjects of this Nation do unavoidably labour under, by Reason of the Tedious and Expensive Proceedings in the High Court of Parliament, with Reference to Divorces, We the said Members do humbly present the following Petition to the Consideration of both Houses.

1. 'Tis very possible, and frequently happens, that an honest man and a good Subject may have sufficient cause to divorce his Wife, upon the notorious Breach of Matrimonial Engagements, and yet the injur'd Party in that case mayn't have money enough, ho' his whole shou'd go for't, to get a Divorce by Act of Parliament, and thereupon his Liberty restor'd to marry another, as his Circumstances and Satisfaction may require. This being so great a grievance, and tending so directly to the dissatisfaction and unhappyness of the Commonalty of the Nation, that 'tis humbly requested, this Extremity may be distinctly consider'd. Were but this great stumbling Block of charge and expence remov'd out of the way, we shou'd no longer meet with so many Murmurings and Complaints, that Satisfaction and Happiness, that Justice and Equity are to be bought and sold; and farther, we shou'd no longer be persecuted with such objections as these, which we confess are unanswerable; That he has naturally as good a Title to satisfaction and redress of Grievances; tho' he mayn't have so many Thousand pounds to throw away upon the purchase of

(*30) A Pacquet from Athens.

it, as he that can spare so much. And, whether han't the Poor as good a claim to Justice as the Rich, and is not that a severe and partial Constitution that shall deprive 'em of it?

2. 'Tis very apparent that Divorces are frequently kept depending a long time, witness the Instances of the Lord Ross, and the Duke of Norfolk. And that very often the Parliament han't an opportunity to dispatch matters of so private concerment; nay, further, there mayn't be a Session of Parliament in a long time after several such desperate cases that require a speedy dispatēh, may be ripe for Tryal, all which appear to be great irregularities. We therefore humbly offer these Particulars to the consideration of both Houses, in order to be Redress'd and Amended, in regard the damages that may follow upon them may be so considerable: And we don't doubt if it be but once the Pleasure of both Houses to consider these matters over, there may some new Ways and Means be found out, that may give abundant Satisfaction to all Her Majesties loving Subjects.

3. In regard 'tis agreed on all hands that a Divorce is due upon the account of Adultery or Fornication. We make it our humble Request, That upon sufficient Evidence of the Crime, before the Magistrate, and upon the consent of the Party injur'd, the officialem of their Marriage be declared void, and not farther binding, either of 'em, but that they be left at freedom to marry again, as Occasions may require.

4. In regard it seems plain and evident that the Essence of Marriage-Union is made up by the Mutual Consent of the Parties concerned, we make it therefore our Humble Request, That a Mutual Consent upon sufficient Allegations, may Unite the Marriage Union, seeing 'tis hard to determine for what purposes such Persons should be bound together in a Civil, that are already loos'd in

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A Pacquet from Athens. (*31)

in a Religious sense. There's several Instances well consider'd and redress'd (so far as the Reasons they go upon will bear) woud secure the Affection and the Loyalty of the Subject, and we shou'd hear no more complaints that thole Laws that are a Defence for an Ox and an Ass, do overlook the security of our best Enjoyments, and leave the Rights and Interests of the Marriages bed in common.

Notwithstanding, we submit our Sentiments of this matter, to the Prudent Determination of both Houses.

Athens.

The Athenians have here sign'd to the Petition for Divorces, a Form of Unmarrying, &c. which they Humbly request may be consider'd and establish'd by Law.

It is the judgment of our Society that the Church proceed to Censures, according to the known Rules in such Cases.

It can't be safe that one or both of such Parties shou'd be entertain'd in the Bosom of the Church, especially if their Wickedness and their Crimes do directly destroy the great Essentials of Christianity, and if the Evidence be good and positive. Farther, it appears necessary, for the sake of Order, and with respect to the solemnity of the thing, that there be a Form of Unmarriage agreed upon, to solemnize evry such Divorce: And that the readiness of our Society may appear to promote this important Aflair, we have agreed upon the following Form, which with all Reverence and Humility, we submit to the Judgment of the upper House of Convocation.

The Priest shall require the Mans Answer to the Questions that Follow:

N. Dost thou freely consent that this Woman shall be no longer thy Wedded Wife, that the Marriage Covenant shall be dissolv'd, and that she shall live no longer with thee in all those Freedoms that are only Lawful in the State of Matrimony? Will thou remove from her all Conjugal Affection, forsake her, and keep from her, so long as you both shall live? The Man must Answer, I will.

In the next place the Priest shall ask the Woman.

N. Dost thou freely consent that this Man shall be no longer thy Wedded Husband, that the Marriage Covenant

(^{*}32) A Pacquet from Athens.

nant shall be dissolv'd, and that he shall live no longer with thee in all these Freedoms that are only Lawful in the State of Matrimony? Wilt thou remove from him all Conjugal Affection, forsake him and keep from him so long as you both shall Live? The Woman must Answer, I will. The Man shall then repeat after the Priest the Form following.

I N. Divorce thee N. from being my Wedded Wife, and do hereby declare that I will neither have nor hold from this Day forward, for better for worse, for Richer for Poorer, in Sickness and in Health, to Love nor to Cherish, till the Day of my Death, according to Act of Parliament, in the 3d Year of the Reign of, &c. 1704. and thereto I plight thee my Troth.

Then shall the Woman repeat after the Priest.

I N. Divorce thee N. from being my Wedded Husband, and do hereby declare, that I will neither have nor hold from this Day forward, for better for worse, for Richer for Poorer, in Sickness and in Health, to Love nor to Cherish, till the Day of my Death, according to Act of Parliament, in the 3d Year of the Reign, &c. 1704. and thereto I plight thee my Troth.

The Man shall then put a broken Ring upon the Fourth Finger of the Womans Left hand, and lay after the Priest.

With this Broken Ring I thee Divorce, with my Body I will Worship thee no more, nor shalt thou have any share in my Worldly Goods, according to the Act made in the 3d Year of the Reign of, &c.

Husband. Take this Ring, the Married Yoke,
Take your Plighted Faith again;
I take mine and hug the stroake
That divides me from my Pain.

Wife. Hail that Uncontrolling Hour,
That Dear Minute when I found
No Confines to my Native Power,
But what a Virgins Honour bound.

3d Both Let's both be pleas'd, I readily agree
together. To Recomence the Joys of Liberty.

LET.

A Pacquet from Athens. (*33)

LETTER XLIV.

Containing a Map of the English Arcadia, or Kingdom of LOVE.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

In our Answer to the Virgin's Letter, we there promised (as 'twas their Request) to send them — a Map of the Kingdom of Love — and seeing our design is to direct the Bachelor and Virgin in their whole Amour (that Lovers may have a Universal Directory), we'll here insert a Map of the English Arcadia, or Kingdom of Love.

The English Arcadia, or Kingdom of Love, is situated very near to the Kingdom of Galanwy, and it is a very pleasant Country, and certainly all those that Travel thither, will find much satisfaction, provided they are well read in the MAP, and understand it so perfectly, that they are not in danger of mistaking their way, which is a common misfortune that happens to rash and ill-advised Travellers.

And altho' there are some hard and rugged Paths in the way to this Kingdom, which the most Skilfull Travellers cannot avoid in this Journey, yet they have frightened no Body from going thither, but Persons of all sorts, Ages and Complexions, have and will still venture, and sing, as they set out, That there is no Pleasure in this World without some Pain, and Joy does often succeed the place of Grief: And so these Happy People go on Comforting themselves in despight of all Discouragement, Lawful or Unlawful.

We Love these willing Travellers so well, that we cannot forbear adding some Directions to those comfortable hopes that spur them on to this dangerous Journey. And in as few words as may be, we'll here set down a Faithfull and True Guide from our Excellent MAP of the Ways, which all must religiously observe, that will travel into this Kingdom of Love, and prosper there.

Upon the Frontiers of this Kingdom of Love, you will

(*34) A Pacquet from Athentis.

will find the great Plain of Indifferency; which is a plain fair to the Eye, and very delightfull; where is ordinarily kept a Fair for all sorts of Merchants, but Merchants, who trade with nothing but Barrels of Pease, and white Cream.

Having gone over this Plain, you will arrive at the Wood of Fair Asssemblies, which is a very pleasant Grove, where there is almost always to be heard a Pleasant Consort of Voices, and Lutes, or at least 24 Violins, and very often Bills and Plays are to be seen there.

A little way from that Pleasant Wood, you will light upon an Inn stoln from the High-way, it is call'd Kind Looks; where you will Bait awhile, and you will there Drink of a small sort of Wine, which has much Sweetness in the Taste, but it is of a Nature to heat more than you would imagine by the Colour.

From Kind Looks you will be lead to Inquietude, a little Village, where there are no Beds, but what are abominable Uneasie. And the People of that place, as well as Strangers are forced to Lye only on hard Boards, and Faggots, which are only made of Thorns.

From Inquietude you will come to Reflection, a very Pleasant Village, which contains all the Second Editions of Kind Looks, and commonly presents 'em Fairer than at First.

From Reflection you pass on to Visit, a Village fair enough, but where none stays to Lodge. There are none but Chairs to sit on there, and not a Bed to lye on.

From Visit you go on to Sighs, which is a little place, where there is nothing Remarkable, unless it be some Wind-mills, which are mov'd by Winds and Vapours that arise from a Neighbouring Mountain call'd a Wound'd Heart.

From Sighs you will find your self upon a great and Famous Town call'd Care's upon Complacency; where there is a Citadel, Town, and University: The Captain of the Castle, that Guards that City, never Sleeps Soundly, but lies down always as in Fear of Surprise, or as if he had some great Enterprize in hand. He has a Train of Numerous hired Spies, which adveritise him every Minute of all that pass by, what kind of Weather it is, and what it is a Clock.

The City is filled with Merchants of Sweet Lemmons, Portugal Oranges, Marmalade, Italian Sweet-meats, Franchipan, and Marshals Gloves, Essences of all sorts,

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A Pacquet from Athens. (*35)

and Knacks innumerable and extremely pretty to the Eye. The University is graced with Admirable Professors who are all passed Doctors in Courtships, Verses, Ends of Plays, Songs a-la-Mode, Fine Language, Pleasants Romances, and Tales of all sorts: And it is laid, That these rare Birds-nts have been long breaking their Brains to find out the most refined Railing, but they have found it a harder Task than they imagined it. For to this Day they have Bit their Nails to the quick about it, and yet cannot accomplish their Design.

From this Great and Famous City you will go to a Village call'd Love Declar'd: which is a little place, and all that Live in it are to Hoarde, you can scarce hear a Word they say, they speak so very Low: And when they earnestly Desire to be understood, they are forced to content themselves with treading on the Toe, or else with gripping the hand of those Persons they Address themselves to. And truly one woud take thole People to be very Virtuous, for they have always their Faces spread with the Blush of an Honest Bashfulness.

From Love Declar'd, you will arrive at Protestation, a place where the Inhabitants seem very Devout; they have always their Hands Joyned and their Eyes fixed on Heaven, striking their Hands very often upon their Breasts, Swearing horrid Oaths to Confirm what they Protest: Yet none but Fools believe them.

From Protestation you arrive at Confidence, a little Private Village seated in a bottom, an Unbeaten Path. Thole who inhabit there, Conte's themselves perpetually one to another, and yet are never the Honestest for all that.

From Confidence you will find a Village in the midst of a Wood, whic is called Attempting. The People of that little place have the Repute of good Fencers, and yet they scarce understand one stroak of the Sword. They are also Reputed to be Good Wrestlers, and it is said, That the Inhabitants of Guinnescoren in did Learn of them to give the Vaillant du Breton, so Famous amongst the French. There was heretofore in this same place a Castle call'd Resifane, but it was Destroyed by the Wars, and of its Ruins there is now made a little Fort which is call'd Soon yielded.

From Attempting you come with some Labour and Trouble to Enjoyment; which is look'd upon as the Capital City in that Province, and it is Perfectly Delightful at first sight, and very Remarkable for its Beautiful Gardens

(*36) A Pacquet from Athens.

dons, which are Adorned with many agreeable Labyrinths, where People go in Couples to lose themselves.

From Enjoyment you are led by a Way Hedged in with Roses to Satiety. The journey is great, and the way something Long, though Pleasant: But it Leads you to an Alabaster Porch, where you will see nothing upon the Roses, but Thorns. Provision is very Cheap in this Town of Satiety, but the Air of that place gives so little Apetite, that People will hardly daign to touch the Meat.

From Satiety you most come to a City that has but one Street, and that's a very long one. It is call'd Household Love: And it is there where every Body is called by their own Names, for from all Antiquity there has not been in this Town of Household Love any Quality or Sir-name given to any Person, and by an Article of the Custom of this Place, are Abolished for Ever the Titles of my Dear, and Best-Beloved.

From Household Love you may with great Facility, Look over all the Kingdom of Love. Our Whole Society Went thither One Day, where we survey'd all things that pass in the Groves, the Bowers, by Rivers and Fountains, and in what ever other place was Remote or Obscure; 'twas from Thence that We saw the Charming IRENE in the Palace of True Pleasure, as also the Ingenious ORINDA, Lamenting the Loss of her Lover.

From Household Love you will find your self just over against New Inclination, which is close by the Inn call'd Kind Looks, in the Wood of Fair Assemblies. So it seems there is but one Circuit made in all the Region of Love.

And at this Point of the Circle, Our Dear Travellers, We will take our Leave (as Lovers do) just where We Found you, and we Fear never to be Wiser, no more than they; Yet We must tell you before We go, that there are some in the World Who say, That the Capital City in the Kingdom of Love is the Heart, and We Believe it; but that is a great way about: For it is Seated upon a Mountain whose Top is much above the Clouds.

And there is no Possibility of going there, either in a Coach or on Horse-Back. No Mule nor any other Way can carry you thither; you must Walk it, and Bare-Foot too, although the Way is very Rough and Thorny.

Therefore, (Gentlemen and Ladies) Consider well before you take your Journey, all that have a mind to Travel towards Our English Acadia, or Kingdom of Love, that

Quisca non meruit, quamvis gaudia sint mera.

Tours, ATHENS.

I shall next Insert, THE AMOROUS QUARRELS between the *Athenian Society*, and several Ingenious Ladies, Upon the Disputable Points relating to Love and Wedlock.

These AMOROUS QUARRELS first began on the Subject of LOVE, which we directed to the Lady Godfrey, in the following Letter.

LETTER I.

Against Falling in LOVE.

In a Letter to the Lady Godfrey.

Madam!

WE were in earnest, and are so still, and have too much reason to be so, and desire nothing but *a clear Stage, and no Quarter*. We shall begin our Attack on that which is the very Foundation of all your Sexes Pride, and the Dotage and Folly of our own, and that's LOVE; which we undertake to prove, none but a Fool can e'er be guilty of. We know you'll ask presently, whether we never knew a Wise Man in that Condition? We grant many that are esteem'd wise, may have had a shaking or two, or have at least thought fit to pretend something like it, to hold their Necks o' one side, and look like Fools, that they might not be out of the Fashion, as our Grandfathers wore

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Ruffs,

Ruffs, our Grannys Farthingales, and your selves now, such Aerial Monumental Topknots; which tho' you all acknowledge little less ridiculous, than a Cap with a Bell at the Top of it, yet if the *Seven Wise Mistresses* should rise agen, they'd rather never be kiss'd, than be *one Barry*. Corn short of the Fashion. But you'll say, they don't all dissemble; for if *Wise Men* han't been really in Love, why do they Marry? A shrewd Argument. And whoever did so, that was well in his Wits,? 'Tis true, that Men of the greatest Sense may sometimes overstrain their Heads with thinking, and get a little *delirious*, and in that *Fit*, Nature falls upon them like a Coward, when they are *down*, and pops 'em into *Matrimony*; and when once their Horns are fast in the *Brake*, let 'em get out agen how they can. That this is true, you your self must grant: But pray be so ingenuous as to resolve us *one Question*, and that is, -- Whether you ever knew any of those celebrated *Wisdoms*, who did not play the Fool egregiously in some one great instance of their Life, and in this we're sure as much as any other. You have heard, we suppose, of one of their Sagacities, who when he had *marry'd* his *Maid*, frankly own'd, that there was no reason below the Girdle, and he never gave a more *Righteous Judgment*. And perhaps 'tis necessary that those Great Men shou'd have some such *remarkable Blemish* that *others* may *know* them, and they *know* themselves to be but *Mr*; as the Spots in the Sun and Moon, are enough to keep any but Sots from worshipping 'em; and as the old *Romans*, notwithstanding their

their long Beards, convinced the Gauls at last, that they were not Gods, because they were capable of passion as well as themselves. Suppose then, at worst, that a wise Man should have been in Love, 'tis as a Fool, not a wise Man: He for a time parts with his Wisdom, puts off his Politic, and appears in his Personal Capacity; unless you'll rather say, that, as the Gods are fabled to have done, he *disguises* himself to descend among Mortals. This we still affirm, 'tis no part of his Wisdom; he's drawn into't by a meer Trick and Fallacy of Nature; 'tis what he would, if he could, avoid, like sleeping, or other less handsome Actions. 'Tis certain, no wise Man wou'd ever be in Love, if he knew how to help it, because it makes him look so like a Fool, that the two Sofia's are hardly less distinguishable. For must not any Man in his right Senses, (which besure is no Lover) must he not own that upon a fair and equal Ballance, the Inconveniencies of that Passion infinitely outweigh that scratching sort of a Pleasure, which some lay is to be found in't. Wou'd any wise Man, we'd fain know, bring a thousand Mischiefs upon himself, which he might keep clear of, to make another's Misfortunes his own, as if he had not already sufficient to torment him? But he that's not in Love is half an Angel, to the Wretch, who is condemn'd to row in that Ship of Fools, chain'd to some other Fellow-Slave, to have and to hold with a Vengeance, like those poor Creatures, whom the Tyrant fastned to Dead Carcasses, that they might stink and rot together. The Story of Pandora's Box, is doubtless mistold by the Poets: 'Twas the Dressing Box, which Nature presented

to all your Sex, containing, as we hope to prove, we know not how many hundred Kinds of Poysons, Mischiefs and Miseries, intrusted all in your Hands, to punish and plague Mankind. We'd fain know to what piece of Midwifry a Man must have recourse, to find all the Diseases of your *Bodies* only (since those of your *Minds* are granted innumerable) with which, if a Man has the hard Fate not to be *choakt* or *poyson'd* the first Night, as a certain King they talk of used to serve his Wives, yet how many a tedious Moon, and Year, and Age, must he languish with some frightful Hag *rustling* by his side, unless he take a Dose of Opium to break the Charm, and give him his *Habeas Corpus* to an easier, and more comfortable Bed in the Dust ? 'Tis one of the least and most tollerable Inconveniences of that whimsical Passion, that it turns the Brains of all it seizes, and makes 'em so ridiculous, that 'tis impossible to pity 'em, without laughing at 'em.

And the worst of it is, that this Madness is infectious too, and better come near any other Venemous Creature than a Lover : — For not only his *Bite*, or his *Sight*, is mortal, but 'tis almost equally dangerous to *hear* him. His *Sighs* kill as certainly as the *Breath* of a *Serpent*, and infuse the *same* Poison into others, which he himself is so full of, that it runs over. To speak truth, he's not only a publick Nuisance, but a common Enemy, and deserves as well to be expell'd a regular Commonwealth, as the Poets from *Plato's*, or as that *Tragedian*, who put a whole City into a Fever, by reciting a Famous Tragedy. All wise Law-givers have taken a peculiar Care to punish those very

very severely, who have been Corrupters of Manners, and by their bad Examples, debauch'd the Commonwealth, and infected it with Riot and Lewdness,. But nothing effeminate a Man more than this sickly Passion, nay, it makes him despise or hate all who are healthier and wiser, and will have it a mark of Dullness and Nonsense, not to play the Fool; and is as angry with those who do not, as the *Sybarite*, with the poor honest Fellow, who was hard at work; which so highly displeased him, that he was like to have beaten him, because it made him sweat to look upon him. The subject is so copious, that we find 'tis easier to say too much than enough upon't; we shall therefore add no more, but one just Remark, that 'tis easie to observe what an useful and innocent Passion we ought to esteem it, when we find nothing more common than for the *Ravisher*, the *Incestuous*, the *Adulterer*, and sometimes the *Murderer*, to plead *Love*, to excuse them, which therefore shou'd seem not only a Pretence for the blackest *Villanies*, but even the *Cause* of them.

Philaret.

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LETTER II.

A Defence of LOVE.

By Madam Godfrey.

ALL Men must Love, and this Gentlemen you grant; and that Nature it self obliges 'em to do so, which if true, it must be Good and Rational, and the contrary *unnatural*, than which nothing more can be desir'd to the prejudice of your opinion; nor can any thing be pleaded more to the Advantage of Love, than that 'tis necessary in our present State of Life. When we come to be Angels 'tis another matter, but what's that to those that make the objection? Would not a Man desire to Eat and Sleep when he has occasion; and if he shou'd quarrel with Nature for obliging him to it, wou'd he not thereby highly bring in Question both his Piety and Wisdom, it being no less then taking it ill, that he's made a *Man*, not a Stone, or a Tree (tho even they *Love* too, in their way) or a senseless Lump of Earth, when she was at Liberty into what mould she'd cast his yet undetermin'd matter? What is there stronger, more certain, or more unaccountable and wonderful, than Sympathy and Instinct? But had the Loadstone that Reason we boast of, 'twou'd surely make better use on't then to find fault with Nature for making it so dearly Love the

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Iron. But there's more than this in't; there's something highly rational in the very *Essence* of *Virtuous Love*, abstracted from that muddy sense we have been so long talking of, tho' the objection makes it all nothing else, as if the *Athenian Society* had no Notion of any purer Love, and yet it concludes against Love in General, which is by no means a fair way of arguing. If there be no reason *below* the *Girdle*, sure there's some above it, or else we are in a worse condition than those which some esteem their *Fellow-Reasoners*, and *Fellow-Lovers* too, if they Love promiscuously, and make it all a matter of sense only. But that there's something more refin'd in *Love*, is evident to any, who will but be at the pains to reflect on the cause and manner of it, and nothing is more certain, than that the *Mind of Man* perceives it is not, nor can be in its self compleatly happy. It therefore looks abroad, coasts about, and surveys the whole Creation, as the first Man did in *Innocence*, to seek for something like it, and suitable to it, till it meets at last with some *imbody'd Soul*, and that it Loves; for were it the Body only, 'twould Love a *Carcass* as well as an Animal, at least one Person as well as another; the contrary whereof is evident to all the World, and that only Brutes, or those who are very near 'em, have no choice in these matters: It finds, 'tis true, no perfect *Jairifaction* in what it Loves, even when it possesses it; and what's the reason, but because the Body lags behind, comes between, and obstructs its happiness; no other weakness then is to be found in all sensible pleasures. But the reasonableness of Love reaches further: The sympathy of Sou-

is rational, and we are conscious of it; and can reflect upon it; there's not only, as has been said, something of choice, but even of delicacy in't; whereas there's none in any Magnet, either Dead or Living, a subject indeed fit to be wrote upon by none but a Transported Lover.

However, nothing can be weaker than the remaining objections, which your Angry Society produces against that best of Passions, the direct contrary to most of what you assert being evidently true. You call it a *Lazy* Distemper, when tis the most *Alive* Principle in the World; You'd perswade us, that no *Wise man* is, or *wou'd* be in *Love*, whence it follows by the rule of contraries, that either *bair'd*, or at least, a stoical *Apathy*, *wou'd* better become him, which needs no confutation. So far is *Love* from being an argument of *Folly*, that we defy him to instance in a *Fool* that ever was in *Love*. Tho' o't other side, you know the story of the Ass in the *Turkish-Spye*, and we leave you to apply it. And as this *Aversion* to *Love* is no great sign of *Wit*, so 'tis no better of *Civility* and *Humanity*. For which reason, when we find a person who really has all those qualifications, fall foul on that well-natur'd Passion, we may well believe one of these two things, either that 'tis only a *Copy* of his *Courtnance*, only as a Tryal of Skill and ostentation of his *Wit*, to show how much he can say for an ill cause, or else that his mind is *sower'd* by having been himself *unfortunate* in his Amours, in which cale he's a *drejudic'd Person*, and an unproper Judge, and as little regard is to be given to his *Ravings*, as he has for Truth or Justice. But let such as these say what they will, the World will be still

still apt to believe their Senses, and when they have so often seen such as have been neither Liberal, nor Courtly, nor Industrious, nor it may be so much as neat or cleanly before they have fallen in *Love*, immediately after reform'd as it were by a Miracle, and become quite other Men; and when their difference from themselves has been and often is so Remarkable, and the Change so much for the Better, and they become both Generous, and Liberal, and Courtly, and Diligent, who can hinder himself from concluding that it must be a Noble Principle, and very Beneficial to Mankind, which causes such an Advantageous Alteration? But above all the flanders you cast upon *Love*, none appears more unjust or improbable than your charging it with effeminating Mens minds; when 'tis Notorious that it does the contrary, and that sometimes to a Fault; and that even a *Tirrourous Heart* will not refuse to fight, when his *Mistress* is near him.

As for the *Athenians Civil Farewell*, wherein they throw all those Mischiefs upon *Love*, whereof 'tis either the innocent, or but pretended occasion, they can't but be satisfy'd themselves it is a very unfair way of *Arguing*, since if that wou'd hold good, we'd fain know how you cou'd Answer an objection much of the same nature brought against *Religion* it self, the pretence of which all must own, has been the occasion of much Mischief in the World. But the same answer will serve to both: 'Tis not *Religion*, nor is it *Love*, that really occasion these fatal disorders, but the *Pretence*, the *Abuse*, the *Vizard* of 'em both, nor will it ever be other-

wife, but that *Villains* will Prophane and Scandalize *one* of these, as well as the other.

But after all, what wou'd the *Athenians* gain, shou'd we grant that Love were really such a Bugbear as they represented it, or how come Women more than Men to be concern'd in't? O--- you tell us in the Beginning, 'tis this which is the Foundation of all the Sexes Pride, as well as of the *Dotage* and *Folly* of *Mars*. But was there never a *Beau* of yonr Acquaintance who grew Proud and vain with being *Belov'd*, nay, with the very *Fancy* and *Dream* on't, having so good an opinion of the *Beauty* and *Good humour* of his own *Wig* and *Cravat*, that he thinks 'tis impossible any Lady in the World shou'd resist him? Such Monsters as these you know have been found, out of *Africa*, and 'tis not at all fair, to lay the weight of a Folly that ought to be divided between both Sexes, on *one* only, and that the *weaker* too, especially when so great a part of Men have their own *good work*, that if the Ladies shou'd not take pity on 'em, and let 'em now and then make *Love* to them, or at least to their *Fan*, or *Piture*, they wou'd infallibly fall in *Love* with their own *dear-selvess*, and like *Narcissus*, stare so long on their own *Shadows*, till they pin'd themselves to Death.

A. Godfrey.

LET. III.

LETTER III.

Against Womens Pride and Vanity.

By the Athenians.

A Vast Sea to Launch into, and not more wide then 'tis *unfaibomable*: They are indeed but *one*, tho distinguished by different Names, or at least have a mutual *Intercourse* and flow into each other. But for more exactness, We'll discourse of them *distinctly*, and describe the dangerous *Rocks* and *Sands* and *Shelves*, that are every where scatter'd round 'em, that tho you are resolv'd to *sink* your selves, others at least may *beware* of 'em.

And first, your *Pride*, which you know was your *Fall*, as well as that of your dear *Confidant*, whom you *perswaded* to it. 'Tis hard to say, where you show it most, in your *Conversation* with *us*, or with your *selves*, or with one *another*.

While you have *Eyes*, you will have *Pride*; you have sufficient in your selves to feed that and your *Vanity*, tho no other living Eye shou'd ever see you. Is it for your *Husbands*, or so much as your *Lovers*, or for the sake of the rest of the World, that's all this *Patching* and *Painting*, and *Curling* and *Dressing* and *Fooling*? No, We must clear you from all these; 'Tis as much for your own *dear selves* you do it, as for all the rest together. We fancy the *Peacock* spreads his *fine Train* to oblige the *Spectators*, but 'tis

30 A Pacquet from Athens.

it's a great mistake, for he does it often enough and *stares* on himself, and admires his *glaring Train*, when he knows not he has any *Wimesses* to admire him.

Thus wou'd you do, if in a room by your selves, and you were sure neither to receive or make any *visits*; you'd yet *ruffle* and *strut*, and look back on your *Train*, and mend your *Curles*, and make *Court* to your own *amiable selves*, for a whole day together.

However, as to your *outside*, you have often times somewhat that may at least give a pretence to your *Vanity*; but what have you to say, for your *Minds*? What show or shadow of Reason, for being *Proud* of what is so perfectly *Contemptible*, and there's so little *hopes*, or it may be *possibility*, of their ever amending? You are even *Proud* of your own *Pride*, when you can find nothing else; and you thus make a sort of an *infinite Process* in *Vice* and *Folly*. Your Sex reconciles a thousand *Contradictions*, which is it self the greatest, your Minds ate *weak*, and yet *stubborn*, *loose*, and *dissolv'd*, and open to such *pleasing sophistry* as you are sure will *win* you, and yet at the same time *impregnable* against the utmost efforts of sober Reason; mighty full of your selves, and yet as notoriously *empty* as those shapes of Men, who so much admire you. We shall find you a *Glass*, e'er we've left ye, better than Mrs. Behn's, and much truer; and which, if you'd look upon't half as often as on your own, there would be some hopes you might a little rectify these *mental Deformities*; but we are periwaded you are much more inclin'd to *treak* it, for you never yet endur'd one that told you your *Faults*, any more than a *Gown* that shows

shows your *Ill shapes*, you dearly-Love to be *bolster'd*, and he or none must have your *Heart*, that flatters and *abuses* you.

But we're slipt from your *Pride* to your *Vanity*, which seems to respect *others*, while the former is often terminated on your selves; Tho' twill be as difficult to separate one from t'other, as you from either, and therefore we must now consider 'em *promiscuously*, and take that which comes uppermost.

And if ever either of 'em show'd themselves, 'tis in your pretences to *equality* with your *Lord* and *Sovereign*; that *Nobler Creature*, whom you were made to *serve* and *obey*; a sort of an *Appendix* you are to Mankind, a *Crutch* to his *Mortal Nature*, made (one won't be tempted to think) on *Provision* of the *Fall* (had not you your selves been the *Principal Actors* in it) without which one can scarce imagine there had been any *need* of you. However, made you were, for *another*, and yet have the *vanity* to flatter your selves, that *he* was rather *form'd* for *you*, and that all Mankind are to *bow down* and *Worship* ye. O! How hard it goes to pay a little pretended *bodily Obedience*, but if it once comes to the *mind*, you'll no more yield any *Superiority*, than a begging *Spaniard* to a *Nobleman* of any other *Nation*. There you are perfect *Levellers*, as fit to rule as any, and as much *right* to't, tho' you may as well say your *Bodies* are as *strong*, and can undergo as much *Fatigue* as ours.

How many poor Husbands do you make *meary* of their *Lives*, by the *Pride*, the *Uneasiness*, and the *vanity* of your *Tempers*, and what *Bunches* of 'em have *strung* themselves on this occasion? And no wonder, if you seldom miss *trying* your

your skill with them; after you have clos'd 'em at the safe *Lock of Matrimony*, when you are generally so well practis'd in *Domineering* before you are Marry'd. Your *Lovers* are your *Slaves*, from the very first sight, and you rule 'em more absolutely when once chain'd to your *Bed*, than the *Algereens* theirs, when fasten'd to their *Gally-Benches*. Your *concern* is not so much, what subjects you have, as how many; nor how they live, as how they serve; nor how you come by 'em, as how you may preserve 'em. You have the *Vanity* to believe all that these say of you, all the gross *Flatteries* wherewith they load you, with which Tyrants are generally pleas'd; because they think greater things of themselves, than they can hear from others. How many *perjuries* are you *Guilty* of? Both all your own, and theirs too, who are so unfortunate to be enslav'd by your fatal Artifices. They must be deeply *forsworn* to please you, and protest you have ten thousand charms they never dreamt of, tho' your *Faces* be as mean as your minds. And if these happen to be *Blasphem'd*, if any whom you are grown weary of, and have cast them off for the sake of beloved variety, happens to take the ungenteel Freedom to slander you with the greatest *Truth*, what *Annoyment* presently but his Blood, and what *Sacrifice* less than *humane*, to appease your *Savage Dosty*! One Rival is presently hited with smiles and hopes, and all the *Witchcraft* of yont *Sex*, to cut the *Throat* of another, to gratify your *Infernal Pride*, and *Insatiable Revenge*: Whereby you have often a double *Advantage*; you get rid of two *Lovers* at once, and make

room for more, while one of 'em is hang'd and the other murk'rd.

Nor have your own Sex much fairer Quarter from you than ours. No *Truth*, nor *Justice*, nor *Friendship*; you are all in Hob's his State of Nature, *Independent Empires* of your selves, and at protest'd *Wars* with all the World. Your very *Cloaths*, your *Gowns*, much more your *Faces* are *Rivals*: You'd scarce one of ye, give another an *Inch* of *prebeminence*, tho' twas upon the *Edge* of a *precipice*, and to lave both your *Lives*; so much less *wit* have you then the two poor *Goats*, who meeting upon a *narrow Bridge*, and finding it impossible to *pass* by one another, or to *return* without *falling* into the *River*, one of 'em very *politickly* and *humibly* laid himself down, and the other *went over* him, by which both got safely whither they intended. And did they not act far more like *rational Creatures*, than the two *Good Wives* of Paris t'other day, who met in a *narrow street*, and complimented till *Night*, getting both *Dinner* and *Supper* in their *Leathern-Tabernacle*; rather then either of 'em wou'd lessen the *Grandeur* of their *Family* by going backward, and leaving the other in *possession*.

You shew us how little *Beauty* is to be really valu'd, by the low *esteem* you have of it in any but your selves. Some *Fault* you are sure to find in the most Regular Face, and then, none but *all the World* knows it,

'Yes, truly, she's a pretty sort of a Woman enough, for what there is of her, for a little Apple Childish Face. Or else, on my word a proper Dame, and abundant Shape she has to recommend her, she'd make a good hand-some

'some Man enough, that's the Truth on't. Or
 'the contrary, were she not a thought too flen-
 'der : A little d'ye call't, (*crys another Erynnis*)
 'why she's a MEER SPIDER, a perfect IN-
 'SECT, two Pyramids set together. Or she
 'has a good Complexion: Nay, let down indiffe-
 'rent, 't has a notable Eye of the WALL in't;
 'either DOUGH-BAK'D, or the OVEN O-
 'VER-HEATED. Or — For her FINE EYES,
 'all the World ADMIRE her, yes, they have
 'a Languishing cast with 'em, she's a little
 'CIRCUMSPECT, and has the advantage, that
 'she can throw one of 'em on her LOVER, and
 'the other on her HUSBAND, at the same
 'time, without altering her POSTURE, and
 'look equally amorously on both. Well, but
 'hant Madam A — a very graceful presence?
 'Yes, and a fine ROLLING-PIN FACE. She's
 'tall, as a BELL-ROPE, Lovely WHITE
 'TEETH, and a mouth like an O YES! CLU-
 'RIOUS HAIR, with an Eye of GOLD in't.
 'Round Plump SNOWY HANDS, and you see
 'she's not a little PROUD of SHOWING 'em.
 'Charming EYE-BROWS, why you may see
 'the LEAD SHINE upon 'em. A GOOD
 'FORTUNE, Those always come SHORT on
 'the telling, or weigh less after Marriage. Of
 'an UNSPOTTED REPUTATION,— Pret-
 'ty well since she broke off with my Lord R...
 'or after HANDSOME G--- had left her...
 'or where she's not WELL KNOWN; ---or-
 'Nay, we ought to hope the best stil! ; -- Ma-
 'ny have been ABUSED, and we live in a MA-
 'LICIOUS WORLD. She TALKS WELL,
 'but affected: Very good HUMOUR'D, but
 FOOLISH

FOOLISH; a great deal of WIT, and ILL NATURE.

The plain Meaning of all which is just thus, if you woud but speak out.

I'm so PROUD, that I hate any shou'd be thought a FINER WOMAN than my self, or so much as equal with me. I'm the prettiest, littlest, softest, roundest, plumpest, prettiest, gracefullest Creature that I ever set my Eyes on. Have the most Virtue, Beauty, Wit and Reputation. The finest EYES, the best Presence, the prettiest Ways, the loveliest Hair, the evenest Teeth, the most ensnaring FINGERS, the most surprizing Foot, the best Shaped : --- The most charming Elbow, and Tip of an Ear, of any in CHRISTENDOM.

— Well, Madam, You are, we see, so ravish'd with Admiration of your self, that 'tis pity now to disturb you, or make you out of such a pleasing Dream; and therefore, at present, there we'll leave you.

ATHENS.—

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LETTER IV.

A Defence of Womens Pride and Vanity.

By Madam ^{lives} Caty.

*In a Letter to Madam Godfrey, the Lady
who first engag'd her in these Amorous
Quarrells.*

Madam,

I Doubt you have chosen but a bad second, in a very good Cause, however I cannot deny to contribute the little I am able, when our common Interest is concern'd; leaving it to your Discretion, either to give these rude Thoughts, the Honour of a place among better Company, or totally to suppress them.

As touching the Accusation of our seemingly angry Antagonists, who chargeth all our Sex with Pride and Vaniy, we may bear it with the less Concernment, because almost in the Prelude thereof, they fairly own, what I take to be very much to our Advantage; namely, that it is not for the sake of their Sex, that we take so much pains in Dressing and Adorning our selves, but meerly and only for the Decency of the thing in its own Nature: I hope they will not forbid us to reverence our selves, or to consider that we are humane Creatures. If we were to

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be buryed, they would permit us to make use of some *Ornaments*, which yet surely they will not also attribute unto *Vanity*, seeing we shall have none but *Worms* to admire us in the Sepulchre.

Let us therefore make the best use of this one piece of *Ingenuity*, which has, it seems, undesignedly drop'd from them. Let us record it against we have occasion for it: These Gentlemen plainly assert in the midst of all their passion, That *it is not for the sake of our Lovers* that we take so much pains with our selves; nay, as if they had not been yet kind enough, they again add, that *they themselves will clear us from this Imputation.*

But I do not conceive that we need all that which they so bountifully grant us; for let us suppose that we did really express something more of *Solitude* in our *Dress*, when we expected the *Visits* of a Person, for whom we had a *verious Friendship*, I cannot see any thing criminal in such a Behaviour, or that looks like *Pride* or *Vanity*; nay, rather the contrary, for nothing savours more of *Pride*, than to affront or slight a Person, who doth not merit it, and who bears us any respect, and waits upon us, in order to express the same.

Now nothing in my Opinion, can be a greater affront to a Person of *Condition*, than when we are forewarn'd of their *Visits*, to be surpriz'd in a *Dress* not suitable to receive them: -- Or, sometimes to repay the Honour of such a *Visit* in the same undecent Manner.

Moreover, it is evident, that many Persons express as much *Pride* and *Vanity* in a *morose* and *undecent Dress* and *Deportment*, as any others can in the most *fashionable Dress*, and the most costly *Ornaments*.

Was

Was not the *Cynical Philosopher*, *Diogenes*, guilty of more unexcusable *Pride*, than the Famous *Alexander the Great*, who came to make him a *Visit*, for which the *brutish Fellow* could find no handomer way of requital, than by bidding him *Stand out of his Sun-shine*? We are not to regard what any Person wears, but in what manner he doth it. The most resplendent *Monarch* in the Universe could not be more proud of his stately *Palace*, than that same *Tatterdemalion* was of his *stinking Tub*; nor the most Beautiful and most Magnificient *Youth* in all *Greece*, of his *Rich* and *Splendid Robes*, than he of his *Squalid Rigs*, which would *Nauseate* to behold them.

These things being agreed to, as I suppose none will deny them, I proceed yet further in the *Defence of our Sex*; as to the *Articles* now under *Debate*, which I may fairly do, or at least silence our *Accusers*, by a just *Recrimination*. If we are *vain*, are they otherwise? If we are *proud*, are they *humble*? Let us make an equal *Estimation* of things, and the contrary will be indubitable. We have, we do not deny, some outward *Embellishments*, which are not proper to Men, and perhaps we use more than they do, and were we somewhat more pleased with them, a little good *Nature* would not chuse to impute it to a *Vice*, when at the utmost it can be no more than a *Weakness*: But we desire either our present *Antagonists*, or any other of our pretended *Enemies*, to give us Information, if ever they have seen a Lady, altho' dress'd to the greatest *Advantage*, who had so much *Complaisance* for her self, and so little for another, as when a *Gentleman*, a *Stranger*, was in the Room, who came to make her a formal *Visit*.

Visit, to employ a great part of her time, in admiring her self in the Glass, without any regard to the Company, or to common Civility? And after they have reply'd to this Query, we shall desire 'em as Ingenuously to satisfy us in two or three more: How many of their own Sex they know, who will not employ themselves in the same manner, tho' their Mistress herself were in Company? And whether this be as civil, as we know it is a fashionable way of entertaining Ladies? And lastly, if this be not a clearer Demonstration of their own Sexes insufferable Vanity, than any which they can affix upon ours.

If you furthermore accuse us, for affording Dominion over your Sex; and being restless for the Superiority, at least an Equality with them: for my part I know no sensible Woman, who desires either.

It is enough for us to share the Government of a Family with you; for which Nature design'd us, and for which you ought to thank us, and which we may justly expect. Some Inequality we concede between us, but the nearest to Equality of any Degree that you can assign. Our Governors you were constituted, but not our Tyrants; we were given you as Wives, not Slaves; and there can be no greater Indication of Vanity, than to pretend to an absolute Authority, where you have no Right to any but what is limited and legal.

But above all things, I stand amazed, that the Athenians should charge on our Sexes Pride, those Tragical Events, which are too often occasion'd by the same vice in their own. Can we prevent our Lovers Quarrels, which the Law

it

it self cannot? Or can we favour *all*, or make not the most virtuous, Modest, and Discreet *Lady* living, be sometimes the *innocent occasion* of such Misfortunes, or when the furious *Rival* are engag'd, would he have us (like the *Sabine Wives*) run between, to part 'em?

And on this Head I must further add, That if Men were but so Peaceable and Quiet, of such Soft, such Tender and Compassionate Dispositions, as we generally speaking, must be own'd to be; or lastly, of such Forgiving, Pardonning Tempers, it is certain, there would not be so much *War* and *Bloodshed*, such *Piracy* by *Sea*, and *Ravage* by *Land*; so many great and small Robbers and Murtherers, as now oppress and distract *Mankind*, and make you more Dangerous and more Savage than the fiercest Beasts towards one another.

Thus Madam, I have, as well as my mean Abilities would permit, answer'd the Athenian's Letter, and remain,

Your Humble Servant

A. Cary.

LET

LETTER V.

The Athenians Letter to Madam Godfrey, the first Challenger, and Lady Engaged in these Amorous Quarrels.

NAY, Madam Godfrey, this is not *fair Play*, and we must needs complain of you for making War in an *unlawful manner*, not only bringing more Seconds then we can well deal with, when we were to meet *single hand*, but attacking us in our own *Quarters*, before we had put our selves in a *Posture of Defence*; whereas we expected you'd have been all purely on the *Defensive*, as became your *Sexes Modesty*.

Nay, and learned Ladies too, for we find your friend (Madam Cary) has a touch of *Latin*, and et worse, so very *Grave* she is, that we're affraid she won't let us *Laugh* without making her *gry*; but if she be, we must e'en take it *patiently*, a sort of *self denial* with which our poor suffering *Sex* is but too well *acquainted*, when we are any *concern* with yours. And we have this comfort, if we are so fortunate as to *Disarm* this table *Champion*, who we see is detach'd from our main Body, like a sort of *forlorne hope* to try her *strength* at the *beginning*, we shall have the rarer probability of prevailing with greater ease, over the rest of your *Disbarrmed Army*. Pray stand you *aside* a while, and let Madam Cary and the Athenians alone together, for our next Letter shall be,

LET. VI. Against

LETTER VI.

Against Womens Inconstancy.

In a Letter to Madam Cary.

SO various you are, that it can't satisfy you to change *Servants, Humours, Lovers, Fashions, Complexions, Eyes, Teeth, and Hair*; nay your *Religion* (if one knew what 'twas) but you must sometimes take a *Fegary* to change even *Sexes* too, and really *transform* your self into ours, on purpose to *disgrace* it. For we have several Modern *Instances*, which satisfy us, the Story of *Tiresias* was more than *Fable*. See but to what a *Condition* your *Levity* exposes both your selves and us. We can never be sure of ye, you are the *Morals* of *Proteus*, and how sadly wou'd it scare any poor *Husband* (a who knows whose Case it may be next) to go to Bed with a *smooth, soft Wife*, and when he turns about the next Morning, shou'd find her perfectly alter'd, a huge *He-Face* and *brann Shoulders*, ten times worse than the *Bear-faced Lady*.

What is there to which you are ever *true* and *constant*, so much as *Fortune* her self, is equal to your own *Inconstancy*; for if you ever happen to remain five long Minutes in the same *Min* 'tis purely out of *Crofness*, and for the sake of dear *Variety*. You *will*, you *will not*, you do you *scorn*, you *hate*, you *love* by turns, and a

in a quarter of an hour. Those who compare you to the Moon, are hardly so near the Truth as she is to the Earth, for she changes but once a Month, and we know when to expect it ; but your Circle is much shorter, and all the Flamsteds in the World cou'd never give us your exact Theory. One great Benefit however this is to Mankind, that you can scarce be resolv'd even in Mischief, at least variety pleases there too, and you are in search of another, before you've finish'd the former. 'Tis said, our Nation is richer in Humour than any in Europe, and tho' the Stage has larg Supplies from it, yet it can never be exhausted. If it be so, Ben. Johnson stands fairest for Treasurer, tho' he need not have gone farther than any one of his *Merry Wives of Windsor* to have employ'd him all his Life : He needed but have shown one Face in one Play to have had sufficient Variety. The Vulgar are apt to stare at strange Customs and Habits, and shou'd there happen to meet in the Exchange but one Person of every several Dress in the World, 'twou'd be thought a very odd medley. There's this and more in Women, they are all Rainbow in their Minds, whatever colour their Faces; or rather it's a Scandal on that more beautiful and stable Meteor to be compar'd with them, for that remains fix'd as long as the Sun and Clouds that make it: Nay, tho' the Rain is but successive, and new drops are still a falling, that unites it self with 'em all ; and is still immovable; nor does it so much as shift its Colours; but the blue, and red, and green, and yellow, and that lovely mixture of 'em all, which we can scarce describe, remain in the same Order when it begins to faint and wither, as they did

when it first appear'd or shin'd in its greatest Glory. But what's all this to *Women*? Truly not much, for they are quite the contrary. They are all *shift*, and alteration; have the *perpetual motion* in their *Minds* as well as *Heads*, and think it as ridiculous to stay long in the same Opinion, as in the same *Lover*.

And there indeed is the *Cream* of your *Constancy*; for you are as Remarkable for your *Stabilitie* in *Love*, as you are in *Virtue*. *Forsaken Lovers*, we are to believe, are only Tales invented by the *maliitious*, the *unfortunate*, and the *undeserving*. So that we durst not think so unworthily of your *Sex*, as that you'd suffer a Person of Merit to *languish*, or that any of you cou'd prove false to him, or forsake him, had we not almost as many *Instances* of it as we have of *such Lovers*, who after all perhaps ought to be made *Examples*, because by their own they infect others with the same *Folly*. She that has not a new *Amour* to appear in once a *Month*, is as Melancholy as a poor Girl at a *Country Wake*, that's taken out to *Dance* without a new *Waistcoat*. 'Tis well the World is not now much in the Humour of *dying for Love*; if it were, what wou'd you have to Answer for? And how many *Graves* wou'd you tread on of your own *making*; And how many *Lovers Ghosts* wou'd haunt you, and upbraid you with your *Infidelity*, and their *Ruine*? And yet after all, why shou'd you not be *constant*? Is't because you have no *Nation* of it, or think there's no *Pleasure* in't? Do but try it, and you'll soon understand it, and own how much you have been *mistaken*. If *Constancy* and *Fidelity*, are in themselves very *Noble* and *Charming Virtues*, why shou'd they not

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not become a Woman; And how far wou'd they outweigh the Satisfaction you receive in the empty Vanity of seeing every day a new Adorer? Who is there that can read the Stories of Ancient Friendships, the some of 'em perhaps Fabulous, without Motions of Admiratio[n] and Love?

Of inviolable Faith of Women to their Lovers, Ladies to their Husbands, and the like; which you hardly believe all Romances; and why, if they are worthy Admiratio[n], why not too of your Imitation, unless because Constancy is render'd almost impossible i'ye, by the Levity of your Tempers, and by a contrary Habit? For when you do once get into the Humour, you have all of you Resolution enough to make Ephesi[n] Matrons. I shou'd Discourse too a little with you concerning your Constancy to your own Sex in your most Sacred Professions of Friendship. But you have one Convenience more than we, and that is, that you are all upon the Square; Cheat that Cheat can, is your Motto, and there's no Deceit or Infidelity ever lost amongst you.

Athens.

LETTER VII.

A Defence of Womens Inconstancy.

By Madam Cary.

I'M sensibly touch'd with Commiseration for these poor Gentlemen, who have receiv'd a Wound from one of those Proteus's they speak of, who having thrown her Granado into their Hearts, it has in the breaking much damnified their Brains ; sure nothing less cou'd excuse this great perturbation that obstructs their Discerning Faculties, else why might not they as well as others acknowledge all things must obey this Fatal Law of Change ? Not to mention more remote Instances, I'll go no farther than your selves, who've no doubt chang'd from Infancy to Youth, and 'tis to be hop'd have chang'd your Ignorance to a little understanding, and 't may be, a Hobby-Horse for a Mistress, your Innocence for some experienc'd Evil, your Money for many changeable Trifles? Nay, to shew you how impossible 'tis to avoid change, consider but your Respiration, you'll find every puff of Breath you send out changes Atoms with what we receive : And now I hope I've said enough for your Conviction, let me, pray, but recommend one Change to you, which will be much for your ease, do but change from — to wise Men, and then I'll engage the Inconstancy of Women will never trouble you.

A. Cary.

LET.

LETTER VIII.

That in a Dishonourable Amour,
the Woman's most to Blame.

In a Letter to Madam Shute.

By the Athenians.

THAT you were the first Tempters of Mankind, we think you won't deny, and 'twou'd be to as little purpose to pretend that you han't follow'd that *Trade* ever since. But supposing that now and then it shou'd be otherwise, yet 'tis certain, if you, do never yield, none wou'd ever tempt you, which it may be they begin often in *Fest*, when you catch 'em at their word, and yield in earnest.

However we doubt not to prove, that whoe'er begins such an *Intrigue*, the women are always most in *fault* in the managing it, for they have the *Restraints of Modesty*, and *Shame*, and *Nature*; or if they shake off these, a strong by-*ass* of *Interest* and *Custom*: They run much the greater *hazard* in their *Person* and *Reputation*. They know all this, they have heard a thousand times, that those *Oaths* on which they force our Sex in those matters, are reckon'd but things of *course*, and no more *Obligatory* than their own *vows of Eternal Friendship*. They see their *Neighbours* ruin'd every day, it may be their *Kindred*, their *Sisters*, their *Friends* or their near *Acquaintance*.

rance : Yet they'll on in the same *Road*, 'tis *Green* and *Pleasant*, they have agreeable company in't, and it humours their *Vanity*, they are admir'd and prais'd and kneel'd and sung to, and treat'd and caress'd, and for this they part with two *Worlds*, and think they have a good bargain.

Nay, how can they deny but they tempt their *Tempters*? For how frequently does it so fall out? And yet they expect to be pity'd for what they are ruin'd for. What is't they *Dress* and *Dance*, and *Paint* and *Paint*, and *Sing* and *Sigh*, and *Ogle*, and lay all the *Love-Nets* with which they are furnish'd either by *Art* or *Nature*, what's all this ado for, but to *Please*, and why wou'd they *Please* but to be ruin'd? They dress them-selves irresistably, and then complain that they can't resist others : They trifle in the *Flame* till they burn their *filken wings*, and then buzz unpity'd about the Room, or creep into some *chink* or corner, and are starv'd to *Death*.

The Man has generally none to govern him, to advise him better; but you have a *Father*, a *Friend*, a *Guardian*, or it may be a *Husband*. But we ask your pardon, since on better thoughts the odds rather lies there on your side ; the very apprehension of restraint is sufficient, to make any true woman break her Neck to get loose, and she'll ten times rather chuse to fall, then to accept of any such friendly bands to support her.

Again, how equal soever they may be in the *Crime*, it's certain that custom makes a wide difference in the *Disgrace* and *Disreputation*. It ruines the *Women*, but which of you likes the *Men* ever the worse? We wish we need not say, you often like him the better. However, a Slip of *youth* covers all, but it stands you in stead

to set your Foot firm ; for if you fall, Farewel for ever!

And is there not some reason, that the greater weight of *shame* shou'd be cast on the *Women*, since there's so much depends on her *Fidelity* and *Honesty*: The *Estate*, if she's *false*, is carry'd into another *Blood*, and the true heirs *irrecoverably* injur'd. Besides the *Disgrace* that *lights* on the *Husband*, his *Honour* not being in his own keeping, but inclos'd in as slender a *viol* as *Francion* allots, to something that requires equal care to *preserve* it.

Athens.

LETTER IX.

Madam Shutes Answer to the forging Letter ; Proving, That in a Dishonourable Amour, the Man is more to Blame than the Woman.

Now, cou'd you prove this indeed, 'twou'd be a great piece of Service to your Sex, and be a Means of giving ye what you cou'd none of ye e'er pretend to, that is, the *Reputation* of a little good *Nature* and *Modesty*: But that the Charge is notoriously *False* and *Unjust*, and the meer Effect of *Malice* and *Revenge*, is evident to any Person, that has but a Dram o' *Sense*. — And indeed one wou'd admire how 'tis possible for Man to be guilty of such, more

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than *Diabolical Villany*, as to use all their *Wit* and *Industry* to *Court*, Flatter, nay, even Force a Woman to Ruin, and then turn all the *Obloquy* and *Shame* of the *Action* upon her, and pretend they'd ne'er Attempted, had they not been sure of Success.— That there's some of our *Sex* too *Credulous* and *Weak*, we will not deny; that their good *Nature* does sometimes betray 'em to *Intrigues*, that are not *Justifiable*, we also grant; but that they are most to blame on these Occasions, you can never make any *unprejudiced Person* believe: Which Party is it, pray, makes the first *Onset*? 'Tis not the *Custom* of our *Sex*, how'er Inferior to yours, to become your Petitioners. Is it not *you Men* that are always at pains of *Courtsip*: And, it is a *Criminal Amour*, how many *Sighs*, *Vows*, and *Slavish Submissions*, must a Man be guilty of, before he can obtain the least *Favour*? You say our *Sex* has the Restraints of *Modesty* and *Reputation*, &c. which yours want: Really we're oblig'd t'ye, that you'll grant us so much, tho' I'm pretty well satisfy'd you'd rather we were without those Restraints, that you might have the *Pleasure* of *Damning* your *Selves*, and *Ruining* us at an easier Rate. But I say, how much *Time*, *Watching*, *Presents*, *Bribing* of *Servants*, *Care-sing* of *Friends*, *eternal Waiting*, *constant unwearyed Importunities* must a Man be at the *Expence* of, before he makes a *Compleat Conquest*.

Whereas if we were so naturally inclin'd to *Lewdness*, we shou'd be glad to accept the first Offer, or at least, not refuse too long, lest our eager Spark shou'd retire, without letting us have the *Pleasure* of Surrendring.—

But the Truth is, which you all know, tho' you'll

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you'll be hang'd before you'll confess it; Women are naturally more Cold and Chaste than Men, tho' shou'd we grant our Passions equal, 'twou'd but more Enhance the Esteem of our *Virtue*, since 'tis more difficult for those Persons to be honest, that have violent Inclinations to the contrary, than 'tis for them that have not such Desires: But we will not pretend to more vertue than we really have, and therefore freely own our selves not so *Amorous* as you: And consequently, were there any such thing as a *Vertuous Man*, he could not have too large Com-
mendations.

You say you've not so many Friends to advise with as we: But pray, whose fault is that? What hinders your having *Good Counsel*, beside your own Pride and vanity, which makes you scorn to hear it? And what you say of us in this Case, may with good reason be return'd upon you, shou'd any Friend be so kind to admonish you, the very Apprehension of such a Restraint wou'd be sufficient to make any Man Chuse, and more eagerly pursue his *Destruction*. And that way at least he would justifie his pretending to be *Absolute Master* of himself, by shewing that he dares be Damn'd, in spite of all Warning, either from *Friends* or *Enemies*.

As for your other Argument, that however *Equal* in the *Crime*, the *Womans Disgrace* is greatest, it's easily answer'd, to your own *Eternal Confusion*,-- 'Tis true, we are more taken Notice of, and Reproach'd; but why? Is it not because the almost Universal Debauchery of your Sex, keeps People from minding it? When if a Woman be guilty of *Swearing*, *Drinking*, or the other Vice you charge us with, its pre-

Lately carry'd from one to another, like a piece of strange incredible News, till at last it becomes a Town-Talk. But you say we like you the better for *Slips of Yoush*, as you call your Worst Crimes: — Did any Woman ever tell ye so? We often Marry Men, that are, or have been *y'ions*, and how is it possible to help it? For if we resolv'd to Marry none but those of Virtue and Honesty, 'twou'd be the same thing as to vow perpetual virginity; since among the vast number of your Sex, 'twou'd be impossible to find enough to keep 100 of the Women in *England* out of a *Nunnery*: Your last Argument has the most reason, tho' I'm too weary of the Subject to talk any more on't, only thus much I shall observe: — That it's no Argument of Women's being the Worse, or the Weaker Sex; that Heaven, which cannot err, has Intrusted her with the Estate, Honour and Quiet of the Family.

M. Shute.

L E T.

LETTER X.

Against Old Maids.

In a Letter to the Lady Price.

By the Athenians.

BUT I wish we were sure of being out of their Reach before we begun with them, for they have terrible Fangs ; and if they get us within 'em, we must be forc'd to compound for one Eye and Ear, to save the others.

Nay, 'tis dangerous venturing so much as within sight of 'em, for *Anacreon's Description*, even of a *Beauty*, agrees to 'em in some Sense, tho' widely different from that wherein he intended it.

*They are all Weapon, and they dart,
Like Porcupines from every part ; —*

But the greatest fear of all is, left like some other sort of *Serpents*, they shou'd dart themselves, 'twine about the unwary *Traveller*, and sting him to Death.

*For ah ! who can their Strength express,
Arm'd when they themselves Undress,
Cap-a-pe with — Ugliness ?*

As charming a Sight doubtless as *Don Quixote* in his short shirt, and full as invincible. Fate it self holds not faster than one of these *Loving Furies*.

The

The Story of the *Gorgons*, I'm apt to believe was nothing else but three old Maids, who liv'd together so long till they frightened Mankind almost into Marble, whenever their loathsome Faces, and snaky Hairs peep'd thro' the Casement.

And yet one wou'd wonder how so despicable a Creature cou'd be so terrible : Is there any thing in Nature so mean, so useless, so contemptible ? — An old Moth is worth a Regiment of 'em : But I ask their pardon, for on better Thoughts, I believe they set up all the Match-Brokers and Fortune-Tellers in Christendom, and are constant and liberal Benefactors to those two noble Societies. As credulous they are, as he must be, who will believe the thousandth part of the Stories they tell of their youthful Amours : When they might have been Marry'd, they'd have you know (and lick their Lips at the luscious Imagination) so long since, and so often, in such and such a King's Reign, to that Parson, and this Lawyer, and t'other pretty Gentleman. Thus wou'd they talk over another Age ; and if any thing could make 'em young again, besides what they dream of every Night, certainly this Discourse wou'd do it. Thus far however you may venture to believe 'em, that they have had many fair Proffers in their time, since they themselves made 'em.

But one good Quality they have ; they are not Envious, any more than an elder Sister, when the younger is marry'd before her : Nor Malicious, any otherwise than an African Lady to one who refuses her : Nor Talkative, Ten-Fulling-Mills may make a shift at least to keep pace with one of their Modest Clacks, if not to silence

silence 'em, and make 'em as dumb as a Parrot.

Add to this Gravity of their Beards, the Decency of their Mustachio's; the Pleasant Downy, charming Mossy Substance, that usually adorns their Lips and Chins, and qualifies 'em so admirably well for the Honour of being the Countess of Trifaldi's Waiting Gentlewomen.

Had they all as many Hands as Briareus, and every one arm'd with as many Tweezers, there wou'd be full Employment for 'em all, in eradicating this Malicious Excrement; which if it grew a little closer, they might perhaps make a virtue of Necessity, and find some ingenious Contrivance, to matt it into a sort of a velvet Mask, and hide it self as well as their Faces.

An old Maid in a Commonwealth is much such another Impliment as an Eunuch in a Seraglio; full out as Jealous and Spiteful as he, and much for the same reason.

'Tis not easie to know for what else she was design'd (since it looks harsh to grant that Nature made any thing in vain) unless to be a Sister in an Hospital, having spent so much of her own Life among Issues and Plasters. Sure, there's a sort of Sympathy between a Sore Leg, and this Lump of Diseases: Whilst her Gummy Eyes overflow her Spectacles, poor Ursula weeps whether she will or no, and has the good Fortune to be reckon'd Compassionate, when she's only Infirm, and her Eyes are troubled with a Diabetes.

How rank this sort of Creatures are, and what an odd sort of Perfume they wear about 'em, one wou'd guess 'em all of the Race of the Jews, by that, as well as by their Complexion.

And

And yet as *vain* still, as *arrant*, *Women*, in spite of the Song, even at the same time they're *Birds of ill Omen*; as *Proud*, *Prying*, *Conceited*, *Curious*, *Mischievious*, *Liquorish*, *Confident*, *Impertinent*, *Lazy*, *Noisie*, *Empty*, *Senceless*, *Ridiculous* Creatures, as their Mothers were at Sixteen.

An old Spider loves young Flies, and now poor Souls, they are forc'd to *poach* for *Lovers*; sometimes we see they truss up a *foolish Apprentice*; at others a poor needy Tradesman, away with 'em into their Holes, and immediately devour 'em.

They say there's somewhere in Foreign Countrys a subtle Beast, that comes by Night to their village-Houses, and exactly counterfeits a *Womans Voice*, making pittiful Moan for Admittance, or crying out for Help, as some of our *Trapanners*; whom if the fond Credulity of the Inhabitants can once be prevail'd upon to admit, they pay dear for their good *Nature*, one of the Company at least being sure to make their new *Guest* a *Supper*.

But these *She-Cannibals*, these *Flesh-Crows*, these *Man-Catchers*, these *Old Maids*, are even with him for Scandalizing their Sex, and do more than counterfeit the *Hyena*.

Athens.

LET

LETTER XI.

A Defence of Old Maids.

By the Lady Price.

Nothing is more obvious than Recrimination in all these Cases, and the Old Batchelor Sir T. would be an excellent Match for your Old Maids.

But not to insist always on that Method of Defence, which besides cannot immediately affect you, Sir T. who would be reckon'd a young Widower, I rather ask leave to insist on some of the Conveniences and Excellencies of Old Maids, whom your uncivil Sex so much despises.

Ungrateful Men, that you are, tho' you cannot remember your Infancy, do not you believe you were once Children? — Yes and must be again, if you live much longer, and in both those Circumstances, if you consider'd the indispensable Use of a careful Old Maid, you would have Gratitude, or at least more Wit, than thus to rail against 'em.

How many wakeful Nights, and weary Days have the poor Souls worn out in young Master's Service, who now so little regards 'em? How many Garters have they broke in racking him? What terrible Colds, and Rheums, and Aches, in taking him up, and walling up and down the Room with him in cold Frosty Nights, to quiet him. Nay, how much precious Juice have

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have the poor Creatures, wrung out of their own Gums, to mix with his Pap, when feeding him, that it might not burn him, --- and all, all for ever forgotten? Where's Gratitude, where's Honour, or Sympathy, or Generosity? Meer Names and Shadows, and Romantic Tales, like those which these poor forsaken *Dry Nurses* were wont to tell their Children to quiet 'em.

Well, comfort your selves, *Poor Hearis*, tho by this time they are got to their Breeches, and can put 'em up and down, without your help, you'll see 'em agen sooner then you imagin. They run fast; their Race will soon be over, and they'll come agen, and be a second time under your Jurisdiction, sooner than you or they are aware.

Do but live honestly, and without fretting; and when they come to be *Old Men*, you'll find but little difference in your own Ages, since you first nurs'd 'em.

This they must come to agen, and one would expect they should be more civil for that reason, as the Fellow once was to the Devil himself, whom he would not hear abused, because he did not know whose Hands he might fall into.

The same Watching, the same Tucking up, the same Warm Cloaths, and Flannel, and Candles they used to have when they were young; It may be too you must come into Bed to his *old Worship*, as you did to his *young Worship*, to cherish him, and keep him warm, and rub him for the *Sciatica*, and you may do it without any Scandal or Danger; alas! the harmless Creature, 't has no more Hurt in't than a *Chryson Infan*.

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and be waggish, and chirrup, but that's all, and you know there's no hurt in't.

It used to puke mightily when 'twas Young ; a good *Sign*, and a thriving *Child* I warn't it ; Why just so it spits now for all the World, and Mistress Nurse will be more put to't to keep it dry, and must be changing its Bib four or five times in four and twenty Hours.

Sometimes it wants to rise to ----- and then *Nurse* must be call'd, and many a *sore tug* must she have with him ; for now the Child grows heavy, and you woud not think how much Care is requir'd to keep it *sweet*.

Besides, 'tis as *froward*, poor thing, as if t'had got the *Gripes*, or was cutting its *Eye-teethagen*. *Nurse*, -- why *Nurse*, where are ye (if she's gone for a moment about the most Necessary Occasions) then away flies the Bed-staff, some two or three inches after her, and a Cough comes in the room on't, that just strangles him, and holds him for half an hour.

A little Syrup, good *Nurse*--- *Ebe, Ebe*, I'm just gone, *Eke* :--- So, set me up in Bed ; wipe away here from my Beard this ;--- Ah, dear *Nurse*, that ever I shou'd come—

O ! Your Servant good Sir Athens : How d'ye like your Picture ? Yet this You must be in a few Tears, or *Nothing* ; and then an *Old Maid* must be such a *Contemptible Creature* ; and if you'd not be your self, despised and neglected when you're *Old*, your best way will be to treat 'em civilly before you need 'em.

H. Price.

L E T.

LETTER XII.

Against Fondness in Women.

By the Athenians.

AMONG the other Discourses, We've formerly maintain'd with your Nimble - Tongu'd Ladyship, you know We blam'd your Sexes Forwardness and Fondness; and we think we justly blam'd 'em, which We now intend to prove, and that we may please you, we'll do it very Methodically, first the matter of Fact it self, and then the mischief and Folly and Inconvenience of it, to your selves as well as others.

And that you are *Fond*, that your whole Sex is *fond* and *forward*, and have been coming above these 5000 years, and stealing back to your *Ribb* again, sure you *your selves* will scarce deny. We have no more Instances of it, then there have been *Individuals* of your *teizing Sex* since the *Creation*.

We have said enough on't we suppose already, and have satisfy'd you as to *old Women* and *old Maids*, which let me tell you make up a great part of your Corporation, being preserv'd amongst you, as the *Egyptians* do their *Grandmothers*, dry'd and sapless; for We know not how many Generations. Now if even thesee make a shift to keep a *Colts Tooth*, when they have hardly had more then Stumps in their Heads, since the *Camp at Tilbury*, what a fine set may we believe

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believe are in yours, that are as wild as the wind, and all your youth and blood about ye? Even they are ready to over-run poor Mankind, and then sure you must be like to run in to 'em. You must own your selves fond, or cruel, for you are always in *extreams*; the latter you dare not, lest we shou'd take you at your word, and therefore we may take the Liberty to conclude the former. Is it not fondness with a Witness to leave your Parents, to run away from your Friends and Guardians; to straddle over Garden-walls, and fly in the Air like Witches, and ride over House-Tops like Cats; to rush through Darkness, and wade through Moats, and almost run through Fire as well as Water? And what is all this for? Is it not for Man, that Charming Creature, Man, whom when you're in an ill humour, you'll not afford a good word, and d'ye do all this, think ye, without some little kind of Inclination, some sort of kindly call from Nature, like that of the Land-Crabbs, who most amorously crawl over Churches and Houses, or whatever else happens to stand in their way, that they mayn't fail the Assignation made 'em, with those of their own species, who come from Sea, We know not how many Leagues to meet 'em?

What an infinite of Paper d'ye spoil in a Year? How many Heydeberg-Tuns full of Ink, do you Squander away, in answering *Billet-doux* and *Love-Letters*;-- or rather in sending 'em, and challenging all Mankind to do the worst they can at your Persons and *Reputations*? London 1611

But you need not write, you can speak enough, and you have many ways to do it: Your Eyes, your Hands, your every Motion, sufficiently express

press how unwilling you are to be thought *Man-haters*.

And tho' our poor *Persecuted Sex* shou'd endeavour to keep out of sight, how many different subtle Ways have you to ensnare us?

Sometimes you get a *tame Man*, as the *Fowler* does a *Duck*, or the Master of the *Elephantis* one of the same *Species*, to decoy us from our Native Freedom, into your fatal *Noose*. Sometimes a *He*, tho' oftner a *She-Friend*, because you can serve 'em agen in the same manner. We have heard of many, who have meerly bin talkt into your *Snares*, and of some few that have bin beaten, and fairly *Cudgell'd* into an *Amour*.

And these, and a thousand ways have you more, as various as your *Hearbs* and *Dispositions*, to obtain and secure your *Lovers*, tho' you know you have already over-rul'd us in a very great Point, as to those Matters: --- You make us the *Aggressors*, that you may have the Honour, and the Pleasure, to see us at your *Feet*, and hug your selves at the Excellency of your own *Dissimulation*. What *Hypocrite*, after all, when you love a *Man* more than even your *Sloth*, or *Ease*, or *Vanity*, to hold off still, and pretend you are not as willing as he? No, you are made of more *refin'd Mould*: Another sort of *Flesh and Blood* you'd have us think, from what we are compos'd of. Hence the eternal *Tezings*, the *Put-offs*, the *Feiches*, the *Doubles*, wherewith your poor Dog in a String, that does not know you, must be a long while tormented: --- And yet 'tis all *Fondneis* still, tho' in another Shape, as they say, the *Teen-seen Ladies bite hardest*, when they are most furiously

riously pleased. 'Tis to keep us from discovering the Cheat as long as you can ; for after a while you know 'tis too late :--- for when you once have obtain'd what you desire, you are ten thousand times fonder and madder than ever : And we'll remember you of the Mischiefs that follow this *Burdock Temper*: In the first place, you know, that we know your Sex in general ; and that if you don't *dissemble* very artificially, you miss what you aim at, your *Forwardness* being so odious, that you lose us before you have us. Nothing can be imagin'd more nauseous than your perpetual *Siege*, and childish *Kindness*. Were you all *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*, you'd tire us with cramming us thus every day. Have you any occasion to make your selves cheaper than you are already, or more *disagreeable*? Guess but by your selves, whether such a Temper can please, and if its possible, cure your selves of it ; for you'd scarce take it well your selves to be kiss'd to Death.

Do you know any thing in the World so tiresome and *impertinent* as a downright *dotting Lover*, even while there's yet some relish in him, and before he's a Husband ? He haunts ye like your *Shadow*, and will hardly give you room to breathe, especially if you let him have the least Encouragement ; for then there's no enduring him. He'll follow ye to the Garden, to your Chamber, when you are a visiting : Hound him off never so frequently and earnestly, the importunate Cur will still be a *hanger on*, lye upon your *Petticoats*, lick your *Hands*, ay, your *Lips* too if he can come at 'em, with as much *Savour* and as good a *Grace*, as the *Ass* did his Master's.

If

If you won'd scarce be pleased with this, you shou'd take Care to avoid a resembling Practice. Beware of a hoiting foolish Behaviour; being ambitious of Conquests; if you get one that's worth the keeping, show your *Discretion* in retaining him, and above all things, neither tire him nor kill him with *Kindness*.

For if you resolve to persist in these Extravagancies, and on one side Insult and Triumph over your *Adorers*, while on the other Extream you so visibly doat upon 'em, that you are ready to suck their *Eyes* out ; you ought to take Heed that you don't at last tire our *Patienc*e, and make us perfectly desperate, the Consequence whereof might be worse than you can imagine ; for do but consider what a Condition you'd be in, shou'd you once provoke us to turn all *He-Amazon*s, and set up a *Common wealth* of our own *Sex*, with *Exclusion* of yours.

ATHENS

LETTER XIII.

In Answer to Letter XII.

By the Lady Price.

TIS a very hard Task to please such as
are resolv'd to find fault before hand,
and to deal with our poor Sex, as the *Knavish*
Fellow thought to have done with the *Oracle*.

who wou'd prove 'twas in an *Error*, whether it
Answer'd that the *Sparrow* were *Alive* or *Dead*

If we shew the least modest *Kindness* or *Inclination*, you presently *rail* at us for imprudent or loose Creatures ; if we keep you at a greater distance, and justly take warning by the *Perfidiousness* of your Sex, and the *Misfortunes* of our own ; then we are *Proud* and *Insuling*, and abuse that *Power* and that *Beauty*, that *Nature* has given us. However, since 'tis safer *erring* on the *right hand*, and it will *oblige* you too so *extreamly*, it's pity but you should be *pleas'd*, and kept as far off as you desire, by all those whom you are so terribly afraid of.

But in the mean while, I beseech you let's have no more *complaints* of the *variableness* of Women, when you are so much more *Camelions* your selves, that the Colour of your *Mind* changes every moment : Sometimes you are for *Simplicity* and an *Ingenuous open temper*, and rail at us all for *Hypocrites* ; but before you have drawn in that railing breath again, you are as *angry* because we don't *dissimble*, and wou'd perswade us that nothing can please you; but what you think meer *Cheat* and *Falseness*. The thing in short is *this*, that if after a thousand *Oaths* and *Protestations* and *Adorations*, and *vows* of inviolable *Love* and *Service*, we have no more *wit* than to believe you, and it may be at last give you *hopes* only to be rid of you, not being Ignorant of your *Generous Temper*, and well knowing that to be the *readiest way*, then immediately we are all that you call us, and twenty *favours* more then you ever receiv'd, must be *Boasted* of to the next *vain Fellow* that has Patience to hear you, and *Faith* to believe you, or it

it may be to the next poor *Credulous Creature*,
that you're designing to ruin.

But is this so very *Generous* as you'd fain be thought, so like those Men of *honour* for which you'd be so much valu'd, first to *undo*, and then to *upbraid*; to *tempt* first, and then to *reproach* and *torment* those with whom you've prevail'd?

If our *Sex* were really so *easy* as you pretend, how came you to take so much *pains* to *win* 'em? What makes you so often talk so frightfully of *Ropes*, and *Dangers*, and *Poisons*, and *Precipices*? Which tho' it's true, we are now so well Acquainted with, that we take 'em only as words of *course*, and no more to be heeded than those *Oaths*, with which you *Garnish* your *Courtship*, yet 'tis not impossible, that it may be true, since it has been so formerly; There have been those of your *Sagacities*, who have thought fit to *hang* or *beat* their *Brains* out, to show the height of their passion, and the sincerity of their *Love*: And was there over much *Kindness*, think you, in such cases as these, or was't the *Fondness* of their *Mistresses*, that brought 'em to such an *Exit*?

But be all this *true* or *false* before *Marriage*, let us then be fond or otherwise, I'd fain know Sir, why you are so angry with us, for Loving too well afterwards; which I confess, I thought was no *Crime*, or at least one that might easily be *pardon'd*; unless it be, because you are affraid you shall want an *excuse* to *use us ill*, if we shou'd continue thus doating on you. But even that too may be cur'd, for I dare promise for my self, and most that I know, that we are not incorrigible, if you complain of us, we'll try whether we can amend; all things are easier

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to a willing mind, and especially to those who are encourag'd by your edifying Examples. But then if you veer about again, as we doubt not but you suddenly will, and complain of our Coldness, our Infidelity, and our unkindness: Remember you are to blame, and we are forc'd to turn your own Weapons upon you and — to love you less, to preserve your delight.

Rachel Prce.

LETTER XIV.

That there is no such thing as LOVE
after Marriage.

By the Athenians.

Even this Fool's Paradise quickly withers, and that Tinsil sort of Happiness which a Man finds in Love, soon wears off. After Marriage, your Sex thinks it not worth the while to Dissemble any longer; you have caught the Fish, and the Net is laid by: You have entrapp'd your Prey, and now the Painter's Face is shown, which before you so carefully conceal'd.

You say your selves that Fools cannot Love and if not before Marriage, much less after it, so there's three quarters of the World struck off, and

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and how many, think ye, will there be of your Sex included? Certainly not the smallest number.

Nor can a wise Man love a Fool, for that's unnatural: There is nothing agreeable between them, they don't Tally. 'Tis true, he may be a little tickled and pleased before Marriage: The Beauty hides the Folly; he was prepossess'd and hoodwink'd; now the truth is, Matrimony often do's Men that kindness, it gets 'em their eyes again, tho' 'tis something a sharp Remedy.

Nay, suppose two wise persons should by a Miracle meet between one pair of Sheets, by the Parson's leave, I know not but these would be more incapable of Loving than any of the other: The Felicities of Marriage (says one that's thought to have tasted deeply enough of its In felicities) generally perishing in the Conflict arising between夫 and Wife of equal Spirits and Understanding; it being impossible there should want Contests where both lay claim to a Capacity fit only to be obeyed.

But still further, to give Matrimony as fair play as possible, let us suppose a pair as agreeably Match'd as Nature can make 'em; neither too wise, the Men a little the advantage, but no Statesman; the Woman no Fool, but wile enough to know or think she has less Wit than her Husband, yet there's a sort of necessity of Nature for the ebb of their Passion after Marriage, (and he that loves not passionately, can't be said to love at all.) For what is Brained to the egg, must needs either give again, or snap in pieces, and 'tis impossible Nature can furnish sufficient Spirits to make the Woman "Each happy night a Bride .. whatever Songs may be made on't the next Morning by some doating Bridegroom: Indeed if in any thing we ought to complain of

Nature,

Nature, we might seem to do it with the greatest *Justice* for this apparent *Cheat* it puts upon us, for it works the *expectations* and *desires* to the greatest *Extravagance*, and yet afterwards gives us nothing *proportionable* to her *profuse Promises* and our own *exalted Fancies*, at least all ingenuous *Married Men* we ever met with, have frankly owned this great *Truth*, and 'tis strange if there should be such a real *Felicity* in that Estate, such an *inestimable Philosopher's Stone*, that none yet should ever have the *good fortune* to find it.

Hear your Friend *Osborn*, who doated upon you so much even in his *Gray Hairs*, when he should have been *wiser*, that he owns in his youth his *Heart* was your *Triumphant Chariot*; hear but what *Truth* and better *Experience* wrung from him on this Subject. *Those Vermes, Graces, and reciprocal Desires* (says he) which bewitched, *Affection expelld* (before *Marriage*) to meet and enjoy, *Fruition and Experience will find absent*, and nothing left but a painted *Box*, which Children and Time will empty of *Delight*, leaving Diseases *bebind*, or at best incurable *Antiquity*.

But yet worse, 'tis no *Miracle* for *Want* and *Poverty* to assault the *happy pair*, and then what becomes of all their *Love*? It's strange *Humane Nature* should have no more sagacity than to let it self be made one great *Bubble*: Never were any paired together, if *Love* brought 'em' into the *Noose*, but had a strong *Fancy* that alone would Feed and Cloath 'em: They take that for their *Servstress* and their *Cook*, as the Poet tells us others formerly did *Religion*, and yet let's see one Instance of any that when they try'd the *experiment*, cou'd grow fat on such

airy Diet; nay, or so much as live upon't an
better than the Welch-man's Horse upon an
Out a Day. And when once *Wam* comes in a
one *Window*, out creeps *Love* infallibly at another,
especially when the *Brats* begin to sprawl
and stink about in every corner, yelping for the
Dug, with scarce cloaths enough to hide their
Nastiness. Ay. — now let's see who *Loves*
and if we find one Pair in all *Europe* that hold
stubbornly to their first *Folly*, that have all the
old *Flams* and *Darts*, when shivering with *Cok*
and tormented with *Shame*, and grip'd through
with *Hunger*, then we'll vote 'em, not only the
Fluch at Dunnow, but a Monument at their
death as famous as the *Mausoleum*, and even, by
my consent, every hundred Pair who live
unhappily in the same circumstances, should
while they live pay 'em the tribute of a single
Maravedi every year, which I am apt to believe
would amount to a sum almost beyond Arith-
metick to reckon it.

To speak *Truth*, I know not how *Love* should
possibly last after *Marriage*, when Freedom and
Liberty are its very *Breath* and *Nature*. if you
wou'd, 'tis not likely your *Sex* should be able
to continue it: You are a sullen sort of Birds, taking
never so much care of you, cram you never so well,
yet you will bang the wing, and moult as soon
ever you're Caged, and one must expect no M-
fick from you ever after. *Satire* naturally pro-
duces *Loathing*, as *Hunger* do's an eager *Appetite*,
and *Novelty*, *Pleasure*. To see the same dull grey
Face every day, is worse then seeing the same
Play for a Twelvemonth together. Nothing
but *Pork* would tire a very *Flemming*. Or if our
Stomachs should hold to the same *Dish*, yet you

A Pacquet from Athens. 27

Cook it so *slunishly* as would make one *nauseate* it in spite of a *Siege*: You use us like *Strangers* no longer, that's the truth o't, now we are so well acquainted. The *broken Loaf* and *cold Meat* must be esteem'd a great favour. In short, all the care you took to disguise your *Mihls* and *Bodies*, all your *intellectual Toppings* and *Washes*, as well as the *Gayety* and *Judgment*, *Wit* and *good Humour* of your outward *Dress*, are perfectly *vanished*. We have you in your native *Homeliness*, though not *Innocence*; If you have not too contracted some *additional Countercharms*, and add *Shutishness* to your other Accomplishments, to make you more compleatly *Osious*. For where's that *care* and *solicitous exactness*, and *womanish diligence*, and even affected *Neatneis* which were so remarkable in you before you had noos'd us? You take no more care than to *bolster* up your *minds*, to hide those *mental Deformities* which would fright even a *Satyr* from your *Bosoms*. You are no more those gay pretty airy foolish *diverning* things, you were when upon your *good b. behaviour*. You give us a *Sample* indeed, but 'tis like a *Snarry Hand* to a *Soony Face*. You *trade* too sharp for us *Plain-Dealers*, expose your best *Goots* to sale, but pack up those that are *Damag'd* in the *middle*; Give us a *Taste* of good *Wine*, but when we come to send for the whole *Pirae* home, and draw it out, 'tis so *Prick'd* and *pall'd*, that there's no *enduring* it.

Not but that you are careful enough still to look as gay as ever, on some extraordinary Occasions: If King *Edgar* be to make a *Visit*, *Alfreda* will be sure to on with all her *Jewels*; though it costs her Husband's *Life*: If you do dr's at all, you are not sure so much out o' the

Fashion to do it for your Husbands, 'tis either for all the World, or for some *favour'd Gallant*: When he approaches, you recall the old *Lear*, resume your Virgin smiles and prettinesses, though it may be awkwardly enough too, for want of practice. New *Tallow* your weather beaten vessel, repair your Rigging, pick your Eye-brows, blubb your Lip, and say over the fine things you can think on, which used to charm all your Adorers, and make 'em run as mad for your Common-place *Wife*, as for your *no more natural Beauty*.

And how shou'd most Marriages evers thrive any better, when they are so far from being made in *Heaven*, that the *Banker* has much more to do in 'em than the *Parson*? 'Tis but a sort of *Stock Jobbing*, to make the best out o' : You ask no other Qualifications in a man, then what has he, not what *is* he? And what *Estate*, what *Joynture* can he make, not what *Character*, what *Reputation* has he in the World? Let him make never so *Monkey* a *Figure*, and be distinguish'd by nothing but want of a *Brush* behind, and going always upon his *bind legs* he's never the worse *Bedfellow*, if he can but settle the *Substantial Acres*. A *greedy Marriage* i'th' meantime this is like to make! And a great deal of *comfort* they'll have between 'em! Such a *Surplusage of Conjugal Love* and affection, that they'll scarce know what to do with't all, but be very ready, it's likely, to *spare* some to their *Neighbours*.

Nor even so much as *here* are ye upon the *Square*, which is still harder; for since you have reduc'd the whole Affair to mere *Bargain* and *Sale*, both Parties ought to stand upon *even Ground*. But 'tis like all other *Trades*, one side must be sure to be *cheated*. Your Sex are seldom

without

without *False Dice* about ye; Your *Fortunes*, the only things that wou'd make one bear the *Incumbrance* at the end of 'em with any tolerable *Patiencē* and *Satisfaction*, are look'd upon by a *Magnifying-glass*, as well as your other *Perfections*; tho' indeed they may seem to have some *Right* to the same *advantage* with all the rest, because the most *Ravishing Charm* that belongs t'ye. Substantial lasting *Felicities*, and almost a *Valuable Consideration*, even for *Matrimony*; at least twou'd make any thing but that, go down with a great deal of *Pleasure*.

Thus Ladies, have you taught us to Discount, by letting us see the *Ready* is the *main thing* you expect from us, and why shou'd we not be as ingenuous with you? *Love*, if any thing, is modest and silent; 't has but a *weak Head*, and hates noise and clamour; and is it then any more likely to be found in the House where a *Woman* has enter'd before it, than *Silence* in a *Monastery*?

Who can *Love* where they do not esteem? And how can the *Woman* esteem the *Man*, whom she reckons as her *Rival* in Government, if not a *Tyrant*, an *Usurper* upon her *Rights* and *Liberties*, as she'll be sure to think him? Such a *Republican Spirit* has she, tho' he's the most *Just* and *Merciful Monarch* in the World. And on the other side, how can she expect he shou'd love one who is daily *conspiring*, against him, to wrest away his *Legal Patrimony*, and *Ancient Inheritance*? Man was born her *Sovereign*, and it looks like no very great piece of *kindness* to exclude or debase him. We'll not insist on those many *diseases* so incident to your Sex, and almost inseparable from them, lest we shou'd render that boorish and *nauseous*, which we only design to represent as it really is,

dreadful, and unavoidable. But thus much is certain, if these are not in your own Power, they ought to be in ours, and not to take our selves to what wou'd make our Lives as uncomfortable as ours; Especially when you can't expect Love shou'd last, when the Cement of it, and the very End of Matrimony ceases; unless you can give an Instance of any that fell in Love in an Hospital; always excepting the Famous Gondibert and his Apothecary's Daughter.

Athens.

LETTER XV.

In Answer to Letter XIV.

That 'tis possible to Love as well after Marriage as before, and the way to do it.

By Sappho.

When the Histories of all Nations are full of the Examples of Excellent Wives, who for their Constancy and Fidelity to their Husbands, and Conjugal Duty and Affection have justly been made Immortal, it looks like a very ill-natur'd Paradox, to assert that never can be, which so often has been, and therefore may be again, and of which we have as many present living

living Instances, as there are of Marry'd Person's that Live Happily, which I am apt to believ-
are many more than live otherwise, because Hap-
piness and Content are generally silent, but Mis-
ery is querulous and noisy; and we hear every
where of the Disorders which happen in any
such unfortunate Families. Indeed it is observ-
able of most of the Arguments that are brought
against Marriage, or the Happiness of such a
State, that not one in twenty of them have so
much as the shadow of Reason, but are just such
as an ingenious Person says of them, fit for
Men rather to Wheedle with, than in good ear-
nest think what they speak. And of this sort
are all those which pretend to prove there is
no such thing as Love after Marriage; for we
will not stand to the Experience of a bad Hus-
band in these matters.

Grant that they never had any, that some-
thing baser than Love was the motive of their
Courtship, and that their Flame was so impure,
that it could not long shin after it was lighted
by the Torch of Eymen: Yet it is so far from
Truth, that Love cannot last at all after Mar-
riage, that I'm satisfy'd many have lov'd much
better after than they did before; nay, in some
Instances, have lov'd very tenderly after that
Sacred Bond had united 'em, though perfectly
indifferent, if not averse, when both single; al-
though instances of these last are so rare, that
it is ill venturing together, unless there be at
least some Affection between them. But this I
affirm, as Magisterially as ever our Antagonist
can the contrary, although with much more
Truth and Reason, that marry'd Persons have more
cause to Love better than others, and more

Advantages to do so : For they have now left all the World for each other, which must needs be a great Endearment on both sides : Their Word, and Honour, and Oath, are all publickly engag'd, and unless they forfeit all these, they must continue to Love one another, and cannot but be Happy. Their Love is both Honourable and Lawful, and now they have all they figh'd for, and possess each others Affections and Persons, and Fortunes without any fear of a Rival. Shame on him that loves a fine Woman less when he has her in his Arms, than when he only throws sheep's-eyes, and makes ugly Faces at her. It is true, if Men form Romantick Notions of Love and Friendship, and find themselves deceiv'd when they come to apply 'em to common Life, they may be angry without pity or regard. He that expects more from a Mortal than it can give him, deserves to be disappointed. There's no perfect Happiness here, and it's pity there should ; but yet we may make a shift to pick up a good comfortable share of it with good Management, and there are certainly degrees of it, and one is much more Happy than another, and I am still of the mind that a Marry'd condition is in it self the happiest Estate of Life, and will never believe but that it would always be so, did not Lewdness, or Imprudence, or some uncommon Misfortune prevent it ; and thus happy I am sure it never could be, without a good degree of Love. The little Endearments of a marry'd Condition, the soft Hours, the very Fondnesses and Follies and Particularities, and to others, insignificant Fancies and Humours, have yet all of 'em something new in 'em, and diverting and obliging.

Nay,

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Nay, even the little Marrimonial Quarrels, the short liv'd Anger of Lovers, makes 'em but Love better : A little Water sprinkled on their Fire, makes it blaze more strongly than before, if there be not enough to quench it.

Most kinds of Pleasure seem to be little more than the curing of some Pain. What else is that we perceive in the Gust of the most delicious Wines, when extream Thirsty? or the Taste or Smell of a well cook'd Dish, when soundly Hungry? And the longer we have been Fasting, the sharper we are kept, the more ravenously we fall to, when once we sit down to Table. However, none but Gluttons will gorge themselves; and if afterwards they complain of want of Appetite, Wou'd they not be laugh'd at, rather than pitied?

Yet you cannot tell, Mr. Adams, whether the Answerer of this Letter be a Man, or a Woman, a Maid, Wife or Widow; nor shall you ever know it, if I can help it. But whatever I am, Zeal for Truth has engag'd me in the Controversie, and no Aversion to Marriage has drawn these thoughts from me, which you must take as they come, without any more Accuracy or Regularity, than I find in some of yours.

But to return to my Subject: Even Absentation it self is so far from Divorcing Lovers, that it only more closely rements their Affections. Every occasional Journey renders the Happy Pair more impatient of meeting, and when they meet again, more pleas'd with each other; encreases their virtuous Love, and heightens their mutual Satisfaction; and the longer they live together, the closer still is the knot ty'd, the more indissoluble it grows, and yet the more easie Time and Age file off

off by degrees any little roughness in their *Temper*, and *polishes* the *Inequalities* of their *Humour*, while they grow more acquainted with each others *Excellencies* and *Virtues*, and therefore more in *love* with them, and can more easily bear with those unavoidable *Imperfections*, those *little Blebs*, which will be found in whatever is moulded of *Clay*, and therefore with the less difficulty may be mutually over look'd and forgiven. There were there nothing but *length* and *continuance* of *Acquaintance*, and a long *Intimacy*, under the same *Roof*, on the same *Road*, and in the same *Circumstances* of *Life*; yet even from hence we often see such *Friendships* contracted, that nothing but *Death* can divide 'em. And these of necessity must be much stronger, where the *Obligations* are dearer, and the *Intimacy* closer, and the *Secrecy* more intire: Where *Tenderness*, and *Interest*, and *Inclination*, joyn their *Forces*; and 'tis so much the Concern of both *Parties* to make each other *Happy*.

I never said or thought that *Love* was more *furious* the longer it lasted; for I believe the quite contrary. 'Tis the more calm and rational; but 'twou'd be strange, if it shou'd therefore be the less *Perfect*. It burns like *subterra*, near *Lamps*, undisturb'd and even, and therefore must be *immortal*; at least, the *Light* can only be *extinguish'd* when the *Lamp* it self *moulders*: Its *Death* is owing not to any *inward Decay*, but *nearely* to the *Weaknes* of the *Materials*.

Yet if *Souls* know *Souls* hereafter, what *Heaven* is it, to believe, that a *virtuous Friendship*, here commenc'd, shall last, nay, shall be perfett'd, like all other good *Qualties*, in another *World*? You'll say, it may be, I'm too grave on such subjects. *Sub.* *No*

Subjects: But I must ask your Pardon, if I only let you and others know what I think my self. I love to follow a Thought as far as I can see it. And I have read, that some of the brave old Heathens were wont mightily to please themselves with the *Friendships* of *Elysium*, and the *Satisfaction* they expected in a more intimate Correspondence with wise and good Men in another World.

But well remember'd: We are yet in this; and I hope I should do my Fellow Citizens no Difservice, if I could put all Married Persons, or at least the very greatest part of 'em, in a way to be certainly *Happy* with each other; and the longer they live, to love still the better, and be more beloved.

Let the Husband, if he desires this, neither *Dout* nor *Tyannize*: The Wife neither *assume* beyond what Nature, and the (indulgent) Laws have given her, nor yet so basely *crouch*, as to render her self *cheap* and *despicable*. If they ever have any little *Differences*, let 'em no more take *air* than *Fire* in a *Cellar*. Keep 'em even from *Servants*, and let the *Pillow* alone decide 'em, where many a *Flint* is broken.

If both are *Passionate*, take turns to *adourn* your *Anger*; if only one, it's the easier to agree; tho' there's this *Advantage* even in an *hasty* Temper, that as it soon *kindles*, 'tis never long a *burning*; it may *spur* a little, but 'twill do no great harm; while a *sour Log* that's a whole day a *lightning*, shall, it may be, be half a dozen, before 'tis *extinguish'd*.

In the last place, Learn the *Art of Memory*, and the greater *Art of Forgetfulness*, and you'll not fail of being *Happy*. That is, remember all the *good* you have done, and *forget* the *bad*, for

the kind things, forget all that's harsh or ungrateful that ever past between ye; at least never repeat 'em, which will be the best way to forget 'em: Which Advice if you carefully observe, I see no Reason to doubt but you'll live as contentedly as

Your Humble Servant,

Sappho.

LETTER XVI.

That Ugliness is most desireable in a Wife.

By the Athenians.

THIS but a Cowardly sort of Virtue, that's forc'd to wink, in order to avoid a Beautiful Enemy: — Nor will we so much as make use of your own Arms against you, that this Beauty that make such Albes of us all, is only in the Imagination: — Let it be in the Seale too if it will, but we're resolv'd it shall never domineer over our Reason. Nay, We'll not only think it, but even look it into an Indifference, and the Subtest, the Loveliest, the Veriest Woman of ye all shall no more debauch my Judgment, than one of your Predecessors cou'd the Person of that honest Philosopher. You may say, if you think fit, as she did, that we're Stones, and not Men, but we'll prove our Reason beyond Con-

Contradiction, by despising such Irrational Creatures as you are. Nay, never Dress, nor Patch nor Powder, nor Twine, nor Brush us up at us thus; for you'll all lose your Labour. Our Choice is made; and if We must have Wives, we're resolv'd a good convenient Parcel of *Ugliness* shall be their principal Recommendation.

And a thousand Conveniences shall We meet with by this honest Policy. First, We shall vex you, and mortifie your *vain Sex* a little, which will do us more Good then a Thousand Guineas more in her Portion,-- and it may be you may be the better for't too, at least, 'twill be your own faults, if you be not: For there might be some Hopes of you, if we cou'd but once make you *humble*,

But order your Matters as you please, for we'll still go on with our Story.

In the next place, we shall need no *Seraglios*, no Black or White *Eunuchs*, to keep that safe, which no Body but our selves will meddle with. Who wou'd disquiet himself for the *vain Satisfaction* of having what's left of a *Beauty*, when he may be so much more happy, with one of a *different Character*? A thousand Towers, and Locks, and Bars, and Fathers and Husbandts can't preserve an *Alcmena*, or a *Danae*: What Eternal Catter-wawling there is about one of these *Pestilent Beauties*; what purring o' one side, and scratch-ing o' t' other? How often a Man may have bin Skin-pickt, for presuming but to lead home his own *natural Wife*? With what Fear and Reverence must he Salute her? How tenderly must he touch such *China Ware*, and how slight a matter reduces it to its *Primitiv Earth* again? Give us a good plain *Earthen Platter*, that will endure

endure a sound Bang, and while we eat in't, we're safer from Poysen, then if all our Meat were serv'd up in Unicorns Horns.

A fine Woman must be conceited, if she has any Eyes, and consequently be pleas'd her self, that she pleases others. Then shou'd we have a thousand Fop - Doodles, Prizing, and Cocking, and Dressing, and Singing at her, and Corrupting all our Servants, and if by Miracle he shou'd at last beyond our Expectation and his own, find her honest, he takes care to prefer her to one of the Boxes in the next Lampoon, or so publickly abuse her, that we must be forc'd to slit his Windpipe, or he ours, in attempting her *Vindication*.

No, since our Honour is by the abundant Civility of our Countrey in our Wives keeping, we wou'd have our Cabinet made as plain and as strong as possible, that none shou'd attempt to break it open, or if they did, might lose their Labour.

And as we shan't be troubled from others, so neither from her self. Our Dear Joans, and we shall agree well enough together. She can't be Proud; for what has she to be Proud of, except of our affections? She can't be Natur'd, for she has nothing but the Agreeableness of her Temper to retain our Hearns. Nay, she can't be so much as Jealous, for she shall know we chose her before a Beauty, because we liked her better. She'll be content with any thing, because she's humble, and Name us one Beauty that ever had that Virtue: She'll not trouble us, or ruine us in Expecces. Not in Cloaths, because she shall be so superlatively Ugly (if our kind Stars wou'd but send us such Jewels) that no Finery shall make

subho

her

her better. Nor in *House-keeping*, because she'll not care for much *Company*; nor in *Journeys*, for the same Reason. She must Love us entirely, because none else will Love her, and that must needs make us Love her again, and how ardently shall we embrace her *Fair Soul*, thro' her homely *Body*? And how quiet and happy shall we sit at *home*, and pity the Miserable *Beauties*, and those who possess 'em, as *Fove* did *Semele* in the midst of *Storms* and *Thunder*; while their *Reputations* are *Blaſted*, their *Content* *Banished*, their *Estates* *Ruin'd*, their *Hearts* *Tormented*, and in a few Years, or perhaps Hours, that which was the occasion of all this, is *no more*: The fatal Cause is ceas'd, but the Effects still remain. The *Beauty* is gone, but the *Woman* still Lives and Hangs on ye, and wou'd fain be a *Beauty* still; and when all the *World* is weary, you must begin, and Cringe and Court as much as ever.

Whilst our dear *Dowdy* has such a *Face*, that she defies *Age*, nay, *Death* it self to hurt it. 'Tis as invulnerable as the heel of *Achilles*, and by the looks on't, you'd think it had been dipt in the same Water. Time must have a good *Stomach* if he meddles with't. It must be meerly for the sake of *Malice*, and therefore we hope he'll let her alone as well as all the rest of *Mankind*: For our own use we'd have her, and what shou'd we care whether she pleases others? She'll be a *Guard* to our *Houses*, her *Face* will fright *Thieves* away, and our *Children* need no other *Ram-head and Bloody-bones*, to keep 'em in order. What pretty *Cubbs* they'll be, and how like their own dear *Father* and *Mother*?

Come

come hisher, and draw ber sweet Picture,
 Apelles,
 With a Face like the Fire-pan, and a Nose like
 the Bellows :
 Her Body all Grid-Ir'n (Mr. Printer ! depend
 on't :)
 Or a Worm-eaten Carrot with two sticks at
 the End on't,
 Teeth, Fair as a Sloe, by kind nature's di-
 rection,
 The in vain, as a Foyl to her darker Com-
 plexion.
 Her thin Lips hem Pale, and her Gills here all
 Rosy ?
 But such Charms in her Breath, that each whiff
 overthrusts ye.
 Such, such is our Fair one, no Uglier we'll
 make her,
 And to show We're not Jealous, he that likes her
 may take her.

Athens.

LET.

LETTER XVII.

In Answer to Letter XVI.

In Defence of Beauty.

By Anonyma.

Civility requires, Mr. Athens, that we should leave you in the unenvy'd possession of what you so much delight in, the very Imagination of whose Charms had snatched you away into such a Rapture of Degrad, as neither Witber, nor A. himself could equal.

Let us then return to that against which you profess so utter an Aversion, and which all the World besides so justly admire. The Defence of Beauty, tho' it needs no Champion.

My subject I feel is too big for me, and now only I repent my accepting your Challenge. Not that I fear any Amagonist, but that so weighty a cause has not a more equal strength to support it. It staggers me at once, and dazes me, and if Sappho, or Behn her self were alive, they must undergo the same misfortune.

Yet if I must fall, it shall be Honourably; I'll wish I could do more, and will at least attempt it, and perhaps might succeed, had I but all the Beautys in the World before me, that out of 'em, like the Painter, I might make one Venus.

What art thou, thou strange Unaccountable Every thing! Or by what Names, or Titles, shall

wc

we salute thee? We see thee every where, and yet none can define thee. Thou art the same, and yet infinitely diversify'd. Harmony is most like thee; and thou art the Concord, or rather the Virtue of all that's visible. The Almighty Artist has scatter'd thee through all his work: A Flower, a Blade of Grass, a Fly, a Mite possesses thee. We see thee in all shapes and dresses, we admire thee in the Picture of a Storm, or a Battle, and discover a Beauty even in Horror.

Light it self is thy near Relation; or rather Lightning, could we separate it from the fatal effects it carrys with it: Thy Darts are all peaceful and innocent, yet we feel 'em irill through our Hearts, and bleis the wound that makes us Mad with Pleasure.

'Tis in a humane Face thy Throne's erected;

There dost thou Triumph with a Peaceful Sway,

Thy Scepter makes me trembling World Obey.

See the little Monarchs, the puny Princes and Conquerors, all the Greats, and the Immortals, and Invincibles! How they creep and cowre about thy Throne! Yet there's one that dares meet thy Beams, and that deserves 'em: He has lately lost a Beauty would have disputed Empires even with thee: Try if thou canst make it up, tho' that could scarce be done, shou'dst thou thy self descend into his Arms!

Whither, O Beauty! Whither hast thou drawn me?

Why, O ye Peaceful Plains, are you forsaken,
For noisy Camps, and Courts, and glittering Thrones?

I'll home again—Hail all ye Happy Shades,
Where untaught Nature Beautiful and Young,
Displays unborrow'd Charms; where thou
and I,
My Damon, Life's unenvy'd sweets may prove,
And all the Luxury of Virtuous Love.

Where we may see a thousand diverting objects, a thousand Beautys on every side, and bewilder our Eyes in the *pleasing variety*, and return to *Living Beautys*, when they are tired with insensible objects, I know where my Eyes can meet their Acquaintance, and find as much Love as they bring with 'em. Such *unaffected Gracefulness*, such a manly *Noble Air*, such *Eyes*, such very *Lovely speaking Eyes*; Such modesty, such softness, such firmness such a *happy mixture*, just such as I wou'd wish in him I Love. And while he Loves, I have no more to wish.

Who can think, or talk, or write temperately, when Beauty is the Subject? Nothing could now be cold, that had a Spark of Life or Motion.

The pleasure it gives is more refin'd and more remov'd from Sense, even than that of Musick: *Bruit Creatures* seem in some Instances to be mov'd by the latter, but only what has Reason by the former: That is too Spiritual a Pleasure for their inferiour Natures. I can't therefore think they have Reason, because they have

have no Choice in these matters : Their Appetites hurry 'em on for the preservation of their Kind, but Beauty never strikes 'em, and the Herd knows no more Distinction than it does Propriety.

And if there shou'd be any Creatures in humane shape, who had the same Tempers and Inclinations, who could remain insensible before such an object as commands reverence and respect from the greatest Barbarians, they ought rather to be rankt with those Inferior Animals, with whom they Sympathize, or at least among the Mimickry and Sports of Nature, who may seem to have taken pleasure in making a Figure so like a Man, which yet might puzzle the Philosophers to describe him, or to know what Species they ought to rank him under.

Had Beauty only Barbarians to deal with, it would civilize 'em, had it the worst of Men, so they are but Men, it might work upon them, refine the Oar, smooth the rugged' st Temper, cultivate the most barren soil, and every day produce New wonders.

But then it must keep company with Virtue, for if once that leaves it, how soon will it Pine and Languish ? 'Tis like the Vine without the Elm, the Fessamine without its Support. It tumbles to Earth, and is Trodden into the Mire by every one that passes by it.

The more difficulty there is in preserving Beauty unblemish'd, the more glorious are those who do so. It's possible to be done; for it has been and still is, in many instances. Heaven is not so envious, or malicious as Earth, but can give Beauty and Virtue to the same Person, and

and they agree so well together, 'tis pity they should ever be parted.

It is the envy, and wicked Revenge of disappointed Wickedness, which often endeavours to sully what it cannot raine; and the rest of Mankind is so ill-natur'd, and so very partial, that any thing of this Kind is greedily receiv'd, and easily believ'd.

Yet after all, if there are really so many ill Women in the World as some would persuade us, who pretend to be very well acquainted with 'em, 'tis easily Demonstrable, that Beauty is not the cause on't; nay, that the smaller part of those who deserve that Character are really Beautiful, because homely Faces make up the most of the World.

And it is still more likely, on some Accounts, that a fine Woman shou'd be Vertuous, than one who is more indifferent, because she is naturally and justly conscious of her own worth.

There is a decent Pride, which will not let her have such cheap thoughts of her self as other People.

If 'tis objected, that she vallies her self for it; and why shou'd she not, so she does it Soberly and Moderately? What Man is there who has more Strength, or Wealth, or Wit, or Prudence than his Neighbours, who does not find his Mind Proportionable to his Endowments, and expect a just deference from such as come behind him in any of those Qualifications.

Beauty 'tis true, decays, and so does every thing that's Mortal; but 'tis better to be happy some part of Life, than none at all; and the *Lines* of a good Face, must be better than those

those of a bad one; Nay, more agreeable in Age, than the other, when it had the *Freshest Youth* to recommend it.

Deformity strikes the mind with Horror, as Beauty with Love: 'Tis, I confess, a deep Piece of *Policy* to Marry such a Person as a Man cannot Love himself, for fear any body else shou'd Love her. Nor is he always so sure of that neither, since a mishaped body oftentimes covers a more awkward and mishapen mind. And Nature seems to cry, Beware ! whenever it shows us one of those *Amick Figures*, and this they are so sensible of themselves, that they are generally either negligent, and squalid of one side, because indeed, they despair of pleasing after all their pains, or else *Spineful* and *Malicious Enemies* to all the World, because they think they have but few Friends in it.

Nor has it been rarely found, that such Persons as these have been lost in the *lowest degree* of the most sordid vices, agreeable to their Nature and Inclination: Tho' this must be own'd, in the last place, to prevent the Imputation of *Ill-nature* and *Injustice*, that where such as these apply themselves vigorously to the Prosecution of Virtue, they become as Famous as any, thro' a happy resolution of mind.

But yet on the other side, none can deny that Virtue looks much more Charming in a *Beautiful Dress*, than in one that's more indifferent or displeasing.

Anonyma.

LET.

LETTER XVIII.

Against Marrying a Widow.

By the Athenians.

You complain, Madam, we've forgotten to whom we're writing, and often address our selves to the Men, without any regard to our *Antagonist*: For this we must beg your Pardon, since the love of the Truth, and concern for poor abus'd *Mankind* makes us, we find, sometimes take off our eyes from our *Antagonist*, before we're aware. But we hope you will forgive us since 'tis for the Publick *Good*, and tho' we may happen to step out of the way a little now and then, fear not but we'll return again, and fight out the *Battle*.

And now for the *Folly Widow*, since *Maid* and *Wife* have pretty well wearied us. And tho' you, Madam, are yet two or three degrees from that state of *Life*, yet you may in time arrive to it, and therefore you'd do well, often to Read over the *Directions* of a very sage Philosopher for the management of your *Affairs*, that you mayn't be surprized when you should come to Action. You know who says,

*Widows who have try'd one Lover,
Trust none again, till they've made over.*

O

Or

Or if they do before they *Marry*,
 The *Foxes weigh the Geese* they carry;
 Whence *wisest Ladies* always choose
 To undertake the *heaviest Goose*.

Now if we did not sometimes *take out Repri-
 sals* against your Sex, and some of our *He-Foxes*,
 though *Poor and Lean*, snap up one of your *bea-
 viest Geese*, we shou'd never be upon the *Square*
 with you, though a sad *Choice* a *Man's* in when
 he's brought to that *Condition*; only the fore-
 mention'd Gentleman's short *Questions* can't
 easily be answered.

What an *Amorous thing* is *Want*,
 How *Debs* and *Mortgages* *Inchant*!

What *Graces* must that *Lady* have
 That can from *Execution* save!

But the *worst* is, that oftentimes she only
 brings the *Execution* sooner on the poor mi-
 staken Husband, who catches *two Tarts* at once:
 For he that ventures on that terrible *Creature*, a
Widow, must prepare for the *worst*, and not
 think she has been *Married*, and buried one
 Husband for nothing; and having once got out
 of the *Grate*, she remembers all her *old Tricks*
 again, and is full as *wild* and more *cunning* than
 ever. And 'twould at least make one cautious,
 we came to a *Ditch* which another had attempt-
 ed to leap, and stuck in the middle, how we o-
 verhastily ventured after him. A *Widow* is a
double Woman, she has in her all the *Poyson* of
 her Sex, highly *rectify'd*, and rendred infinitely
 more *Subtile and Mortal*. When the *Cannibal*
 has

as once tasted the *Blood* of one *Man*, though she weep never so many *Crocodiles* Tears over his *Grave*, she hardly ever *leaves off* till she has try'd another: Like a *Dog* that has once found the sweetnes of Sheeps-Blood, nothing but the *Branch* can make him give it over. When we consider the Tears of the *Ephesian Marion*, for the Death of her Husband, we find our selves surprized with more of Wonder and Amazement, than the Soldier was when he first beheld her: Plainly we perceive certain symptoms in her, which signifie not only a change of *Humour*, but even a perfect Metamorphosis of her Person also; and so strangely is she Alter'd that did not the continuance of her *Mourning Habit*, together with the circumstances of Time and Place, assure us to the contrary; seriously we shou'd not be perswaded, that she is the *same Woman*. She appears now to have so little of the Sorrowful Widow in her, that if we might have the liberty *Physiognomists* take, of divining by outward signs, we shou'd take her for the most Pleased and Happy Bride in the World. Her *forhead* seems not only smoothed, but dilated also to a more graceful largenes, and overcast with a delicate sanguine Dye. Her *Eyes* sparkling again with lustre, yet little more then half open, with their amiable whites turn'd somewhat upward, unsteady, bedewed with a Ruby Moisture, and by stealth casting certain languishing Glances (such as are observed only in Persons Dying, and Lovers in the Extasie of Delight) upon the Soldier. Her *Lips* swelling with a delicious vermillion tincture, and gently trembling; yet still preserving the decorum and sweetnes of her Mouth. Her *Cheeks* overflow

flow with Blushes. Her Head a little declining, as when Modesty hath a secret conflict with Desire. In a word, We discern in her, a course of all those signs, which, as natural and inseparable Characters, are proper to great Joy and Pleasure.

What therefore shall we think ? To imagine that She, a Woman of Exemplary Constancy, of Chastity, more cold and severe than the Goddess her self, who is said to be guardian of it ; of Sorrow almost unparalleld and invincible ; whose Tears are yet scarcely dry, still sitting in a damp and horrid Charnel-house, at the dead time of the night, and upon the Coffin of her Dearest All : To imagine (we say) that this Woman should be so soon ingulphed in the delighted Transports of a *New Love*, and that with a Fellow so much a Stranger, so much her Inferior : This certainly is not only highly improbable, but unpardonably scandalous : But so it is, we have good reason to suspect, that our *Matron* hath newly felt the power of Loves inevitable Dart, and she now burns as extreamly in the flames of *Amorous Desires* for the Soldier, as she was latey frozen in the Ice of Sorrow for her Husband. Her looks and gestures betray her, and all the *Airs* of high Content and Pleasure appearing in her face, will no longer permit us to doubt, but she hath lately Tasted, and more than Tasted, of that delight, which Lovers are sensible of in the act of Fruition ; and which being it self a kind of Extasy, cannot be described, so as to be understood by any but such as feel it ; nor those, but when they feel it.

Nor need you longer remain in suspence : for behold

behold, she now throws her self into the Soldiers Arms; She Embraceth him, She Kisseth him, and with that violence, that Greediness, as if she were unsatisfied with the bare touches of his Lips, and longed to leave the impression of hers upon them. Nay, she takes no care to shut them, as if that negligent posture were more natural to the freedom of her kindness; or as if she were in more readiness to receive that soul, she would have him breathe into her: In a word, There is nothing of Liberty, nothing of Dalliance, nothing of Careless and Indearment, which this Sportful *Lady* doth not use, both to make her self Grateful and Charming to her New *Gallant*, and to enkindle fresh Admirers in him. So that if what we see, be not *Venus* her self, Sporting with her beloved *Mars*; yet doubtless, it is one of her own Daughters, in the heighth of Solace with one of her Sons: She does not scruple at the nicety of making the *Dead Husbands Coffin*, the Altar whereon to kindle her *Amorous Fires*. Now Reader, we see, in this sudden and prodigious Metamorphosis, the Mutability and Levity of Widows; then Reader, if you court a *Widow*, believe her not, though she immures her self never so closely, mourns never so unconsolably, and remains never so Obstinate in her Melancholy Recess, that she may accompany her dear Lord to the place of Silence. Then, even then, when her Peak is but just put on, when her Mourning hardly handelled, would she not refuse *Comfort* upon reasonable *Terms*; alas! *Pity* and *Love* are near akin, and the heart that melted so lately by one *Passion*, that of *Grief*, and has not yet had time to *barden*, will easily enough admit an im-

pression from another, though very different. Love has a thousand disguises, he sometimes gets a long black Cloak on, and struts in't as mournfully and gravely as the nearest Relations; but when once he's alone, Widow, have at your heart, off goes his disguise, and he's a God again.

But let him be what he will, *Angel or Fiend*, we may safely turn a *very Widow* loose to him, without any fear of their huring one another. Should she be as subtle a Cur as Machiavel's Marry'd Devil, she'd soon make him hang his Ears as he did, and desire to be dismiss'd of the Employment. She'd hamper him in Links as substantial as any he had left behind him, give him just his meat for his working and no more, hold him close to a quantum valuit, and make over her Soul and her Estate to some other, even though he had Possession of her Body, but would fain be rid on't it he knew how; since she would haunt and possess him, rather than on the contrary.

And what then should a poor Mortal do with her; or how should he be able to deal with her? Suppose him in the worst condition, and no way but this or a Gaol, would it not look more like Freedom to live out of the Prisoner's Basket than out of hers. Tis true, he'd have nothing but Scraps from both, but then for the former he'd not be upbraided; besides he'd have a much more mild Durance, a sort of a King's-Bench Prison where ever he was, in comparison of being turn'd over to a Widow, till Death cleared him at the General Gaol delivery.

But the most diverting Scene is, when they are Geese o' both sides, and cheat one another. The Citizen turn'd Gentleman, and the German-

Princess

Princes rarely well met, and neither have just cause to complain. When the Widow lives high, keeps a noble House and splendid Table, and has nothing but *Sham-Deeds* and bastard *Mortgages* at the bottom: And the Noble Squire Eats, Drinks, Presents, Treats, and Plays as high as any, and yet's in debt for very *Rag* he wears, and had much ado to rig himself out for this weighty Expedition. But the *Fest* is, when they come to weigh one another, and find nothing but *Feathers o' both sides*, to see how they look, and how exactly like one another, only the Bride a little more *Chagrin* of the two, because she has disgrac'd the Honour of her *Character*, and prov'd a Reproach to the Gravity and discretion of Widow-hood, by being impos'd on by another, when a true Widow ought to *Cheat* all Mankind.

Yet once more we'll suppose the very best, and that an *honest Fellow* should chance to light on a *Widow* a little more free of her *Purse* though a most *bide-bound Carcase*: Osborn has exactly told such a Man's *Fortune*. The things (says he) required to read the apprehension of such a loathsome Companion, will prove so chargeable as in a short time her Gold will be spent, and nothing left but the Foul Beast that carried it.

ATHENS.—

LETTER XIX.**In Answer to Letter XVIII:*****In Defence of Widows;*****By a Young Widow.**

AND is a *Widow* really such a frightful thing? Gentlemen, so much your aversion? And were you always of that mind? Are we all of us such perfect *Witches*, such abominable *Blood-suckers*, such *Cheats* and *Impostors*, such unreasonable *unconscionable Creatures*, as you represent us? Or did you never hear of a *fly Thief*, that cry'd, "The *Grapes*" were sour, when he cou'd not come at 'em? "Or of a lewd Spark of your Acquaintance," who has often enough made it his "business to defame that *Virtue* which he cou'd not corrupt and ruin? Just thus, I fancy, did that doughty Knight, Sir *Hudibras*, rail at his dear *Widow*, when he cou'd not catch her, and when he found both his *sham-Oaks* and *Whipping* lost upon her. But to Harp no more upon that string, which it may be you will think makes but very jarring Musick, I must ask leave to enter into the Merits of the *Cause*, and consider your angry waspish *complaint*, against poor *Widows*, who I find, as helpless as they are, and how much soever entitled to Heaven's Protection, must expect but little of yours. The more Discour-

teous

teous Knight you, the white, and unmindful of the Laws of Chivalry and Honour. O! but we do not need it, we are *cunning* enough of our selves, you say, to deceive all the World. But pray give me leave to ask you, Sirs, how came a poor simple Woman to be in a little while so strangely alter'd? If we kill'd our Husbands indeed, and eat 'em afterwards, there might be something in it, and the Riddle might easily be solv'd, according to the *Faith* of the Cannibals; because if we believe them, we should have all their Prudence transfus'd into us: But that meer Cohabitation should work such a Prodigious change, that only conversing with a *Man* for a few Years, or it may be Months, should thus transform the most foolish and helpless thing in Nature into a meer She-Machiavel, and make us too hard for all your Aibenian Noddles; This I confess is *unaccountable*, and *admirable*; and it must needs follow from it, that either we are very apt Scholars, or you are excellent Masters.

But have not your Sex too the like *Advantage* by *Widow-hood*? If you have, certainly, Sirs, it's very dangerous meddling with you: For when you have swallow'd such a *Serpent* as a *Woman*, you must be perfect *Dragons*; especially if it happens to be a *Widow* that you have thus got rid of, at whose *Happy Departure* you would doubtless *Triumph* as much as the *Man* when he bury'd his Twentieth Wife, and wear *Garlands* all your *Life* after. And yet (*Gentlemen*) the same expence of Vows and Oaths is requir'd to gain one of us, that you use with others; nay you are often forc'd to double your *Files*, to clinch your *Perjuries* when you attack a *Widow*, though you pretend to know our weak side never

so exactly, because we are sure we know your Sex well enough whatever you may know of ours ; and having been deceiv'd once before, as it is great odds if when we were marry'd, we met with any better Fortune, we expect you should juggle more artificially, and hang and drown more patherically than our former Lovers, before you decoy us into a second Noose. And when once you have your desire, what Assurance have we after all our cunning, that we shall not catch a Tartar, that a Widower shall not outwidow us, and over shoot us in our own Bow? Have not you Conirivances and Conveyances as well as we, and Sham-foyntures and Airy Estates, which all vanish after Marriage, like the Ink of some of your false Deeds, by which you lur'd us into your clutches ? It may be we may with much ado continue in your good Graces for some half a year after Marriage ; and a long time that too, it's like many of you will say, and an unconscionable while to be constant to one Woman : But when once that's past, and you can drain us of no more comfortable Old Gold, a few Pieces whereof we may have laid up for a comfort in Age, or for Legacies, or any extraordinary Accident, then we presently see you appear in your own shapes, and those sufficiently borrhed : Nothing but Oaths and Curses, and kicking out of Doors. For if you turn us up to Alimony and cannot find a way to cheat us of that too, we must take it as a great Favour, while you Drink, and Game, and worse, and Revel in our Estates, to your Hearer's desire.

Thus you see your Pictures may be drawn, Sirs, as well as ours ; and there are some Lines so remarkable in many of your Sex, that it is almost impossible not to hit 'em ; and I appeal to the common

common Experience of the world, whether they do not know many *Widow-Hunters*, to whom this Description agrees as well as whom it fits as exactly, as if they had been taken measure of, and it had been made on purpose for them.

After all to be *ingenuous*, and acknowledge a Truth, though if the consequence be not strain'd, it will not hurt us, all Estates and Conditions have some Persons that are a *Scandal* and *Reproach* to them, and to their Relations. There are, it cannot be deny'd, unquiet and ill-temper'd, as well as crafty and over-reaching Persons, of all sorts and degrees, Maids, Wives and Widows; ay, and of all Sexes too, Gentlemen, as I hope I have satisfi'd you already, of your own as well as ours.

But why a *Widow*, who has more *Experience* in the World who knows better how to manage a Family, than another, and how to value a good Husband, either by the Loss of one of that Character, or the enduring the Tyranny of a bad one? Why such a Person should not be at least as desirable a Partner as a raw, young, giddy-headed Girl of sixteen, who has just left playing with Lifeless Babbies; when she comes to have Living ones of her own to entertain her, and knows not what to do with them; I profess I am not sharp-fighted enough to discern, and therefore, must refer the decision of so weighty an Affair to the nicer Judgment of Athens; and shall conclude with saying I'm so much a *Widow indeed*; that when any Widow sighs and weeps at the funeral of her Husband; I compassionate the Reality and Profoundness of her Grief, am afraid she should despair, and destroy her self; and I sooner expect to see her Husband revived, then her to entertain any the least thought of admitting another into her bed. If I but hear,

hear the sad story of some young Virgin, deprived of her first Love ; I cannot forbear to beat my-breast, and cry out, Ah ! what pity it is, *so fair a Flower should be lost to all Mankind !* and whether for want of a hand to gather it ? For, certainly, the poor Soul, devoting the disconsolate remainder of her days to Solitude and Fidelity, will never be brought to listen after another for a Bridegroom ; no, without doubt she *will live and die a pure Virgin*, and all the hopes she hath, are to contemplate the honours reserved in the Elysium, for such Majds as continue true to their departed Sweet-hearts ; Nor are your Venetian Locks half so good security for her Chastity, as the memory of the vows she made to the Person, to whom she once gave her Heart.

And, had my stars been so propitious and bountiful to my Nativity, as to have inspired me with a competent Portion of Wit, I should not have conceived any Argument either so worthy in it self, or so agreeable to my Genius, as the *Commendation of Ladies.*

So that (whatever you say of the *Ephesian Matron*) you may well perceive, how irreconcilable an Antipathy I have to any such Opinion, as derogates from the Honour due to the *Immutability* of our delicate sweet Sex, which the kindness of Nature made for your Comfort, Solace and Delight, and without the Assistance of which you wou'd fall short of doing that *most Excellent Act*, which witnesseth the perfection of your Being, and makes you Immortal in spight of Death.

M. Wood.

LET.

LETTER XX.

Receipts for the Cure of Love.

In a Letter to the Ladies Engaged in these
Amorous Quarrels.

Ladies!

After the innumerable Mischiefs whereof your vexatious Sex are the Causes and Authors, some of which we have endeavour'd to set in a just light, that the World may beware both of them and you, we shall end as we began with Love, the most dangerous and fatal of 'em all, and take our leave of that and you together. And that we may not only discover this Epidemical Distemper, but like good Physicians, apply some Remedies to those who are visited with it. we intend to conclude our present Address to your most egregious Vanities, with a few choice Receipts for the Cure of this Fatal Passion, which if taken time enough, is not perhaps so impossible as you wou'd have us imagine.

And in order to this desirable alteration on all such as are not yet quite past hope, we must first advise 'em to remove the Cause, which we cou'd never find was any other than an Idle and wretched disposition. Laziness is as near a kin to Love, as a Fever is to an Ague; and we verily believe that hard Working wou'd be as good a Cure for one as 'tis for t'other. Chambers, and Couches, and Alcoves, and Beds of Moss, or Roses, are the dear delight of that Jack-a-napes of a God, that Coelestial Bastard, the son of Venus and

and--- she scarce her self knew whom. There he lolls and stretches himself, and swaggers and domineers, and is wonderful Valiant on his own Dunghil. Where you wou'd almost mistake him for Mars himself, his mothers Gallant, he looks so big and terrible on all those who are tame enough, and Fools enough to be his Vassals; who lies groaning, and crying, 'tis impossible to break their Chain, or rile from under so many Pelions and Ossa's of Flowers Billet-deux's which Oppress and Fetter 'em, because they han't the Resolution to make one brave Effort to recover their Freedom. It must be then a full Tide of Business, their Hands and Heads full of some Honest, and Brave, and Useful Employment, which is one of the most proper and probable means to affect a Cure on such as have a mind to be rid of their Distemper, and who for the most part, fell in Love at first for no better Reason, than because they had *nothing else to do*: As is evident from the Character and Quality of those who make up the greatest number of Lovers, among whom you rarely or never find men of Age or Business, or confirm'd and ripen'd Judgments, but loose Young Men, dissolv'd in Riot and Idleness, either not capable of any more Noble and Manly Employments, or rendring themselves actually unfit for it, by affecting to remain unbent and useless to themselves and all Mankind, meer Cyphers and Blanks in the Creation.

But we talk on this Subject like a Lover who is commanding his Mistress, and scarce know when we've done. Let's leave this therefore, which we look on as the most Effectual Remedy of any other, and proceed to enquire what further

ther helps may be found against so dangerous a Distemper.

There was an honest old rough Fellow, among the Grecians, who being ask'd, what Remedies shou'd be us'd for one in Love? He bluntly assign'd one of these three following: Either, says he, let 'em Fast it out, or let Time Cure it, or if both these fail, there's no Cure but one, and that's a Halter.

The two first will be thought too gross for the nice Pallates of our Silken Gallants; yet if they are wise, they'll rather make use of 'em, than come to the last, which however must be confess'd, that many of their Tribe have found Infallible.

If they wou'd stop short of this last, let 'em use others less violent, e'er the Disease be arriv'd to too great an height. Let 'em fly from the fair Cockatrice — shut their Eyes, their very Souls, their Memories, their Imaginations. Turn her out, never so much as Dream of her, at least without chiding themselves afterward. Never talk of her, nor let others do it in their hearing, or fly such Discourse, and even all those who are themselves in Love, and be as careful to weather 'em as you wou'd one that was newly come out of a Pest-house, and scatter'd Infection, Plague, and certain Fate around 'em.

Fly your Countrey, as you would for any other Tyrant, or if it were Infected with continual Pestilence. For change of Air is sometimes as wholesome to the Mind as 'tis to the Body. Don't think of her, tho' you can't help it: that is, resolve you will not, tho' you do, and must at present, for in time at least, you'll get some Ground, and

and if it be never so little at first, your Heart will by degrees be all your own. If she intrude never so often, tell her, she has nothing to do there, her Reign's at an end, and drive her out, as you would a Fury. Think how like a Fool you look, and how many Monkey tricks this Love makes you play daily. Consider what you get if you obtain your desires, either to be fairly cheated, and turn'd off to make room for some new Fool, or tir'd with an odious Satire, or at best, pay dear for Repentance. To all which, do but add a real will to be cur'd, and a firm belief that you may be so, and (believe one that has try'd) your Recovery is more than half Perfected.

Then flye Love as a Viper, and you'll easily outrun him, you are invulnerable behind (as Achilles in his Heel) but if you look but over your Shoulder, you're a Dead Man : Then, Sir, when you perceive him bending his Bow at you (that's the Lasses pretty pincking Eyes) be sure you never stand him, and think to look him out of Countenance, for 'tis an impudent young Rogue as ever liv'd by March-pane and Sugar-plumbs. Remember here Cowardize is the truest Valour. Wink when you fight with Love, if you ever hope to Conquer.— Ha ! Now he levels all his Ordnance at ye, whole Broad-sides.— Upper and Lower Teer. You sink to the Deep if you lie there any longer. The Port-Holes are all up. The Tombkins out, primed, matched, ready. The little Fire-ship of a Woman opens her Lips and discovers Two Rows of Teeth, enough to charm an Angel; so smooth, so white, so even and so pretty. There is no Remedy unless you get out of Gun-shot, but she has ye between Wind and

and Water, rakes ye fore and aft, and down you go to the Deep; and therefore 'tis, the *Scythian Women* put out the Eyes of all their Slaves and Prisoners of War, to make use of them more freely and covertly. *Oh, the furious Advantage of Opportunity!* He that should ask me what was the First-part in Love, I should answer him, to make use of Opportunity, the second the same, the third the same: 'Tis a point that can do all. And, *Ladies*, as you must flye Love (and the Opportunities that lead to it) if you would shun hanging your selves; so if you would not be *Mad Lovers*, never be *Idle*, nor worse employ'd than if you were, do not read *Romances, Play-Books, or Amorous-Tales*, at least till your Minds are formed, and you have seen something of the World. If these Directions were well observed, they would cure the Lover of *Mad-Fits*; but lest they should prove ineffectual (that, if possible, we may prevent your *Hanging*) we will give ye another Receipt to cure *Mad-Love, Probatum est.*

*A Receipt to Cure Mad-Love,
Probatum est. E. J.*

Take an Ounce of Common Prudence, a Scruple of Self-Love, and a Drachm of the Powder of Fore-fight, with Half a Pound of other Folks Dear-bought Experience, which may be had at a cheap Rate almost in every Family: Mix these well together, and temper with it a few Drops of Serious Consideration,

ration, and apply it Warm to the soft Place of the Head; you may repeat the Application of it as oft as you can.

This Receipt has wrought many Cures, and if rightly applied never fails: But, Ladies, if it does, we know you'll be immediately for *Bri-steling* your selves with one barbarous Heathen Name or other, unless you light upon the *Seven Champions*, and then whip — you are all Heroins, and we know not what. — In a word, *keep sober, have a care of Cold Tea, use Phlebotomy;* and to sum up all, don't play the Foot, and you never need fear Falling in Love.

Athens.

LETTER XXI.

Of the ways to be Lov'd.

By Almira.

HOW extreamly you are afraid of being too much pleas'd, and how much concern'd for fear your Sex shou'd be over-happy! You take a great deal of care to unman all Humane

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mane kind, and to reduce 'em to a *Stoical* sort of *Insensibility*, to cut off a part of their *Souls*, tho' 'tis so far from being *Gangreen'd*, or useless, that it's the most *vigorous* and necessary part of 'em, if you consider 'em as *Members* of the *Univerſe*, and sensible and *converſible Creatures*: I mean the *Passions*, which are the *Feet*, or rather the *Wings* of the *Soul*, and nothing that's Great and Noble can be atchiev'd without 'em; for I can hardly believe, when you are so earnest to force *Love* it self into *Exile*, that you'd leave any of its *Kin-dred* behind it. *Delight*, and *Joy*, and even *Hope*, are its near *Allies*; there's a strict *Confederacy* between them, you can never hope to sever 'em and they'll certainly run the same *Fortune*. You wou'd make your self incapable of *Sense* as well as *Happiness*, render all you *bear*, and *see*, and *taste*, *Inſpīc̄t* and *indifferēt*; reduce your *lives* to the condition of a *Stone* or a *Log*, and what's that better than *being nothing*? I expect in your next *Essay* that you shou'd publish some *Choicē Remedies* against the *Fatigue* of *Breathing*, and give us some of the most *speedy* and *Infallible* ways to *Cure* the great *Disease* of *Life*: Tho' I shou'd think 'twou'd be a more *Friendly Employment* to let us know how we might *Improve Life*, *sweeten* it, and make the *best* on't, and doubly enjoy all its *Innocent Satisfactions*: And I'm mistaken if a *Vertuous* and *Honourable Love* will not produce all these *Happy Effects*, and a great many others which I have not nam'd. For whether or no 'twill make us more *beautiful*, as *Lady Single* is at last convinc'd by such another *Railmore* as your selves; this is certain, that 'twill make any Person more *careful* to appear so; it has chang'd the most *Remarkable Slovens* into

Com-

310. A Pacquet from Athens.

Compleat Gentlemen, it refines the Manners; and softens and gilds the Conversation.

But this having been already better manag'd by other Hands, I shall rather choose to close the Campaign (or Amorous Quarrels) with an Attempt to force your Line, to level all the Enrichments you have made against this Powerful God, nay, to take you Prisoner, and show you how you may be Happy whether you will or no, which you can never be compleatly, unless you Love.

And the first great Secret in the Art of Love, is Love it self, how great a Paradox soever that may appear : My meaning is, that any one who desires to be lov'd, must himself Love with all his might, and to the utmost of his Power ; for there is no such Charm for Love, as Love, resolv'd, vigorous, constant, which is almost irresistible. For 'tis in Love much as 'tis in other Passions, if you wou'd transcribe 'em into another's Breast, write 'em first legibly on your own.

And when you have once begun the Attack, be sure you push it home; regarding no consequences, but that your Intentions be Honourable and Virtuous, without which Love it self is but a Dream of Happiness. Take care your Addresses be Lawful, and then the warmer the better ; for none of our Sex but hate a luke-warm Zeal in Love, which is of it self so warm and active a Passion, that where the Pretender is cold and heavy, how shou'd he make us believe he's in Love at all, any more than that there's any Fire, where we see nothing but Ashes, and not the least appearance of Heat or Motion.

You can't think I mean the Old Romantick way

way of down-right dargling for a *Mistress*, or that the poor enamour'd Knight shou'd lug out cold *Iron*, and make a *Window* in his *Breast*, that the *obdurate Lady* might see what a *huge Hole* he has in his Heart: No, this is now as justly *ridiculous* as powdering a *Mistress* all over with *Ruby* and *Diamond*: Or the other Extream, the LubberGallant's *lolling* upon a *Couch*, *Courting* none but his *sweet self*; or if he can afford a word or two, only *makes Love* in *stylo retitativo*, and humms out a few ends of verse, or *Scraps* of Songs, as if he thought our *Hearts* were to be *won* the same way they took of old, by *Muttering* and *Incantation*: But 'tis the *middle way* between both of these that can only expect to be *prosperous*, and the same *application* of Mind is here required that is necessary in any other Affair of equal *weight* and *moment*, and whereon depends the *Happiness* of a Man's *whole Life*.

Nor must this be only for a *spurte* and away, we shou'd be Cowards indeed, shou'd we yield at the first *Summons*, and you'd think us very ill provided, cou'd we not beat ye off the first *Storm*. You will not let us be ingenuous if we had a mind to't: You hate a cheap *Conquest* and part with it as easily as you gain'd it. Let's *Humour* you then for once, and *Please* you at your own *costs*, while at the same time we pre-sserve our Sexes *Decency* and *Modesty*. The *Girdle* of *Venus* (as one who knew it very well assures us) was made up of *Denials* as well as *Grans*.

But yet at the same time we'd have ye *impnor-tunate*, you must take care to find the way not to be *troublesome*. You must not turn your *Cours-*

Courisht into a *Persecution*. You must give us some space to *Breath* in, and to consider of *Articles* and *Terms of Surrender*, which you may safely allow, so the *Truce* be not over long, which will *retard* your *Approaches*, and make us think, you mean to *Raise the Siege*, and that you either despair of *Conquest*, or do not think us worth your *Labour*.

And more then all this, we expect you shou'd *treat us very fairly*, and *humour us* at least before we *yield*, and we think we have reason for we know 'twill be your *time* afterwards. You may be *Humble* for a little while, and lay by your *Majesty*, *rebate* your *Rays*, and *sheath* your *Thunder*, as *Foe* himself did on those Occasions. Such a short *Disguise* one wou'd think shou'd be a *Diversion* t'ye, since there's no fear you shou'd get a Habit on't; but *Nature* will break out some time or other, and we must be That *all our Lives* to please you, which you with so much *violence* to your selves appear to be, in order to oblige us for a few hours only.

Tho if by endeavouring to *gain* your *Mistress*, you shou'd also *regain* your selves; if by striving so earnestly to *please* us, you come at least to be really *like* us; if by having continually before you the Charming *Idea's* of *Meekness*, *Complaisance*, *Gentleness*, *Humility*, *Compassion*, and *Good-nels*, you shou'd become e're you were aware, *infected* with those *Vertues*; and *wonder* at the change without *comprehending* it; you'd yet have no Reason surely to complain of the Alteration. In short if you desire the *favour* of a *Woman* of *Sense*, you can't expect it without some *difficulty*; and for such *Gold* you can never pay too *dear*. You must be *brave*, *courageous*, *discreet*, *constant*: and,

and liberal ; and in a word, a wise and virtuous Man ; and then, if she han't Engagements to the contrary, what shou'd hinder you from succeeding ? : *Almira.*

Our SOCIETY have now Finish'd their AMOROUS QUARRELS that relate to the Disputable Points of *Love* and *Wedlock* : Which we Engag'd in, not out of any Aversion to the *Fair Sex* ; but to satisfie the Importunity of some of *themselves* ; who had a mind to see how *Athens* (that had always appear'd such Champions for 'em) could handle their Arms against 'em — But the Quarrel being over, like the Lawyers at the Bar, we now shake hands, and are Friends again.

We shall next insert —

The Private Letters that pass between Two Ladies discovering to each other their Love-Secrets.

We can assure the Reader this Correspondence was REAL, they being sent to the *Athenian Society*, by *Daphne*, (one of the Ladies concern'd) and that the whole may appear in its Native Dress, we shall neither make Alterations, nor Amendments.

LETTER I.

Daphne's Proposal.

I Don't know, Madam, what Character my Uncle may have given you of me, but doubt not, but 'tis far above what I deserve, since it has been sufficient to make a *Lady of your Merit,*

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Merit, willing to maintain a Correspondence with me ; yet judging of your Goodness by the rest of your Admirable Perfections : I'll venture to undeceive you, by writing to you ; which will be an Effectual way, since by my Letters, you will soon discover I have very little to Recommend me ; nor indeed, can I with justice, pretend to any thing but *Sincerity* : 'Tis true, I very much esteem you, and so must all who know any thing of you.

I can't, Celinda, say I Love,
But rather I Adore,
When with Transported Eyes I view
Your Shining Merits o'er.

2.

A Fame so Spotless and Serene,
A Virtue so Refin'd,
And Thoughts as Great as e'er was yet
Graspt by a Female Mind.

3.

There Love and Honour dress in all
Their Genuine Charms, appear,
And with a Pleasing Force, at once
They Conquer and Endear.

4.

Then let's, my dear Celinda, thus
Blest in our selves, contemn
The Treacherous and Deluding Arts
Of those base things call'd Men.

I own (Madam) I can hope for no such Happiness as an Acquaintance with a Person like you can give me, and expect it only from your Willingness to oblige, to divert you *I shall be willing to say anything I can, on whatever Subject you shall please to propose*, were I capable to maintain my part so well as your self, I shou'd not fear the severest Criticks. I wou'd add more, but as this is the first Visit, so it ought to be short, and the less you are tired, with this, you will better receive another of the same kind, from one who will be proud to have any share in your Friendship,—whilst DAPHNE.

LETTER II.

Celinda Desires Daphne to write her Thoughts freely on the Subject of Love.

Madam,

THE Air of your Letter, in spight of your Modesty confirms me that you deserve as Great a Character as Philaret has given you, and what Charms me more, I cant but fancy there's something in you that Resembles my Departed Saint (whose Loss has left a Vacuum in my Soul which nothing again within the Sphere of Nature, but such a Friend can fill) 'Tis true I found her false, yet I Lov'd so much that still I'd bink her True.

I found a Friend before I sought
As once I did believe,
We seem'd to breathe each others Thoughts,
And did in Kindness strive.

We Coach't, we Quarterd in one Bed,
Two Hearts were Knit in one,
But when the Dice did turn, she Fle'd,
And left my Heart alone.

The Cruel Fate of Humane things
I then recall'd to mind,
That Wounds us with a Thousand Stings,
But none like this Unkind.

To loose my Fortune with my Friend
Was something hard I thought,
But saw the means led to the End;
Nor me, but mine she sought.

316 A Pacquet from Athens;

But, as my hopes did Gasping lie,
And lookt for nothing less,
Your Noble Friendship found me out
In all my deep Distress.

There's every one will be a Friend
To him that has no needs,
But he that Friendship when doth lend,
O beth the Friend indeed.

Ter Madam I must needs think it a little Unkind in you
to Compliment me so Loftly, unless I knew better how to
Answer it, but I hope you'l Pardon that Defect, and pas-
sing from this Subject be as good as your word in writing on
what Theam I shall chuse — Then tell me Daphne, whether e-
ver you felt the Dart of Love ; and what are your Sen-
timens of that Passion ; as for my self my thoughts are all
running upon Marriage : Pray what Intrigues are on foot
with you ? What need you be so shie Madam ? 'Tis enough for
us to Dissemble with the Men, let's be sincere one to another.
I'm no Admirer of Ceremony, therforek pray excuse
my Freeness, and be assur'd your Virtue has had all the re-
spect and Esteem that it merits from, Yours, — Celinda.

LETTER III.

Daphne discovers her Secret Intrigues, with the
Numbers and Characters of her Lovers.

My Dear,

London, June 10. 1703

I Have been so faignd with the impertinent Addresses
of the Men, that I could not find time to write to thee,
my Love, last Post. I wonder whether thes art of the
same mind thou wert when thou wrotst thy last Letter, my
Dear; such a Mighty Friend to Marriage, 'Tis true, I would
Marry my self, but not yet, 'tis time enough when I come to
be a Stale Maid home, rambling into the Country, and there
take up with some Grace County Justice, where I may
Rule the Equall, and the Peacesoo. I shall grow weary of
the Town I fancy in a or 6 Years time, but as yet the Gaie,
sy and Gallanries of Love are, my Dear, very taking. You
council'd me against the danger of losing my Reputation
by those Freedoms I grant. But you are mistaken my Love, for
the only way to loose that, is to be too Sollicitous about it :
Scandals in the Country are pieces of Innocent Diverti-

A Pucquet from Athens. 317

ment here, and one may as well pretend to live without fine Cloaths, as without an Intrague; I have half a Score on my Hands at this time, and I love 'em all alike, keep 'em in suspence, and daily and play with them, give one a favourable Look, and another a Smile, a third my Hand to Kiss; but then to keep them at their due distance the next time I see them, I frown on the first, rail at the next, and wonder at the Sowiness of the Third, if he presume to attempt the same Freedom again. You know not how pleasant a sight it is to see this Beau cringe, and screw his Body into an Hundred Forms, in hopes to appear amiable to you; that Spark look with Languishing Dying Air, in hopes to make you sigh by Simpathy; that Wit cracking his Brain to Write taking Billot Deux to you, or Anagrams on your Name, beside Elegies after the new mode of Sir Countly Voiture; but wiss are the most dangerous Company a Woman can keep, they are commonly vain-glorious, inconstant, and brag of more than they obtain.

Since Man with that inconstancy was born;

To love the absent and the present Scorn.

Why do we Deck, why do we dress

For such a short-liv'd Happiness?

Why do we put Attraction on,

Since either way 'tis we must be undone?

They fly if Honour take our part,

Our Virtue drives 'em o're the Field.

We loose 'em by too much defer,

And Oh! They fly us if we yield.

Ye Gods! Is there no Charm in all the Fair
To fix this Wild, this Faithless Wanderer.

Man! Our great busyness and our aim,

For whom we spread our Fragile Snares,

No sooner kindles the designing Flame,

But to the next bright object bears

The Trophies of his Conquest and our shame.

Inconstancy's the good suprem

The rest is airy Nones, empty Dream!

Thou heedless Nymph, be rul'd by me

If ever your Swain the Bliss desire;

Think like Alexis he may be

Whose wifte Possession dompu his Bore;

The Roving Faub in every shade

Has left some Sighing and Abondoned Maid.

For

318 A Pacquet from Athens.

For tis a fatal Lesson he has Learn'd,
After Fruition ne'er to be concern'd.

But that which vexes me most, my Mother is so Covetous, she will let me have new Cloaths but twice a Year, so that I am plagu'd to turn and twine them that I may not be known by them. Fine Cloaths have a wonderful Charm with the Men, and one bad as good be ugly as ill dress'd.

But my Dear, I'll give you a Catalogue of my Lovers: I have a Young Doctor of Physick that makes Honourable Addresses to me for Matrimony, but I think not that an equal Match, unless I could poison him as easily as he can me. On the same pretence, I have a Young Counsellor of the Temple, furnished with more Law, than Sense, and would I believe make a good Cuckold, but I'm not dispos'd that way as yet; besides, he may have Quicks enough in Law to shou're me out of my Jointure. I have also a Young Doctor of Divinity, that seems to have a Months mind to me, and tells me, he thinks me Fairer than a new System, or a good Benefice, but he shall never explain the Text, so as to make me a Spiritual Madam. I have a young Merchant too, new set up for himself, finer than a Covent-Garden Beau, and more demure than your Chambermaid; he comes me not by Billet Deux, but Bills of Exchange, and Custom House; but I have no mind to venture my self on Bottom-areae.

So much for my Marrimonial Pretenders. I have of another sort, who are all for Love, and abominate the Pagan Confinement of Wedlock, as a Device of the Priests to get Money, and destroy the Free-born Joys of Love. Among these, is a young Lord, newly arriv'd to his Honour and Estate, and wants another Qualification of keeping a Mistress with greater Grandeur than ever he will his Wife: I receive his Lordship with the Air of Quality, seem please'd with his No-Fest, and blush at his Addresses, but never give him any encouragement of a Favourable Reception, on so Scandalous a motion; but he's Obstinate, and to say Truth, he is not better stock'd with Estate and Folly, than with Beauty; he's very Handsom, Dresses well, Dances with an Admirable Grace, and I should like his Company at a Ball, in a Box in the Playhouse, in the Mall, or Hide Park, if it were not for fear of being taken for his Miss, for he realy makes a good figure. But after all, my Dear, my Lord is really my Aversion, he's not at all fit for an Intregane.

Next, I have a Beau of Tom Urwin's Coffeehouse, a Man of War, he Swears much, fights little, Prays less, and

A Parquet from Athens. 319

is an irreconcileable Enemy to Sense and Marritiny: I never admit him, unless when I have no other Company; he's a very Nausicous Fop. Next I have a Courtier, full as finical, but he's monstrously in Love, and protest, if 'twere not for the Scandal, he Loves me so much, he could Marry me; he's Damn'd a Thousand Fathom, if there be any one of the Maids of Honour comparable to me. Among the rest, I have an ingenious Younger Brother to a certain Knight of your Acquaintance, that dresses neatly, but free from Pepper, that has a Gentle Air, but not affected; with a Face that's handsom, and yet Manly, a Voice Soft and Melting, and a Tongue that would deceive a Vestal Virgin, that was sure to Dye for Yielding. This Man I must confess, my Dear, has such an Ascendant over me, that I wish he were not so Wild; and I fear I have heard him say too much for my Satisfaction, and Content; but I endeavour to divert these Thoughts, by my own natural Gaiety, and the abundance of Advice and Fools I am daily Conversant with. But yet (Celinda) as for Marring, I tremble to think on't: I hope now you'll discourse with me, as you would with your own Breast, for your Naked Thoughts upon these Secrets, will be impatiently desir'd by Yours,

DAPHNE.

LETTER IV.

Celinda sends to Daphne the History of her Love-Secrets, in return to the Discoveries she made in the same kind; and concludes her Letter with the Undappy Case of a Young Lady that had married a Superannuated Husband. —

Madam,

YOU have Wonderfully gratify'd me; I confess I could Heartily Wish my self in the City with you, to share a little with your Pleasures, my own Intrigues will make nothing but a length of Dullness compared to yours, however you shall have 'em as a Judgment for your own Inquisitiveness.

And here I have persuad'd my self to trust you purely for the sake of your Advice; you have reason enough to Conceal the Secret (without any further Caution) if you value either my Happiness, or Reputation. Leander, who without question is satisfied I Love him profusely, or had

had never urg'd me to an adventure (which as I can't but own) to any one in their Wits wou'd appear more than rash and extravagant, but you shall Judge of the Wise contrivance — which is for him to Steal me seemingly by force, that I may have an excuse to my Mother: If ever the thing is discover'd, which there's no great fear of, for to compleat the Comedy he's for making me a Beau, has promis'd me a *Light Wig*, *Sword*, and a *Page*, with all the *Equipage* of a young Nobleman, protexts he'll maintain me in all the prodigality I can will, either at the Tavern or Play-house; but there he must excuse me: He also Swears (by all that he can think of at a short Warning) never to tempt my Virtue, or stain my Honour, no not in a Dream; I'm only to keep him Company by Day-light, to visit the Ladies, and fit and see the Right Worthiſt make themſelves Drunk, which muſt needs divert one of my Principlees — But the best Sport wou'd be to deceive the Ladies, I ſhould fancy that Recreations my ſelf; I'd visit *Daphne* too every day when I am in *London*, for I am to ſpend all this Winter in Town, and it ſhall beles *Leander* no longer than that with my Company, he has engag'd to reconcile my Mother, and all ſhall be well again.

Now you'll swear nothing but a Stark, Staring Lover,
cou'd hit on such a Maggot again, and no body but Celinda
wou'd be Fool enough to pause on it. — But she cant help
it; he's so importunate, and upbraids me with Ingratitude,
Cowardice, and Deceit ; tells me I'm a Fool, and do not
know my own Happiness — But I beg his Honours Pardon,
now and then in requital to tell him he's a Madman, and
for my part I think neither of us as we shou'd be. —
The Answer is to be return'd to Leander in six Weeks ;
there's no Body can ever suspect in whole Custody I am,
my Love to Leander being unsuspected, and our Meeting
so very Cautious.

And now *Daphne*, if you see any formidable Inconvenience in the Frolick, you are desired to speak; if not, indulge the Humour. — But here's one Circumstance you must know, *Leander* is in Love with another, so that I fear shou'd I offer to seize the inviting Prey, it wou'd vanish like a shy Ghost. And now upon the Whole I desire your Advice, which I resolve to follow, nor had I ever more need of your Friendship than now, to guide me out of this Labyrinth — But I'll tell ye *Daphne* before hand, 'tis in vain to bid me leave Loving. — for that I shall

never cease to do whilst I'm Young, and Soft, and Kind and Charming ; yet be as Impartial as you will, and tell me plainly I'm a Fool for it.

Thus(my Dear) have I given you the *History of my Love Secrets*, in return to the *Discoveries* you made in the same kind.

I have no more Secrets to send ye at present, for the Country is a Scene less Fruitful than the Town ; however, I'll supply this Deficiency for once, by sending you, the *Unhappy Case of a Beautiful Young Lady that has Married a Superannuated Husband.*

It was not without the most Sensible regret, you may imagine (Dear Daphne) that I saw the most Charming Miranda Wedded to the Antiquated Hylon ; the Priest himself with a Seeming Unwillingness join'd their Hands, as guessing perhaps by a Prophetick Divination, the ills that were to follow :

This Courteous Damsel did Declare
That if she ever Married were,

No Priest should prompt her to say,

Midst all his Rites, the Word Obey :

In this a while she did persist

But when she saw the Angry Priest

Clap up his Book and wou'd be gone,

The Lady quickly chang'd her Tone ;

And what before she cou'd not lay Sir,

She trembling Cry'd Obey, Obey Sir,

Those Holy but Fatal Words pronounc'd by her self, by Miranda's Looks were easily guest the Disorder her Soul was in ; she various and contradictory Passions of Love, Fear and Dispair overwhelming her at once, but when the Ceremony was ended, and she was no longer her own but His— His—that Killing Consideration, to Support her under which she had need of her greatest Virtue. His—that her Youth must be stipt in the Withered Arms of a Superannuated Husband. Her Beauty fade by his Contagious Kisses, and every Night that she must meet that Loathed Object, that Ghost of Matrimony between a Pair of Sheets, which are not more terrible to her than her Winding Sheet— Pretty Considerations, I must confess, to Mortifie a young Unruly Appetite— but to be Poetical no longer, Miranda is Married, Bedded, and perhaps with Child.

And now(my Dear) I hope the secret Discoveries I have made, will please you, for I'm resolv'd to be as kind as I can for spight.

Madam,

Madam I very much esteem your Correspondence, and should be extreamly pleas'd if in your next you'd give me your Thoughts of my Amorous intreagues

But I'm just going to be Spightful agen, and therefore as soon as ever I have Vow'd to Love you till I Die, I'll subscribe yours in the most Virtuous and lasting Tyes of Friendship,

CELINDA.

LETTER V.

Daphne dissuades her Friend from the Love of Men.

Dear Madam;

YOUR confidence in entrusting me with your Amorous Intreagues with Leander, obliges me to advise you the best I can. Poor Lady! What Yearnings of compassion have accompany'd the certainty of this your misfortune. Leander pretends to love, serve, and idolize you: But sensual Fop, he has no other Aim but the hopes of Enjoyment. Then ne'er disguise your self in a Masculine dress; for to meet Leander in London, wou'd be a Frolick for which even Leander wou'd despise you.

I own there may be a Case put, wherein in some exigency it may be lawful for the Women to wear the Apparel of the Men: And Asterius gives us one. A Woman (lays he) that pulled her Hair, and put on Mans Apparel and that a flower'd Garment too, that she might not be separated from her Dear Husband, that was forc'd to flee, and hide his Head. But this, Celinda, is not your Case.

Then why shou'd Celinda submit her self to amorous cares, torment her self to meet the Genius of a man. If you entertain a man as a Lover, you embrace a Tyrant; if you receive him as a Husband, he becomes an individual Hangman: They acribe to themselves (wicked Imps as they are) to have triumph'd over us with their Fictions, so that a Woman Bewitch'd to a Man is a voluntary Prisoner. Then prithee (my Dear) never make a Sacrifice of your Heart to a man that shall feign a superlative Love to your Person, 'till he comes to enjoy ye. Consider, Celinda, how much it behoves us to be perfect Rocks, that we may be proof against the painful Bitings of these Wild Beasts. I call 'em so, as there's scarce one in Fifty of your London Sparks but what are swingingly Pox'd; and whether this Distemper be Hereditary,

or

or owing merely to *Leander's* own Atchievements, yet when ever he enters the Veneral Lill (Champion-like) he bears away some one or other of its various Marks and Trophies, whether they do cover themselves in a Golden Tincture, or bury the Virgin Blushes in a meagre Face ; Whether they exercise their power over the whole Body, or only dance and frisk it in the Rheumatism ; Whether they delight themselves in the proud rising Buboes and Tophusses, or look big in the Dropfy, or play the Hypocrite in the Scurvy ; Whether they sport themselves in tickling the Pudenda's, or Glory only in crowning the main Mast-Head with a Pearl. These, with all the other Honourable scars that attend the Venerial Sports, are what *Celinda* must expect from the Sparkish *Leander* that will lie with any thing dress'd in Petticoats. I shall only add, if what I've laid will set you against *Leander*, and dissuade you from the Love of Men, 'twill be the best advice you ever receiv'd from

Your Faithful DAPHNE.

LETTER VI.

Celinda steals a Marriage, and gives an account of her Honey-moon.

Alas ! (my Dear) your advice came too late, for I was so worried with this Matrimonial Lover (young *Leander*) that he even duan'd me into Wedlock.

*His Words the roughest, hardest Rock might move,
Might warm a Statue with the sense of Love.
I ne'er did yet a nobler Passion meet ;
So great, so sweet, so ev'ry way compleat.*

I will divert you with this Conjugal Adventure, but there's no love in it that can deserve *Leander* ; however, I'll send you the History of my Heart, which, I assure you, boasts it self of the Conquest it has made, and take this Account of our Marriage-Intreague.

When *Leander* urg'd me to appoint the Day, I seem'd to be much displeas'd, tho' (between you and I *Daphne*) there was nothing I desir'd more, and thought ev'ry Hour Ten, till the Parson had joyn'd us.

*Oh ! what Pleasure 'tis to find
A coy Heart melt by slow degrees ;*

When

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When to yielding 'tis inclin'd,
Yet her Fear a Ruin sees.
When her Tears do kindly flow
And her Sighs do come and go.
Oh! how charming 'tis to meet
Soft Resistance from the fair,
When her pride and wishes greet
And by turns encreale her care.
Oh! how charming 'tis to know
She wou'd yeild but can't tell how.
Oh! how pretty is her scorn
When confus'd 'twixt Love and Shame
Still refusing (tho' she burn)
The soft pressures of his Flame.
Her Pride in her denial lies,
And his is in his Victories.

In short, on the very day of my marriage I accustom'd my self to counterfeit indifference to it when ever I found it convenient for my advantage—Tears, Vows and Sighs—cost me nothing, and I knew all the Arts to jilt for Love, and cou'd act the dying Lover when ever it made for my satisfaction.

I own I was hugely please'd in conquering a Heart soever's to love as Leander had been, yet I was loth to let either him or the World know it.

At his first Addresses to me, he made a Bravado that all the Wit in my Head shou'd not impose on him, but for a Fancy his Doom has been defer'red till now in Spight of all his insight and importunitie, and yet he'd teaz me at Berry a whole Week together, and then Sanchez and he were forc'd to march off just as we're as they came, but surely such a Dun of a Lover was never before seen. All my Sights and Denials signified nothing, for Leander told me he must and wou'd have me.

Sylvia, of all your amorous Train,

The Black, the Brown, the Fair,

The wealthy Lord or humble Swain,

For whom will you declare?

If Wealth or Beauty do prevail,

My claim I then resign;

If Truth and Love, I cannot fail,

And Sylvia shall be mine.

Leander was as good as his Word, for October 10th, was our Wedding-day

You



A Pacquet from Athens. 325

You us'd (*Celinda*) to laugh at the Extravagance of my Passion, but now (having met with a kind Husband) I can laugh too.

He came out of his Fathers House to me with his *Trusty Page*, after Ten at Night, when all the orderly Family was a Bed; and by the help of a *Canonical Man* we were join'd at an *Uncanonical Hour*.

At dead of Night, when wrapt in Sleep

The careful Cottage lay,
Pastora left her folded Sheep,
Her Garland, Crook, and useles's Scrip;
Love led the Nymph away.
Loose, and undress'd, she takes her flight
To a near Myrtle Shade,
The conscious Moon gave all her Light
To bless her ravish'd Lovers sight,
And guide the willing Maid.

We revell'd in each others Arms most part of the Night, before day he left me blest with the sweetest Joys in Nature (whisper that to our Female Friends) and return'd to his own Bed. And thus by Stealth he comes each night to my longing Arms, more Beautiful, Gay, and loving by Enjoyment.

I wanton in my Happiness all Night, and borrow of the day for Rest—

Nay, our Honey-Moon is so endearing, that I dream of him ev'ry Night, and e'en kiss the Bedstead, and caress the Pillow in his absence.

I dream before he comes, I see him move,
And fly to meet him with the Wings of Love.
And when he goes from me (tho' but half a day)
The tedious Hours, move heavily away,
And each long Minute seems a lazy Day.

In a word, I'm all Extacy when I think of Leander, and do believe twill be always Honey-Moon with us. For as Lord Halifax fays, Tell Lovens at the beginning of their Jays, they'll have an end, and they can't believe it.

Two Months are already past in these lawful Thefts of Love; and now I begin to find my self with Child, he's fonder than ever.

My Mother will therefore suddenly be acquainted with it by some common Friends to both, and that with success. I hope, at least, it will not be in her power

A Pacquet from Athens. 326

Power to hinder me from being one of the happiest Women alive in a Husband; which Blessing I confess, I deserve not, having often (by your advice) condemn'd and ridicul'd a married Life; but to atone by imparting the Pleasures of it, I'll make a Thousand Converts of such as thee—Yours, Celinda.

WE shall only add, Most of the Letters in this First Pacquet were written *ex tempore*, without *Revisal or Correction*, and we can't see why any of our Correspondents (*tho' t'were Madam Laureat her self*) shou'd be displeas'd at their Publication; for the Letters were really sent to the Athenian-Society; and we here promise that the Ladies Names shall be for ever conceal'd. In a word, if our Correspondents are ever discover'd, it must be by themselves; and therefore we expect they never upbraid us with publishing such *Secrets* as had ever been conceal'd; (as to the Authors of 'em) but thro' their own means: And we hope this is a sufficient Apology for publishing this *Secret Correspondence*; for except the Ladies concern'd in the Correspondence are so Vain as to discover themselves, their Letters (in a manner) are as great a *Secret* as they were formerly when handed to us by private Messengers.

FINIS.

From the ATHENIAN-SOCIETY.

WE are preparing for the Pres^s. A new Athenian-Oracle in Three Volumes: Viz.

The First Volume to be entituled *Athenæ Rediviva*, or, the Philosophick and Miscellaneous Oracle.

The Second Volume will come abroad under the Title of *Athenæ Rediviva*, or, the Divine Oracle, and will be a Directory for Tender Consciences.

The Third Volume is to be made publick under the Title of *Athenæ Rediviva*, or, The Secret Oracle; which is to answer the nicer Questions that relate to Carnal and Spiritual Copulation, &c.

These Three Volumes will compleat our Question-project—Our Querists are desir'd to send all their remaining Scruples to Smith's Coffee-House in Stocks-Market by Christmas next.—NEW ATHENS.

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